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Book of Erin

BY

MORRISON DAVIDSON.

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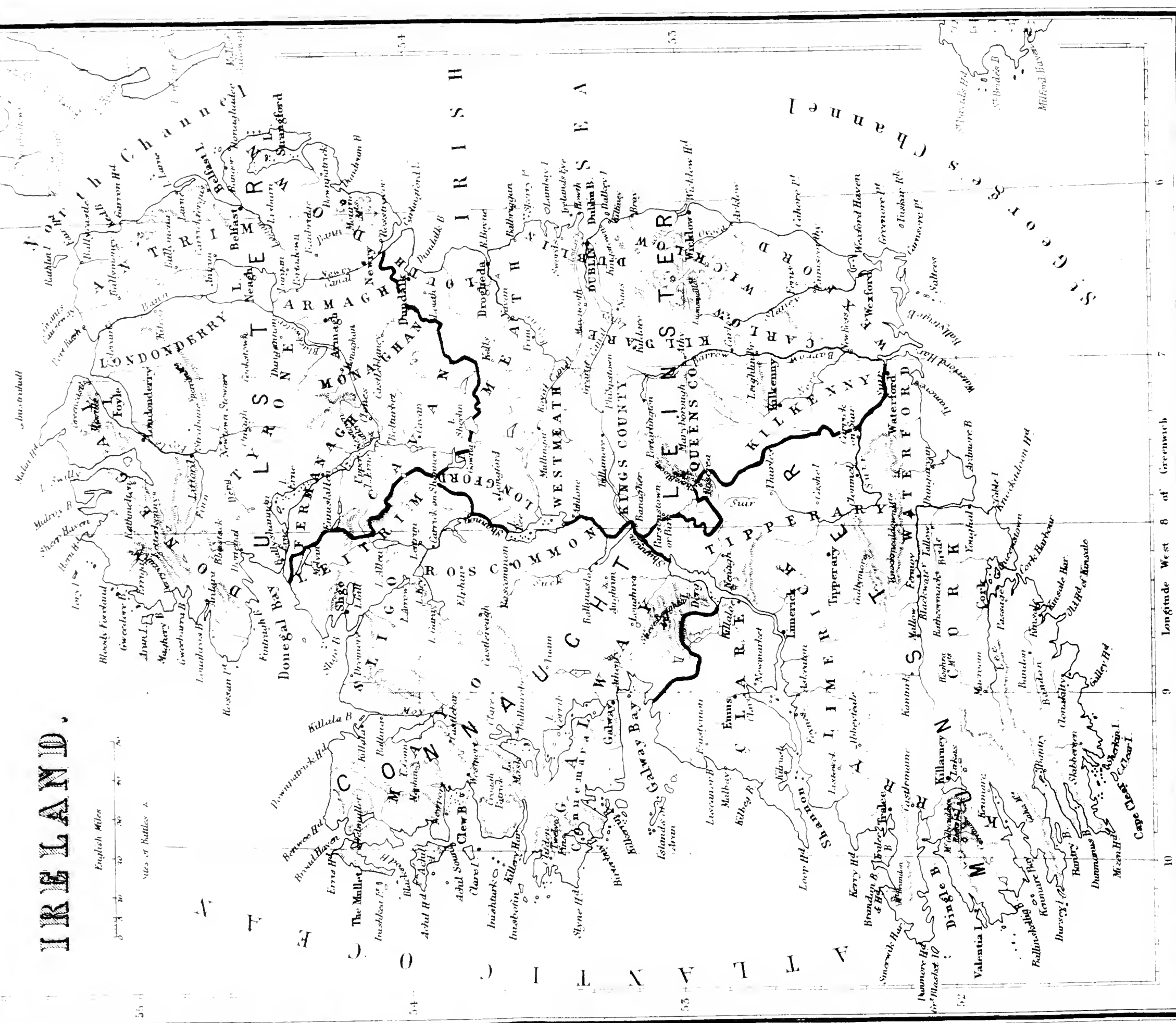
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IRELAND.

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Sites of Battles A



"When it is evening, ye say, it will be fair weather; for the sky is red. And in the morning, it will be foul weather to-day; for the sky is red and lowring. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?" Matthew, xvi, 2, 3.

THE BOOK OF ERIN

OR

IRELAND'S STORY TOLD TO THE NEW DEMOCRACY.

BY

J. MORRISON DAVIDSON,

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE) BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

Author of "Eminent Radicals," "The New Book of Kings," "The Book of Lords," &c., &c.

"In the Twentieth Century War will be dead; Royalty will be dead; Dogmas will be dead; but Man will live. For all there will be but one Country—that Country the whole Earth, for all there will be but one Hope—the whole Heaven. All hail then to the noble Twentieth Century which shall own our children and which our children shall inherit
Victor Hugo

London:

WILLIAM REEVES, 185, FLEET STREET, E.C.

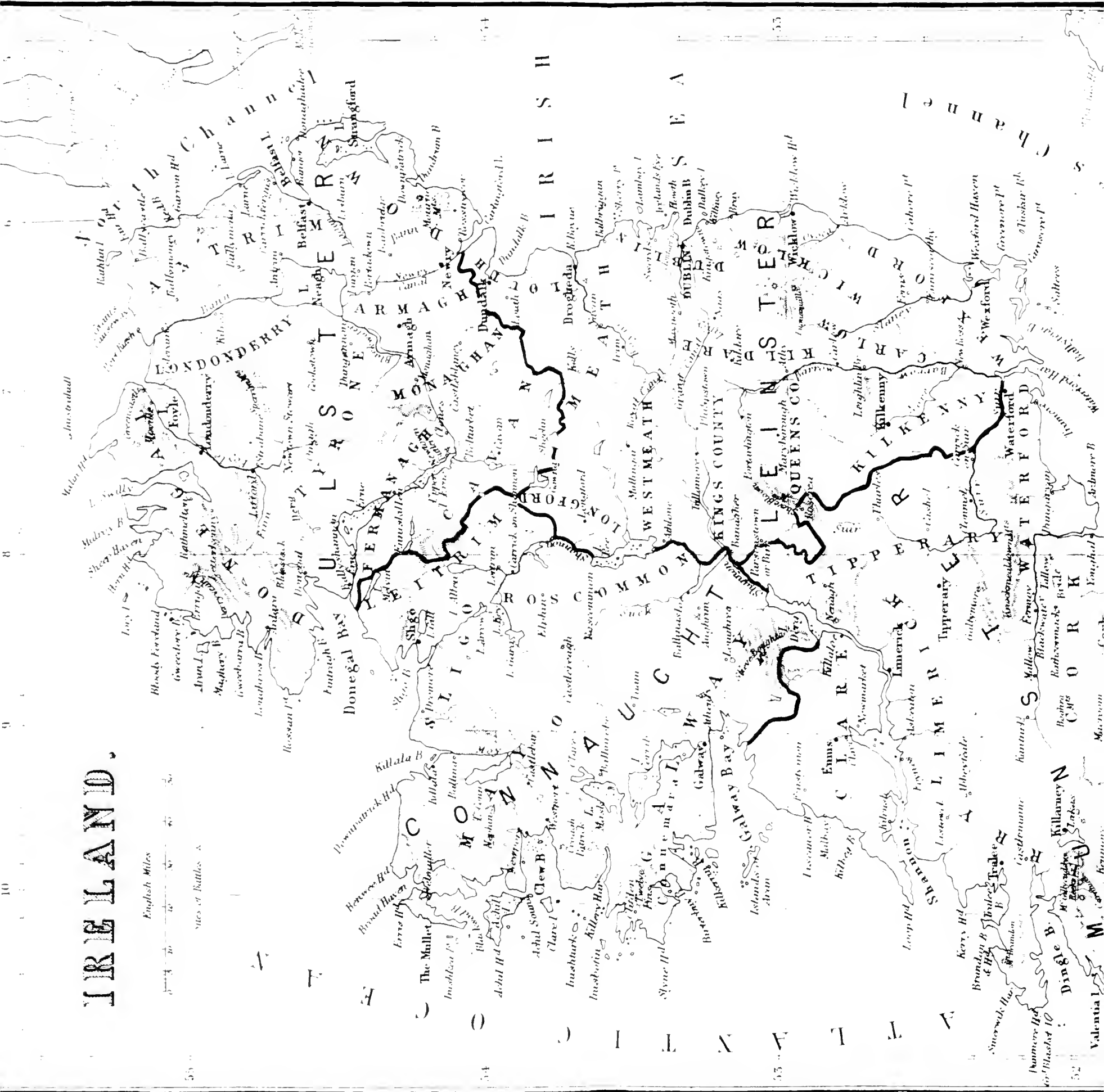
"THE BOOK OF ERIN." (REEVES, 185 FLEET STREET, LONDON.)

IRELAND.

English Miles

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Lines of Battle



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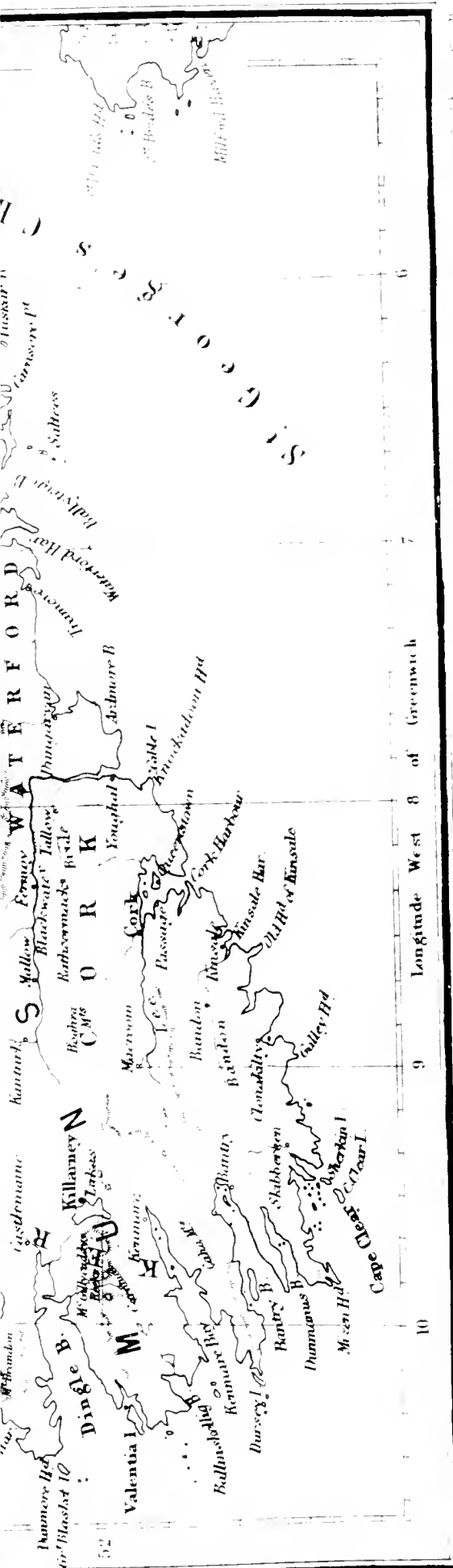
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Edwin Flagg

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AUTHOR'S NOTE.

In the preparation of this volume two literary friends, Mr. George Stirling Hume (of the Middle Temple and Melbourne, Australia) and Mr. James S. Ross (*North British Daily Mail*, Glasgow), have rendered very valuable assistance—assistance for which I take this opportunity of expressing my sincere gratitude.

J. M. D.

N.B.—For Contents, Authorities, &c., see end of book.



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TO
"THE MASSES"
OF
ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND AND WALES,
FOUR NATIONS—ONE PEOPLE,
FREELY FEDERATED—NOT FORCIBLY INCORPORATED,
"THE BOOK OF ERIN"
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

"Mother Earth! Are the heroes dead?
Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore?

Are there none to fight as Theseus fought
Far in the young world's misty dawn?
Or to teach as the grey-haired Nestor taught,
Mother Earth? Are the heroes gone?

Gone? In a grander form they rise;
Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours;
And catch the light of their clearer eyes,
And wreath their brows with immortal flowers.

Whenever a noble deed is done,
'Tis the pulse of a hero's heart is stirred;
Wherever right has a triumph won,
There are the heroes' voices heard.

Their armour rings on a fairer field
Than the Greek and the Trojan fiercely trod
For freedom's sword is the blade they wield;
And the light above is the smile of God.

So in his isle of calm delight
Jason may sleep the years away;
For the heroes live, and the sky is bright,
And the world is a braver world to-day."

THE BOOK OF ERIN.

INTRODUCTORY.

"If I were an Irishman I would be a rebel."—SIR JOHN MOORE.

"I divide you into four sections. The first is the ordinary mass, rushing from mere enthusiasm to battle. Behind that mass stands another, whose only idea in this controversy is Sovereignty and the flag. Next to it stands the third element, the People—the broad surface of the People, who have no time for technicalities, who never studied law, who never had time to read further into the Constitution than the first two lines, 'Establish Justice and secure Liberty.' They have waited long enough; and now they have got their hand on the neck of a rebellious aristocracy, and in the name of the People mean to strangle it. Side by side with them stands a fourth class—small, but active—the Abolitionists, who thank God that He has let them see His salvation before they die."—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

These sentences define my feelings with regard to our ceaseless Irish troubles with great exactness. Sir John Moore, the stainless soldier, who fell at Corunna, was a Scotsman, who saw a great deal of service in Ireland—a service which filled his sensitive soul with shame and the bitterest indignation.

About twelve years ago, before affairs assumed their present acute form, I had occasion to travel over a considerable portion of Ireland, and when I left the Green Isle the one overmastering sentiment in my heart was, *If I were an Irishman I would be a rebel*—a rebel at all hazards and at any cost. Since then the tragical course of events in Ireland, the spread of historical and economic knowledge in England and Scotland, and the parliamentary death-bed repentance of Mr. Gladstone, have quickened the conscience of the British people, and I am now inspired with the hope that war—the *ultima ratio* of peoples as of kings—*may* no longer be necessary.

Yet much will depend on the conduct of "the Classes." It is not their habit to yield aught to justice which they can retain by the unscrupulous exercise of power, and that they are still possessed of "the resources of civilization" in great abundance is undeniable.

Theirs is the foul fetish of Royalty; theirs is the House of Landlords; theirs is the Squirearchy; theirs is the Magistracy; theirs is the State Church; theirs are the Universities; and theirs "the Services," civil, military and naval.

Theirs, moreover, are the strong forces of superstition and ignorance in which large sections of "the masses" are still, unhappily, through no fault of their own, steeped to the lips.

But if there is to be an appeal to blood and iron, the responsibility will not rest with "the masses." The blood will be on the heads of the privileged classes, led on to red ruin by such cold-blooded patrician Coriolanuses as Salisbury and Balfour.

The "four sections" into which the illustrious American orator, Wendell Phillips, divided his countrymen at the outbreak of the great Civil War are well represented among us Britons to-day. "The ordinary mass, rushing from mere enthusiasm to battle," is the thick and thin partisans of both sides, more particularly the men of the Liberal Caucuses, who are one day charmed with the Gladstonian "resources of civilization," and the next, at the word of command, stand horrified at the somewhat milder Salisburian attempt at "resolute government." This "section" like *Hamlet's* "groundlings," "are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise."

The second "section," the "Sovereignty and flag" devotees, are persons like Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, whose minds are haunted by spectres of "conspiracy," "separation," and such like fantasies. True, there is a conspiracy in Ireland—a conspiracy of seven hundred years' standing—a diabolical conspiracy of alien landlords to torment, harry, and exterminate an interesting, industrious, brave, and gifted race; but other conspiracy there is none. That conspiracy against humanity has got to be put down, and put down, if need be, with an iron hand. The real "conspirators" are the Brights and the Chamberlains, who

shamelessly desert the cause of the oppressed in the hour of their direst necessity, and give aid and comfort to their relentless, hereditary foes.

As for "separation," such an event is an utter chimera and bogey. Irishmen are anything but fools, and they would obviously lose ten times more by dismemberment of the mighty commonwealth—which they have so largely helped, in camp and senate, to build up—than would England and Scotland.

The third "section"—the People—"the Masses" who "have apologized for bankrupt statesmen," Liberal and Conservative, far too long, their day of authority and power has at last dawned. The Giant of Democracy is slowly awaking from the stupor of long centuries. As yet he is merely rubbing his eyes, and does but see men as trees walking. Presently, however, he will stand erect on his feet, and then woe betide "the rebellious aristocracy." The stern fiat will go forth to all whom it may concern, "Establish Justice and secure Liberty" in Ireland and elsewhere, should the heavens fall! None of your technicalities! None of your pretended statecraft! Strike off the fetters from Ireland once and for all, and frame a federal constitution for these Islands on the lines of the American Union, but with improvements *in favorem libertatis*.

The fourth "section," the Abolitionists, the Root and Branch party, the Levellers, the Socialists, the John Browns, the Lloyd Garrisons, the Wendell Phillipses—call them what you will, to them belongs the future. In the Irish question this Sacred Band of Humanity discern a profounder meaning than all the others. "When you see a people," said Lamennais, "loaded with irons and delivered to the executioner, be not hasty to say this people is an unruly people that would trouble the earth, for, peradventure, it is a martyred people which suffers for the salvation of humanity." Ireland, the Niobe of the Nations, has suffered and is suffering for the salvation of all mankind from two scourges, more terrible in their combined effects than slavery itself—landlordism and usury. The landlord and the usurer (mortgagee) between them silently ate out the very heart of the Roman world. *Latifundia* (great estates), and cent. per cent. were

the true Goths and Vandals that destroyed ancient Rome. For centuries they silently sapped and mined within her gates, and when their work culminated, her ruin was complete.

And cognate barbarians are within the gates of every so-called civilized Power to-day, not excepting those of the Great Republic of the West, ceaselessly producing starvation, homelessness, overcrowding, ignorance, dissipation, immorality, brutality, theft, and murder. It is the inevitable tendency of Rent and Usury to debase human nature itself by teaching and enabling one man to live in idle luxury on the toil and wretchedness of his fellow-man. The visible rack-renter, with his "crowbars," and the invisible mortgagee with his "bonds," have long had their most strongly entrenched camp in Ireland, and it is the unsurpassed merit of the Irish that they have, with invincible fortitude and rare skill, withstood the assaults of these two fell enemies of humanity, and exposed to the reflecting world the infamies of their operations.

Already "fair rents" have been "fixed," and "fair interest" on bonds has been mooted, to be followed, doubtless, by "fair profits," "fair wages," and fair everything. In point of fact, Ireland has fairly raised the greatest of all possible questions; viz., whether the three vaunted pillars of modern society—Rent, Interest, and Profit—ought not rather to be regarded as inevitable engines of social destruction.

For my own part, I have no doubt that they are, and Ireland has abundantly proved them to be so in her own sad experience. Fair rent, fair interest, fair profits, fair wages—suppose them all decreed to-morrow by competent tribunals—would, after all, be mere legislative palliatives, at the best only approximations to justice. They tolerate the existence of instruments of robbery and oppression which ought to be hurled bodily into a Gehenna where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. There should be nought left of the cement or mechanism of modern society but "fair wages;" that is to say, *the worker* should receive the whole of that which he produces. "*The produce of labour*," said Adam Smith, "*is the natural reward or wages of labour*"—the whole produce and not

a mere fraction of it, rescued from the rapacious maws of Rent-monger, Interest-monger, and Profit-monger.

This signifies the close of this epoch of brutal competition, and the commencement of that of fraternal co-operation. We must look to Irishmen to save humanity by showing the world how to establish the Co-operative Commonwealth, the true *Civitas Dei* of the future. It is a function worthy of a martyr people, and I believe, with an unshackled legislature of her own, Ireland will be found equal to the task.

"My service," said Christ, "is perfect FREEDOM." Ireland imparted to Scotland and, in a great measure, to England and Northern and Central Europe, the elements of Christian civilisation. May she again have the high, nay, highest, honour of bestowing on us and the whole world that service of perfect freedom which, in my opinion, can have no probable, or, indeed, possible, existence outside of *organised Christian Socialism*.



CHAPTER I.

PRIMITIVE IRELAND.

"The case of historical writers is hard, for if they will tell the truth they offend man; if they write what is false, they offend God."—MATTHEW PARIS.

"History is the torch of truth, the witness of the ages, and the oracle of life."—CICERO.

"The politics are base
The letters do not cheer,
And 'tis far in the deeps of history
The voice that speaketh clear."—EMERSON.

Situation, Size, and Configuration.—Ireland lies to the west of Britain, in the North Atlantic.

It is less than one half the larger adjacent island.

It has been aptly compared to a heraldic shield, with the provinces of Ulster, Connaught, Leinster and Munster for quarterings. Its mountain ranges for the most part fringe the coast line, while the interior generally presents a flat, low-lying surface.

According to the highest testimony, past and present, its natural fertility is very great. Lord Bacon declared that its "dowries of nature" and its "race and generation of men" are so superior, that it would be hard to find anywhere "such confluence of commodities, *if the hand of Man did join with the hand of Nature.*" An important State Paper of the reign of Henry VIII. sets forth "that if this lande were put once in order, it would be none other but a paradise, delicious of all pleasaunce, to respect of any other lande in this world." Speaking of Limerick and Tipperary, Arthur Young observes:—"It is the richest soil I ever saw." "In

elements of fertility, says Mr. McCombie, the renowned agriculturist, late M.P. for Aberdeenshire, "only the richer parts of England, and very exceptional parts of Scotland, approach to it."

Sir Robert Kane ("Industrial Resources of Ireland") held that, under proper cultivation, Ireland could maintain in comfort a population of 20,000,000; M. De Beaumont says 25,000,000, and Arthur Young ("Tour in Ireland") 100,000,000!

How it comes to pass that this magnificent island can at present barely support 5,000,000 souls in a condition of semi-starvation, it is the object of this historical retrospect to show.

Race.—We are often told by hasty and prejudiced generalizers that race is at the root of Irish woes. What is race? According to Holy Writ, "God hath made of one blood all the nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth." And for once science, ethnological and physiological, is in all but complete agreement with revelation. Pritchard, pursuing purely scientific methods of investigation, never doubted the entire unity of the human family, whether the first couple were man or monkey. Even Letourneau, in the introduction to his "Sociology," while diffidently suggesting a multiple origin of mankind, has to content himself with the obviously superficial classification, both anatomically and sociologically, of (1) *black men*; (2) *yellow men*; (3) *white men*.

Well, Irishmen at all events, like Englishmen and Scotsmen, are white men. Moreover, as Celts they are on all hands admitted to belong to an important branch of the Aryan race, to which that very "superior person," the noble "Anglo-Saxon," is so proud to belong. Truth to tell, the Englishman is somewhat of a purse-proud upstart, who, like upstarts in general, is apt to look down with contemptuous pity on his poor and less lucky relations.

Mr. E. A. Freeman notwithstanding, it is certain the English people are at least one-third Celtic. It is not the habit of pirates, like the Saxons, to bring their wives and sweethearts with them. And that these freebooters, in large numbers, became united to Celtic or Romanized-Celtic wives

wherever they settled in Britain is proved by the fact that most of the names of domestic utensils and things in common use are not of Saxon but of Celtic origin. Ask Dr. Latham—ask Dr. Charles Mackay.

Besides, there is every reason to believe that most of the Roman municipia and coloniae, by some means or other, contrived to weather the hurricane of war, and to conciliate or even absorb their barbarian conquerors. England, in point of fact, is not Anglo-Saxon, but Celto-Saxon.

As for Scotland, which Englishmen can scarcely venture, for many reasons, to scorn, its population is racially about as Celtic as that of Ireland. The Picts, who made up the great mass of the people at the departure of the Romans from North Britain, it is now agreed by all the most competent authorities, were neither more nor less than non-Romanized Cymric, or Welsh Celts, while the Scots (the modern Highlanders) were Gaelic or Irish Celts. These latter gave Christianity and Letters to their Pictish kinsmen, and though comparatively few in number, contrived, in consequence, to call Pictavia after their own name.

Scotsmen are Anglo-Celtic, and Irishmen are much the same. There were Picts in Ireland (Cruithne) as there were in Scotland, though we hear less of them than of the Scots. As for the Scots or Gaels, whether in Ireland or Scotland, their late appearance on the historic scene is a well-nigh insoluble puzzle. The name was not known outside of Ireland till the third century, and Ptolemy, who in his geography gives a very tolerable account of Ireland and its various tribes, as matters stood at the beginning of the second century, evidently never heard of the Scoti, yet that was unquestionably the title by which the Irish were commonly known in the fourth century. Ireland was called Scotia, and the little colony of Dalriadic Scots in Argyleshire Scotia Minor. This is all the more surprising, as we know from Tacitus and other authorities that the ports of the country were frequently visited by merchants, and that the approaches to the coast were well known.

Indeed, there is every reason to believe that though no foot of Roman invader ever sullied the Irish shore, Hibernia was better known in very early days to the Mediterranean

traders than Britain. About 500 years before Christ, it is believed, took place the voyages of the two famous Carthaginian navigators, Hanno and Hamilco, beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Hanno bore to the south, along the African coast; while Hamilco skirted the Spanish shore, and reached Ireland, "the Sacred Island." On his return to Carthage, he deposited a journal of his expedition in one of the temples, and this Punic record, or a copy of it, was perused by Festus Avienus in the fourth century. Avienus was a poet, and he turned Hamilco's information to account in a geographical poem, in which he describes the Island, called by the ancients "Sacred," as "two suns" (two days' sail) from the Æstrumnides (Scilly Isles), and lying near the "Island of the Albiones." He does not, like our Gallic neighbours, add the epithet "perfidious" Albiones; but his knowledge of us was limited. By "the ancients" (*prisci*) he presumably meant the Phœnician merchants, who, it is not improbable, visited Ireland when Solomon the Wise was in long clothes.

But these are small matters to which I should not refer but for the fact that every Irishman, and everyone who, as I do, loves Ireland, seems irresistibly drawn to escape from her miserable present by taking refuge in her auroral golden-tinted past. We may not fathom how Ireland came to be called Scotia in the fourth century, A.D.; but it is some consolation to know that Hibernia was *Insula Sacra* long before B.C. 500.

Ancient Irish Constitution and Customs.—At the dawn of authentic, or partially authentic, history, we find the Irish in the tribal stage of political development, a stage through which every people, uninfluenced by strong external pressure, almost certainly passes on its way to true nationhood. A wide survey of human affairs shows—if it shows anything—that at all times, in all places, and among all races the order of religious, social, and political evolution is singularly uniform. What we call race is nothing more than human nature retarded or accelerated in its development by causes which it is, in a great measure, within the power of true philosophy to ascertain and control.

The history of Ireland is one long record of blunders, diversified by sanguinary crimes. "I have often heard him"

(Agricola), says Tacitus, "remark that Ireland could be conquered and occupied by a single legion and a few auxiliaries, and that the work in Britain would be easier if the Roman arms could be made visible on all sides." If he had made the attempt, I have no doubt that, like all the other invaders of Ireland, he would have found out his mistake when it was too late. Foreign intervention has, from first to last, been the ruin of Ireland and the torment of those who have essayed it. All the more need, therefore, that we should understand the actual Home Rule which she did enjoy before Dane or Norman rudely crossed her onward and upward path.

The *Tuath* (tribe) was the enlarged patriarchal family of the Abraham and Lot type. A common descent was always assumed by every tribesman. The office of Chief was not hereditary, but elective. The choice, however, was restricted to the family of the Chief, his sons, legitimate, or illegitimate, brothers, cousins, or, if need were, more distant kindred, even to the ninth degree. The selection was made in the lifetime of the *Ri*, *Righ*, or Chieftain, and the chosen was designated the *Tanist*, or Heir-Elect.

His qualifications are thus quaintly set forth in the *Senchus Mor* or "Brehon Laws," a code of very high antiquity and great historical value:—"The body of every Head (Chief) is his tribe, for there is no body without a head. The head of every tribe should be the man of the tribe who is the most experienced, the most noble, the most wealthy, the wisest, the most learned, the most truly popular, the most powerful to oppose, the most steadfast to sue for profits and to be sued for losses." In addition to the Chief and the Chief-elect, or *Tanist*, there were the Bard, the Physician, and the Brehon, who were all, like the *Tanist*, similarly eligible from given families.

Besides this tribal organisation, there was the *M'or Tuath*, or tribal confederacy, formed by treaty or by subjection, with its *Ri M'or Tuatha*, or Great Chief. Over all stood—always in theory, but seldom in practice—the *Ard-Ri* or Lord Paramount of the whole island, chosen from the Hy-Nial family, who were supposed to be descended from the Grand Ancestor of all the tribes of Erin.

The land of each tribe belonged to the whole tribe, and not to the chief, who was in no sense a landlord, but an elected executive officer, as was the *Ard-Ri* himself. There was no absolute private ownership, though for the convenience of cultivation allotments might be made. Each tribesman was allowed private possession of his house and curtilage; but both his pasture land and his tillage land were held in common.

Reserved tribal land was set apart for the suitable maintenance of the Chief, the *Tanist*, the Bard, the Doctor, and the Brehon, like the Crown Lands of England in former times. Similarly, the nation set apart the small principality of Meath and the royal residence at Tara to support the dignity of the *Ard-Ri* and the *Roy damna*, or Royal *Tanist*.

Between the Irish or Scotie institutions of this period and those of Saxon England there was a very striking analogy. The one was a Pentarchy and the other a Heptarchy. The Irish *clann* was the Saxon *maegth*, with most of its consequences and peculiarities.

The Brehons.—These jurisprudents enjoyed high consideration in the tribal community, but they were not judges in the modern sense. Rather they were official arbitrators. They could not compel attendance of civil litigants or even of criminals. Indeed, the true State being as yet unborn, the distinction between "torts" and "crimes" did not exist. Murder itself could be atoned for by an *eric* or fine, after the manner of the Saxon *wiregild* or the Swedish *kinbote*. It was the business of the avenger of blood to vindicate justice. But the law, or rather custom, of distress afforded a pretty effective instrument for bringing culprits to book. Wealth consisted almost exclusively in cattle, sheep, and pigs, and these could generally be driven off and impounded.

In the case of very hardened or powerful offenders recourse was had to other means. The plaintiff proceeded to starve himself for days at the defendant's door—to "*sit d'ghra*" as it was called and from time immemorial practised in India.

The parties once before him, the Brehon gave judgment, taking care to compensate himself for his trouble by claiming a fixed proportion of the award. When the wrong-doer

himself neglected or was unable to pay the *eric*, two courses were open to the members of his family. They might either pay the amount among themselves or deliver up the culprit with all his goods to the injured party. The offender might then be put to death, but not by the hand of a third party.

Money.—Of coined native money there was none in Ireland down to the Anglo-Norman invasion in 1170. The circulating medium was live-stock, especially cows. The Gaels were thus strict etymologists in *pecuniary* matters; but it was not so with the Ostmen. There are coins of a Norse King of Dublin as early as the ninth century, and other interesting specimens have been discovered, both in the Isle of Man and in Denmark. In Stockholm there are preserved 20,000 Arabic coins found in Ireland, taken from more than a thousand dies.

But though the kings and chiefs struck no coinage, they understood usury perfectly well, and practised it, to the great injury of the people, in the very form which Henry George so erroneously pronounces legitimate in "Progress and Poverty." They could not charge rent for land, but they made up for the deprivation by exacting exorbitant increase for cattle. Let us learn from the *Senchus Mor* how this was done.

Saer-Stock and Daer-Stock.—In *Saer-Stock* tenure, the chief gave, without security, animals, in consideration of receiving an annual return for seven years of one-third the stock advanced. The tenant might pay in labour or military service, as well as in kind. The King but not the Chief could compel acceptance of *Saer-Stock*, and so secure, if wealthy, abundant *Saer-Stock* troops.

In *Daer Stock*, the principal Irish tenure, the tenant gave security for the stock supplied. This consisted of two parts, one in proportion to the "honour price," or dignity of the chief, and the other in proportion to the "food-rent" or interest to be received in return. The former were chiefly tillage-horses, oxen, "returnable 'seds'"—*i.e.*, property; while the latter included cows, sheep, pigs, &c.

Six cows, for example, given in stock entailed on the tenant a "food-rent" to the chief of a calf of the value of three sacks of wheat, a salted pig, three sacks of malt, half a sack

of wheat, and a handful of rushlight candles. Twenty-four cows given in stock yielded the chief a "food-rent" of a cow of prescribed size and fatness, a salted pig, also of prescribed size, eight sacks of malt, a sack of wheat, and three handfuls of rushlight candles of prescribed length. The rents were "fixed," but then, as now, they were not "fair."

This curious glimpse into the everyday life of remote pagan Ireland is instructive in several ways. It shows that where no land-rent exists, and where even coined money is unknown, human avarice can invent ingenious methods of exploiting the labour of the poor. The Irish cattle-capitalists anticipated our modern machinery capitalists in their robberies of the workers by more than two thousand years. Here is a fine lesson, if they had the trick to see it, in elementary economics for Arthur Arnold and his followers, who imagine that when they have secured "free land" (*i.e.*, free landlord) tenure they have successfully emancipated the toilers and spinners.

There is, moreover, a serious blot on the doctrinal escutcheon of St. Patrick if there were any feasible means of bringing the matter home to him. He was supposed to have carefully expurgated from the *Senchus Mor*, (438—441, A.D.), whatever was found repugnant to the Christian faith he professed. Here is how responsibility is fixed on him in the preface to the *Senchus* itself:—"How the judgment of true nature which the Holy Ghost has spoken through the mouths of the Brehons and just poets of the men of Erin from the first occupation of the island down to to the reception of the faith (440) were all exhibited by Dubhtach (chief Brehon) to Patrick. What did not clash with the Word of God in the written law, and in the New Testament, and with the consciences of the believers, was confirmed in the law of the Brehons by Patrick, and by the ecclesiastics and chieftians of Erin. For the law of nature had been quite right except the faith and its obligations, and the harmony of the Church and the people."

Clash with the word of God in the written law and the New Testament! Did ever the saint read, did ever any of our present official exponents of Christianity read, the following passages?

"If thy brother be waxen poor and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt relieve him; yea, though he be a stranger or a sojourner with thee that he may live with thee. Thou shalt not give him thy money upon usury nor lend him thy victuals upon increase."—*Leviticus* xxv., 35-37.

"Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother; usury of money, usury of victuals, usury of anything that is lent upon usury."—*Deuteronomy* xxiii., 19.

"If ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again.

"But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great and ye shall be the children of the Highest."—*Luke* vi., 34, 35.

Had St Patrick, like St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, and the other great fathers of the Church, fathomed the mystery of iniquity involved in the operations of usurers of every species and degree, and set himself resolutely to expel them from Ireland, he would have achieved a miracle ten times more beneficent than his extermination of the comparatively harmless snakes.

The names of the Saint's co-codifiers of the Brehon Laws are thus embalmed:—

"Laeghaire, Corc, Dairi, the Hardy,
Patrick, Benen, Cairnech, the Just,
Rossa, Dubhtach, Ferghus, with Science;
These were the Nine Pillars of the Senchus Mor."

Habits of the Pagan Irish.—The houses of the common tribesmen were built of dressed wood, with conical roofs, through which the smoke ascended. A single apartment sufficed, the fire being placed in the middle. The abodes of the chiefs and other cattle-capitalists were more pretentious. They often contained seven or eight rooms, besides a separate banqueting-hall, which was in frequent occupation.

The famous *Round Towers*, whose use can only be surmised, are built of stone and mortar. The use of mortar came into Britain with the Romans; hence it has been argued that these singular structures are of no great antiquity after all, whatever may have been their purpose.

The under-clothing of both sexes consisted of a single tight

fitting garment—stockings, trousers, and vest all in one. In addition to this, wealthy men affected a long mantle, and their wives and daughters skirts reaching below the knee. The material consisted of black sheep's wool trimmed with cloth of brilliant dye. The feet were protected by leather sandals, and the heads of the men by Phrygian caps.

While the arts of shooting, fishing, riding, singing, versifying, harping, and fighting chiefly engaged the attention of the Scotie lads, the lasses learned to spin, to weave, and to cook.

Their food consisted of flesh, fish, and bread, baked in the ashes, with accompaniments of cheese, butter, milk, honey, watercress, shamrock, and other vegetables.

Their feasts were beguiled by chess, draughts, music, songs, and bardic recitations.

On the whole, from what we can gather respecting the habits and characteristics of the ancient Pagan Hibernians, they were a rude but not a barbarous people, honest, just, and hospitable, chaste, imaginative, and joyous, intimidated as little by the cares of the visible as by the terrors of the invisible world.

" They came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main
Set sail in their good ships gallantly
From the sunny land of Spain.
' Oh, where's the isle we've seen in dreams,
Our destined home or grave ? '
Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.
" And, lo ! where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay Émerald mines
Whose light through the wave was seen.
' 'Tis Innisfail—'tis Innisfail ! '
Rings o'er the echoing sea ;
While bending to heaven the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free.
" Then turned they unto the eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on our Isle of Destiny
Our brave forefathers trod."

CHAPTER II.

CHRIST AND ODIN.

"He comes, he comes, with shaven crown,
 From off the storm-tossed sea,
 His garment piercing at the neck,
 With crook-like staff comes he!
 Far in his house, at its east end
 His cups and patens lie;
 His people answer to his voice,
 'Amen!' 'Amen!' they cry."

—ANCIENT SCOLIUM ON ST. FIECH'S HYMN.

"I travelled its fair Provinces round,
 And in everyone of the five I found,
 Alike in Church, in palace, and hall,
 Abundant apparel and food for all.
 Gold and silver I found and money;
 Plenty of wheat and plenty of honey;
 I found God's people rich in pity,
 Found many a feast and many a city."

—KING ALERED OF NORTHUMBRIA'S "ITINERARY" (7TH CENT)

"The children born of thee are sword and flame,
 Red ruin and the breaking up of laws,
 The craft of kindred and the godless hosts of Heathen
 Swarming o'er the Northern Seas."

—TENNYSON.

St. Patrick and Early Irish Christianity.

Where and precisely when St. Patrick, the reverend Apostle of the Irish, was born it is hard indeed to say. Incredible ingenuity and learning have been expended in the endeavour to fix the actual place of the good man's nativity, but in vain. Happily, the question is, after all, not of overwhelming importance to any except incurable Dryasdusts.

The Saint left two compositions behind him, which are

almost certainly genuine, a "Confession" and an expostulatory "Letter to Carotocus," presumably a British or Cornish prince of piratical tendencies. The former was transcribed into the "Book of Armagh," *circa* 810 A.D., and in it are written these words:—"Thus far the volume which St. Patrick wrote with his own hand."

In the "Confession" he says:—"I, Patrick, a sinner, the meanest of the faithful, had for my father Calpurnius, a deacon, son of the late Potitus, a Presbyter, who was of the town of Bonavem Taberniæ, for he had a farm in the neighbourhood where I was made captive. I was then nearly sixteen years old. I was carried into Hiberno with many thousands of men, according to our deserts, because we had gone back from God, and had not kept his Commandments, and were not obedient to the priests who used to warn us for our salvation."

The *Annals of the Four Masters* and *Fiech's Hymn* both tell us that Nempthor had the honour of giving birth to St. Patrick; but that information avails us little. The names Bonavem Taberniæ and Nempthor are equally unknown to geographers, past and present. The Scholiast of *Fiech's Hymn*—*Fiech* was a disciple of St. Patrick's and Scholiast was almost, if not altogether, contemporary—however, vouchsafes some light on the subject, real or illusory. He notes that Nempthor is Alcluaid, Irish for the Roman-British *Caer-Britton*, the modern *Dumbarton* in Scotland.

For reasons which certainly do not lie on the surface, most Irish historians make out St. Patrick to have been a Gaul, and identify the mysterious Bonavem Taberniæ with the modern Boulogne. A measure of circumstantiality is given to this hardy assumption by the fact that not a few events in the life of St. Palladius, Archdeacon of Rome, emissary of Pope Celestine, and immediate predecessor of St. Patrick in the Irish Apostolate, have been transferred bodily to the Saint of Nempthor.

Furthermore, in a fit of longing to revisit the home of his childhood, the venerable man of God uses language which must be held almost to exclude the possibility of his being other than of British origin: "Whence also, though I should wish to leave them and go into the Britains (*in Britannias*)

though I should readily go as to my own country and parents, and, not only so, but even as far as the Gauls, should visit my brethren that I might see the face of the saints of my Lord," &c. By "the Britains" and "the Gauls," he, of course meant the different provinces, Prima, Secunda, and the like, into which the Romans divided their British and Gaelic conquests.

Now there are but two ways out of this *in Britannias* difficulty for the advocates of St. Patrick's foreign parentage. They must either deny the authenticity of the Confession (which they do not), or they must be prepared to affirm that there were two Britains at least in the modern French Brittany, which certainly no one as yet has demonstrated.

Moreover, there are other and, though circumstantial, even stronger reasons for believing that the Saint was, at all events, a true-born Briton. According to himself, his father was a *Decurio* of his municipality—that is to say, a Roman magistrate, whence presumably his own name of Patricius, or noble. Notwithstanding, St. Patrick, we know, was ignorant of Latin till late in life, and when he did acquire it it was assuredly none of the best. It is inconceivable that the son of a Gallic *Decurio* should have been brought up in total ignorance of Latin, but it is quite possible that the offspring of a remote British *Decurio* living at the furthest outpost of Roman civilization might have had that luck.

At the same time, Dumbarton was an important Roman station for about two hundred years, and like other Roman *castra*, or towns, all over the empire, it doubtless had its unrecorded Christian missionaries long before St. Patrick's day. The famous St. Columbkille was not even the first "Apostle of the Picts," St. Nennius having borne that honourable title many years before.

It is besides noteworthy that Antrim, where Patrick was enslaved in his youth, and where he subsequently commenced his apostolate, is that region in the north-east of Ireland which is most adjacent to the Scottish shore.

A plausible attempt made to identify Bristol with the Nempthor of St. Patrick's birth has been made by the official editors of the *Senchus Mor*; but it does not seem to me seriously to invalidate the ancient testimony of the Scholiast.

For six years did the captive Patrick tend his master Milcho's flocks on the mountain called Slemish, in Antrim, eating the bitter bread of the bondsman as best he might. Then he planned and effected his escape, and happily found his way back to the friends and scenes of his jocund boyhood. As a son his relatives received him, and begged "that, after enduring so many tribulations, he should not depart anywhere."

But this was not to be. The "holy youth" must, like his Great Master, be about his Father's business. In the solitudes of Slemish he had often, doubtless, pondered many things, and felt, as do most noble natures in adolescence—

"That song and silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain."

In visions of the night his day-dreams came back to him, and banished sleep from his eyes. "In the dead of the night I saw a vision coming to me as from Hiberno, whose name was Victoricus, bearing innumerable epistles. And he gave me one of them, and I read the beginning of it, which contained the words, "The Voice of the Irish." And while I was repeating the beginning of the epistle, I imagined that I heard in my mind the voice of those who were near the wood Folcut, which is hard by the Western Sea, and thus they cried: 'We pray thee, O holy youth, to come and henceforth walk amongst us!' And I was greatly pricked in my heart, and could read no more, and so I awoke."

And he awoke up to some purpose. He qualified zealously for the Christian ministry, and set sail, *circa* 440 (whence we know not), in the character of a Christian bishop, for the north-east coast of Ireland, being then, it is supposed, in his forty-fifth year.

Almost from the outset his success was unequivocal. He knew the people, their language, customs, and institutions, and his genius was commanding. He was a great statesman as well as a great ecclesiastic. He never needlessly antagonized popular customs or prejudices. In matters not essential he was an adapter, not a destroyer. He had learned well the full significance of St. Paul's wise tolerance, "For

when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these having not the law are a law unto themselves." He converted the heathen holidays into Church festivals, and both the *Senchus Mor* and the *Book of Rights* are monuments of his political sagacity.

From Saul in Down, where the Saint first said Mass in a barn, and made a few converts, he proceeded to Tara in Meath, the palatial residence of Læghaire, the *Ard-Ri* of Ireland. There, by his tact, eloquence, and courage he made a deep impression on all who heard him. The king, it is true, was not convinced, continuing to the last to swear by "the Sun, and the Wind, and all the Elements." But he handsomely encouraged the Saint in every way, and the fortune of Christianity was made.

Everywhere crowds flocked to hear a teacher so authoritative. Throughout Connaught, Ulster, Munster, and Leinster his progress was a long series of triumphs. Everywhere churches were founded by him, priests ordained, bishops (350 it is said) consecrated, and converts baptized in astonishing numbers. On "The Plain of Prostration" in Leitrim the Sacred Monolith of Pagan worship was overthrown without protest, and by the liberality of the chiefs and princes the Saint was, to say the least, enabled latterly to indulge in a good deal more worldly display than ever fell to the lot of Him who had not where to lay His head. Twenty-four persons, spiritual and secular, attended him in his journeys, including a bell-ringer, a psalmist, a cook, a brewer, a chamberlain, three smiths, three artificers, three embroiderers, a scribe, a shepherd, and a charioteer.

At last, full of years, labours, and honours, this paladin of the Cross gave

" His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his Captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long."

His death is said, but on indifferent authority, to have occurred in the monastery of Saul, erected on the site of the barn where he had first said Mass. It is also added that he was buried with imposing ceremonies in the neighbouring church of Armagh, on which he had bestowed a general primacy.

St. Patrick's marvellous success was, in a great measure, attributable to the weakness of the superseded *culte*, which, for want of a better name, has been called Druidical, from the Greek *drus*, an oak. What the so-called Druids really taught, and what sacred rites they performed, are almost entirely unknown to us. They have not left a shred of mythology behind them, probably for the best of reasons, that they had no mythology. They seem, if anything, to have been simple Nature-worshippers, adoring "the sun and moon, and all the hosts of heaven." They were probably merely "the medicine men" of the tribes, who had nothing better to oppose to the new faith from the East than a few childish incantations and charms.

A yet more powerful reason, however, determined the triumph of Christianity in Ireland, the only country in Europe bloodlessly converted to the faith. St. Patrick gave it a form exactly suited to the tribal institutions of the people. Every new religion, in order to succeed in a given country, must adapt itself to the political and social forms existing in that country. The organization of the Church of Rome was, and, is, almost the exact counterpart of that of Imperial Rome. The Pope is the ecclesiastical Imperator or Cæsar; the archbishops the great provincial governors; the bishops, or suffragans of the archbishops, the governors of individual cities or rural sub-divisions, &c. Similarly with Presbyterianism. It was closely modelled on the Republican Oligarchy of Geneva, and to this day it bears the Geneva image and superscription.

And so with the Irish Church. Its organization long differed from that of Rome, because Ireland had never been subjugated by the arms of the Cæsars. In his missionary efforts, St. Paul invariably set himself first to conquer the great centres of intelligence of the Roman world, the large cities. With equal sagacity, St. Patrick in Ireland always applied himself first to the kinglets and chiefs, knowing well that their conversion would be speedily followed by that of their tribesmen. Hence arose a Church in Erin that for long possessed centres of motive and action almost, if not altogether, independent of Rome and her Bishop. The peculiar constitution of this Church, as will be seen

hereafter, had not a little to do with the iniquitous Bull of Pope Adrian IV., which handed over Ireland to the tender mercies of Henry II. and his Anglo-Norman cut-throats.

In the primitive Church of Ireland the monastic element dominated every other. The Monasteries were centres from which artificial ecclesiastical tribes, consisting of monks and tribesmen, were ruled both in things spiritual, and temporal. The original saintly founder was (1) temporal Chief of the Clan, (2) Abbot of the Monks, and (3) Bishop of the Community. These offices might be divided, but the *Coarb* or ecclesiastical *Tanist* always succeeded to the abbacy and all the chief administrative functions. Consequently, the bishops found themselves possessed of a sort of spiritual degree to which no diocesan prerogatives attached. In many instances they became *episcopi vagantes* (wandering bishops), much to the disgust and annoyance of territorial prelates, into whose domains on the Continent they did not hesitate to intrude themselves. Rome frequently expostulated and fulminated, but to small purpose. It was not, indeed, till the historic Councils of Rath Breasil (1118), Kells (1151), and Cashel, a few years later, that Ireland became ecclesiastically Romanized.

At the Synod of Rath Breasil, Guilebert of Limerick, an Ostman or Dane, presided as the first Papal Legate to Ireland, and at the Council of Kells, John Paparo, Legate of Pope Eugenius III., produced four papal palls for the Archiepiscopal Sees of Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam. At the Council of Cashel parishes were first formed and priests appointed, independent of the great monastic houses.

It is curious to note how ecclesiastical nonconformity moves even the greatest saints to unseemly wrath. The great St. Bernard was never tired of defaming the Irish nation for the most inadequate reasons. Writing of the good St. Malachy, a zealous Romanizer, who died in St Bernard's Monastery at Clairvaux, *en route* for Rome, he observes:—"Our friend, Malachy, was born of a barbarous people in Ireland. There he was educated; there he was taught literature; but from his native barbarism he has drawn nothing, no more than the fish of the sea retains the salt of the ocean."

When this was written, the dreadful ravages of the Ostmen or Danes had doubtless told their tale on the Irish character, but even then "the Island of the Saints" was not without the halo of many brilliant exemplars of piety and scholarship among her sons. In the interval between her conversion to Christianity and the first Norse invasion, she had done an intellectual service to Europe and to mankind, second only in importance to that rendered by Ancient Greece in her palmiest days. Her monasteries were not merely retreats for pious meditation and prayer, but free universities for the instruction of earnest seekers after knowledge from all lands and nationalities.

A perfect cloud of unimpeachable witnesses testifies to the reality of Erin's golden age ere yet the invading foot of Dane or Norman had polluted her strand.

Writes the Venerable Bede.—"Thither came pilgrims in search of learning from the forests of Germany, from the cities of the north, as well as from England and Scotland."

Camden:—"At that age our Anglo-Saxons repaired on all sides to Ireland as a general mart of learning."

Thierry:—"The poetry and literature of ancient Ireland were the most cultivated, perhaps, of all Western Europe."

Spenser (the poet):—"It is certain that Ireland hath had the use of letters very anciently, and long before England. The Saxons are said to have their letters, learning, and learned men from the Irish; for the Saxon character is the same as the Irish."

Lacroix:—"The Irish scholars were among the most distinguished men in Europe. Their schools were flocked to by scholars from all parts; their monasteries were densely populated with students, and their country was the very Athens of the age."

But Ireland did not confine her civilizing efforts within her own narrow island confines. With a sort of noble rage she carried the torch of letters and learning into many lands. In kindred Scotland her missionaries founded 13 monasteries; in England, 12; in France, 19; in Burgundy, 11; in Belgium, 9; in Alsace-Lorraine, 20; in Bavaria, 16; in Italy, 6; and in Rhetia, Helvetia, and Servia, 15; not to mention many others of less note.

Everywhere Irishmen figure as patron saints in astonishing numbers. Of these Scotland has 76; England, 44; the Isle of Man, 6; Germany, 152; France, 47; Belgium, 30; Italy, 13; and distant Iceland, 9.

Let us now see, in literal translation, how the effects of Irish Home Rule twelve centuries ago impressed the exiled Saxon King of Northumbria, Alfred, already quoted in part :—

I found in the fair Innisfail,
 In Ireland, while in exile.
 Many women, no silly crowd—
 Many laics— many clerics.

I found in each province,
 Of the five provinces of Ireland,
 Both in Church and State,
 Much of food—much of raiment.

I found gold and silver,
 I found honey and wheat,
 I found affection with the people of God,
 I found banquets and cities.

I found in Armagh the splendid
 Meekness, wisdom, circumspection,
 Fasting in obedience to the Son of God,
 Noble, prosperous Sages.

I found in each great church—
 Whether internal, on shore, or island—
 Learning, wisdom, devotion to God,
 Holy welcome, and protection.

I found the lay monks
 Of alms the active advocates;
 And, in proper order with them,
 The Scriptures without corruption.

I found in Munster, without prohibition,
 Kings, queens, and royal bards
 In every species of poetry well skilled—
 Happiness, comfort, pleasure.

I found in Conach, famed for justice,
 Affluence, milk in full abundance,
 Hospitality, lasting vigour, fame,
 In this territory of Croghan of heroes.

I found in the country of Connall (Tyrconnell),
 Brave, victorious heroes;
 Fierce men of fair complexion,
 The highest stars of Ireland.

I found in the province of Ulster,
 Long-blooming beauty, hereditary vigour ;
 Young scions of energy,
 Though fair, yet fit for war, and brave.
 I found in the territory of Boyle,
 * * * * * (M.S. effaced);
 Brehons', Erenachs' palaces,
 Good military weapons, active horsemen.

I found in the fair-surfaced Leinster,
 From Dublin to Sleivmargy,
 Long living men, health, prosperity,
 Bravery, hardihood, and traffic.

I found from Ard to Gle,
 In the rich country of Ossory,
 Sweet fruit, strict jurisdiction,
 Men of truth, chess-playing.

I found in the great fortress of Meath
 Valour, hospitality, and truth,
 Bravery, purity, and mirth—
 The protection of all Ireland.

I found the aged of strict morals,
 The historians recording truth ;
 Each good, each benefit, that I have sung,
 In Ireland I have seen.

The Vikings and the Field of Clontarf.—What then, was the ruin of this splendid nascent civilisation? There may have been other contributory causes of a secondary character ; but beside the fierce onslaughts of the Norsemen, continued with little interruption from their first inroad in 795 to the great battle of Clontarf in 1014, they shrink into utter insignificance. The very virtues of the Irish, in a great measure, disqualified them from resisting effectually the furious assaults of the Scandinavian sea-wolves. A nation, one-third of whose manhood, it is estimated, had at one time or other led a monastic life, could hardly be expected to rival in arms the fiercest and most stalwart warriors of which the human race has preserved any record. War was their religion, their business in this life and the next. Unlike the Druids, the Norsemen had a very real and terrible mythology. The worshippers of Odin and of the White Christ were at complete variance on every article of belief, whether affecting the life here or hereafter. The Norse

Valhalla and the Christian Heaven were conceptions that did not shade into each other at any single point. Hence the destructive frenzy which invariably seized the Norse rovers of the deep at the sight of any Christian fane or sanctuary.

Nor was their comparative refinement of manners and pacific habits the only drawback with which the Irish had to contend in the long and bloody struggle on which they were now compelled reluctantly to enter. Their organization from the national point of view was exceedingly defective. There were four great confederacies of tribes, each of which had a royal family of its own. In Ulster ruled the O'Niels; in Connaught the O'Connors; in Munster the O'Briens, and in Leinster the M'Murroughs. All these nominally recognised the Over-lordship or Ard-Riship, as it was called, of a branch of the Ulster O'Niels, who had the royal demesne of Meath as the appanage of their national sovereignty. Meath, however, occasionally ranked as a fifth kingdom, and Munster, which was divided into the two demi-provinces of Desmond and Thomond, was ruled alternately by a Desmond M'Carthy and a Thomond O'Brien.

Here surely were all the elements of internal dissension to give advantage to the foreign foe; yet it must be confessed the Irish Celts showed a far more determined front to their Norse and Norman aggressors than ever did the vaunted Anglo-Saxons, whom the loss of a single battle was wont completely to prostrate. Danish Canute and Norman William both had easy work in England compared with that which their congeners encountered in Ireland.

From 795, the date of their first recorded onslaught, onward, the Norsemen in Ireland experienced many vicissitudes of fortune. In 802, and again in 806, they plundered and burned Iona, then the greatest seat of learning in the world, its intellectual influence far exceeding at the time that of the Eternal City itself. In 824 they destroyed utterly the great religious community at Bangor in Down. In 830 a certain leader named Targeis, unrecognisable in the Norse Sagas, made a determined effort to bring the whole island under subjection. He burned Armagh, and even succeeded in establishing piratical flotillas on the internal loughs. But

he was defeated at last, and drowned in Lough Owel (845) by Malachy, King of Meath.

It is bootless to attempt to follow the blood-stained Norse track in detail till we come to the decisive battle of Clontarf; but it may not be amiss to quote briefly the impression of their doings, *circa*, 916, made on the mind of a faithful chronicler of the time:—"Until the sand of the sea, the grass of the field, or the stars of heaven are counted, it will not be easy to recount or enumerate or relate what the Gaedhil, all without distinction, suffered from; whether men or women, boys or girls, laics or clerics, freemen or serfs, young or old, indignity, outrage, injury, and oppression. In a word, they killed the kings, and chieftains, the heirs to the crown, and the royal princes of Erin. They killed the brave and the valiant, the stout knights, champions, soldiers and young lords, and most of the heroes and warriors of all Ireland, they brought them under tribute, and reduced them to bondage and slavery. Many were the blooming, lively women; the modest mild, comely maidens; the pleasant, noble, stately blue-eyed women: the gentle, well brought-up youths; and the intelligent, valiant champions, whom they carried into oppression and bondage over the broad, green sea. Alas! many and frequent were the bright eyes that were suffused with tears and dimmed with grief and despair at the separation of son from father, daughter from mother, and brother from brother, and relatives from their race, and from their tribe.

"There was a tax-gatherer in every petty district; a receiver to intercept the dues of every church; a soldier billeted in every house, so that none of the men of Erin had power to give the milk of his cow, nor as much as the clutch of eggs of one hen in succour or in kindness to an aged man or to a friend, but was forced to preserve them for the foreign steward, or bailiff, or soldier. And if there was but one milk-giving cow in the house, she durst not be milked for an infant one night, nor for a sick person, but must be kept for the steward, bailiff, or soldier of the foreigner. And however long he might be absent from his house, his share or his supply durst not be lessened; although there was in the house but one cow, it

must be killed for the meal of the night, if the supply could not otherwise be procured.

Brian of the Tributes was the only King or *Ard-Ri* of Ireland who attained to something like European fame. All the rest, either before his time or after his death, in 1014, down to the Norman invasion in 1170, are mere shadowy forms, whose deeds, real or apochryphal, can have no living interest—no, not even for the most patriotic of Irishmen. I cannot so much as feel any human relationship to the heroic Malachy, who—

“ Wore the Collar of Gold
That he won from the proud invader.”

The wars of the Irish Pentarchy were very much like those of the Saxon Heptarchy, which Milton aptly compares to skirmishes between kites and crows. It is next to impossible to say which are the kites and which are the crows.

But with Brian Borumha it is different. He was undoubtedly a great personality for good and for evil. He was a man of the Cromwell stamp, who allowed none to abuse his country except himself. He was the younger brother of Mahon, Thomond, or Dalcassian, King of Munster, according to the aforesaid rule of alternate succession to the throne of Cashel. From motives of jealousy, Molloy, Prince of Desmond, sided with Ivar, the local Danish chief, against Mahon. A pitched battle was fought at Solloghead, near Tipperary, in which the Danes and their Irish allies were defeated, and Danish Limerick burned. Subsequently Mahon was treacherously assassinated by a conspiracy of Molloy and Ivar, and Brian's soul was filled with uncontrollable rage and grief. Seizing his harp, he wildly chanted—

“ My heart shall burst within my breast
Unless I avenge this great King ;
They shall forfeit life for this foul deed,
Or I must perish by a violent death.”

He was as good as his word. Both Molloy and Ivar were slain in battle, and Brian, contrary to the established rule of succession, usurped the throne—if throne it may be called—of Munster. He next subdued Leinster, and in a few years was supreme in the southern half of Ireland.

Nor was he less politic than warlike. He aspired to the

Ard-Riship then held by Malachi II., a prince of no mean parts. In order to accomplish his object, he married Kormlada, mother of Sitric, Norse King of Dublin, and sister of Maelmordha, King of Leinster. His own daughter he married to Sitric, and thus matrimonially fortified he was able to dictate terms to the legitimate *Ard-Ri* Malachi, who reluctantly resigned his office in Brian's favour.

He then governed all Ireland with great vigour, exacting enormous tributes, chiefly in live-stock, from all the provinces of Ireland except his own. He was not loved by any except his faithful Dalcassians, but he was feared by all.

Howbeit, mischief was not long in brewing. Brian repudiated Kormlada, who had previously been divorced, first by Olaf, Sitric's father, and secondly by the deposed *Ard-Ri* Malachi, and married the daughter of the King of Connaught. This enraged Kormlada beyond measure, who, in the words of the Norse Saga, "was so grim against King Brian after their parting that she would gladly have him dead, and egged on her son Sitric to kill him." Kormlada was not a person to be trifled with. Says the Saga; "she was the fairest of all women, and best gifted in everything that was not in her power; but it was the talk of all men that she did all things ill over which she had any power." Maelmordha, her brother, the King of Leinster, revolted, and Sitric solicited Norse aid against Brian far and wide. The *Burnt Njal* thus quaintly describes one of Sitric's negotiations with the most distinguished of the Norse leaders:—

"The King Sitric stirred in his business with Earl Sigurd (the great Orkney *jarl*), and bade him go to the war with him against King Brian.

"The earl was long steadfast; but the end of it was that he let the king have his way, but said he must have his mother's hand for his help, and be king in Ireland if they slew Brian. But all his men besought Earl Sigurd not to go into the war, but it was no good.

"So they parted on the understanding that Earl Sigurd gave his word to go; but King Sitric promised him his mother and the kingdom.

"It was settled that Earl Sigurd was to come with all his host to Dublin by Palm Sunday.

“Then King Sitric fared south to Ireland, and told his mother, Kormlada, that the earl had undertaken to come, and also what he had pledged himself to grant him.

“She showed herself well pleased at that, but said they must gather greater force still.

“Sitric asked whence this was to be looked for?

“She said there were two Vikings lying off the west of Man, and they had thirty ships, and, she went on, ‘They are men of such hardihood that nothing can withstand them. The one’s name is Ospak, and the other’s Brodir. Thou shalt fare nothing to find them, and spare nothing to get them into thy quarrel, whatever pine they ask.’

“Now King Sitric fares and seeks the Vikings, and found them lying outside of Man. King Sitric brings forward his errand at once, but Brodir shrank from helping him until King Sitric promised him the kingdom and his mother, and they were to keep it such a secret that Earl Sigurd should know nothing about it; Brodir, too, was to come to Dublin on Palm Sunday.

“So King Sitric fared home to his mother, and told her how things stood.

“After that those brothers, Ospak and Brodir, talked together, and then Brodir told Ospak all that Sitric had spoken of, and bade him fare to battle with him against King Brian, and said he set much store on his going.

“But Ospak said he would not fight against so good a king.

“Then they were both wroth, and sundered their bands at once. Ospak had ten ships, and Brodir twenty.

“Ospak was a heathen and the wisest of all men. He laid his ships inside in a sound, but Brodir lay outside him.

“Brodir had been a Christian man, and a mass-deacon by consecration; but he had thrown off his faith and become God’s dastard, and now worshipped heathen fiends, and he was of all men most skilled in sorcery. He had that coat of mail which no steel could bite. He was both tall and strong, and had such long locks that he tucked them under his belt. His hair was black.

“It so hapened one night that a great din passed over Brodir and his men, so that they all awoke, and sprang up and put on their clothes.

“Along with that came a shower of boiling blood.

“For two nights followed other portents.

“On the fourth night they all went to sleep first of all; but when Brodir woke up he drew his breath painfully, and bade them put off the boat, ‘for,’ he said, ‘I will go to see Ospak.’

“Then he got into the boat, and some men with him; but when he found Ospak he told him of the wonders which had befallen them, and bade him say what he thought they boded.

“Ospak would not tell him before he pledged him peace, and Brodir promised him peace, but Ospak still shrank from telling him till night fell.

“Then Ospak spoke and said: ‘When blood rained on you, therefore shall you shed many men’s blood, both of your own and others; but when ye heard a great din, then ye must have been shown the crack of doom, and ye shall all die speedily; but when weapons fought against you, that must forbode a battle; but when ravens pressed you, that marks the devils which ye put faith in, and who will drag you down to the pains of hell.’

“Then Brodir was so wroth that he could answer never a word, but he went at once to his men.

“Ospak saw all their plan, and then he vowed to take the true faith, and go to King Brian, and follow him till his death day.

“Then Ospak told King Brian all that he had learned, and took baptism, and gave himself over into the King’s hands.”

At the appointed time Earl Sigurd set sail, and drafting into his galleys all the Norse fighting-men he could secure in the Hebrides, entered Dublin Bay, flying at his masthead the Raven Banner, wrought by magic spells. Hither, too, came also the apostate Deacon, Brodir, and Maelmordha, with the men of Leinster.

At dawn on Good Friday, 23rd April, 1014, the allies issued forth from Dublin, and Brian, who had for some time been awaiting this movement in close vicinity to the town, with a well-appointed army, estimated at 20,000, at once gave them battle. The Norsemen were inferior in numbers, but their swords were of better temper, and among them

were no fewer than one thousand ring-mailed warriors, whose armour was at once pliant and well-nigh impervious. Dark forebodings, however, filled their souls, already half-subdued by what many of them had learned of the wondrous works of the White Christ.

Two bearers of the Raven Banner were slain in succession. "Then Earl Sigurd called on Thorstein, son of Hall of the Side, to bear the banner, and Thorstein was just about to lift it, when Asmund the White said, 'Don't bear the banner; for all they who bear it get their death!'

" 'Hrafn the Red,' called out Earl Sigurd, 'lift thou the banner!'

" 'Bear thine own devil thyself!' answered Hrafn.

"Then the earl said, 'Tis fittest that the beggar should bear the bag!' and with that he took the banner from the staff, and put it under his cloak."

Steadily, notwithstanding prodigies of valour, the fight went against the Norsemen, who were at last driven towards their ships, a miserable remnant. But nearly every chief of note on both sides had fallen, including the great Brian of the Tributes himself. He had remained, being eighty years of age, at what was supposed to be a safe distance in the rear, to implore the divine blessing on the arms of the Christian host. But his guards negligently left him towards the close of the deadly conflict, and exposed him to the blood-stained brand of the Viking Brodir. Disdaining flight, Brodir had fought his way through the Irish array, and with only two attendants was seeking the shelter of the woods.

" 'There are people coming towards us here!' said Brian's attendant.

" 'Woe is me! What manner of people are they?' said Brian. 'Blue, stark naked people,' said the attendant. 'Alas!' said Brian, 'they are foreigners of the army. It is not to do good to us they come.' As Brodir, in haste, passed by without seeing the king, one of his attendants plucked him back, crying, 'The king! the king! this is the king!' 'No,' cried Brodir, 'a priest! a priest!' 'No, no!' said the soldier. Then Brodir turned back and slew Brian, and was himself speedily slain."

With Brian perished four sons and a gallant grandson, and the roll of the dead included, even from distant Caledonia, such chiefs of note as the lords of Mar and Lennox, who lost their lives fighting for Ireland and the White Christ.

But Odin it was that lost the day. For the last time the Weird Sisters were seen to weave their fatal woof, which they tore up, to signify that the old gods of the North were discomfited, and a new order of conquerors was about to bear sway in Erin.

"Now new-coming nations
That island shall rule,
Who on outlying headlands
Abode ere the fight.
I say that king mighty
To death now is done,
Now low before spear-point
The earl bows his head."



CHAPTER III

The Bull Laudabiliter and the Anglo-Norman Invasion.

"In every organism the parts exist for the sake of the whole; not the whole for the sake of the parts. The parts have no meaning except in their relation to the whole."—ARISTOTLE.

"Robbery and taxes ever follow conquest; the nation that loses her liberty loses her revenues."—GRATTAN.

"The lesson which I have learned from the past history of my country is that the great and first danger an Irishman has to avoid is the danger of division."—JOHN DILLON.

"Every civilised country is entitled to settle its internal affairs in its own way, and no other country ought to interfere with its discretion, because one country, even with the best intentions, has no chance of properly understanding the internal affairs of another."—JOHN STUART MILL.

"The sad and singular fate which weighs alike upon the old and the new inhabitants of the Isle of Erin has for its cause the vicinity of England, and the influence which its Government has continually exercised, since the Conquest, over the internal affairs of that country."—AUGUSTIN THIERRY.

"The moment Ireland is mentioned, English politicians bid adieu to common sense, and act with the barbarity of tyrants and the fatuity of idiots."—SYDNEY SMITH.

Effects of Clontarf.—The memorable field of Clontarf was a great turning point in the history of Ireland. It was practically a struggle between Scandinavian paganism and Christianity, in which the latter signally triumphed.

In other respects, the fruits of the victory were mostly baneful. None of Brian Borumha's work endured. The deposed Malachi II, again became *Ard-Ri*, and the years of

his rule are made by the annalists to embrace the reign of Brian, just as those of the English Commonwealth and Protectorate are included in that of Charles II. Donogh, his son by Kormlada, could not even secure the submission of all Munster, the men of Thomond truly alleging that their turn at king-making had been wrongfully passed over by Brian. Indeed, Brian, according to long-established usage, had been doubly a usurper—a usurper in Munster and in the Ard-Riship—and his example formed a precedent for every bold, ambitious princeling who appeared on the scene for many unborn generations.

The Norsemen.—It is quite a mistake to suppose that the victory of Clontarf was followed by the expulsion of these masterful buccaneers. King Sitric even managed to hold his own in Dublin; and Wexford, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, and other strongholds of less note, remained in their hands. It might be rash to assert, as has often been done, that the Irish possessed no cities till the Norsemen came. Ptolemy mentions ten towns, three of which were “illustrious”—to wit, Ivernis, Roeba, and Nagnata. Still, to these rovers must, in justice, be ascribed the credit of locating with unerring judgment, the chief maritime cities of Ireland. They were traders as well as pirates; and when once they became Christians, and melted gradually into the native population, they were a very valuable factor indeed in the formation of the national character.

But hardly anything could make up for the terrible injury the Norse had inflicted on the enlightened Church of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Columbkille. The differences between that Church and the Church of Rome have been studiously minimised by zealous Catholic writers; but they were important, not administratively merely—which is admitted—but doctrinally also. St. Patrick had either never heard of the ironclad dogmas formulated by the Œcumenical (meaning Imperial) Councils of Nicæa, 325 A.D.; Sardica, 347; and Ephesus, 431, or he disregarded them with very little compunction.

St. Patrick and St. Columbkille had almost nothing in common with the assembly of furious fanatics who at Nicæa tore to pieces creed after creed, and came to blows in their

effort to determine whether the Son was *homoöusian*, i.e., of the same substance as the Father,* or *homoïöusian*, of like substance.

In his creed or confession of faith, the founder of the Irish Church makes no mention of the resurrection of the body, nor of the descent into hell. He attributes the creation of all things to the Son—the Word made flesh. He teaches that the Second Person of the Trinity infuses into men the Holy Spirit. In a word, it is evident that St. Patrick must have imbibed his Christian faith at an independent fountain, and that the attempt to connect him with a Roman mission stands almost self-condemned.

In its palmy days, before the first Scandinavian invasion, the Irish or Scotie Church, from the centre of its influence, Iona, acted not as the handmaiden, but as the compeer, not to say the antagonist, of Rome. Its piety was more fervid and practical, its learning greater and more liberal, and its missionary zeal more active and successful. Its free schools accommodated from one thousand to seven thousand students each. Latin, Greek and Hebrew; the logic of Aristotle and physics, as then understood; mathematics, music and poetical composition, made up the by no means despicable curriculum of learning of those “dark ages.”

As early as the middle of the eighth century Vergilius, or Feargal, who was subsequently raised to the bishopric of Salzburg, taught the sphericity of the earth, and was denounced to Pope Zachary by St. Boniface, the apostle of the Germans, as one who maintained that there was another world below the earth, inhabited by men not of the race of Adam, nor included among those for whom Christ died. The Pope was at first much alarmed at an alleged heresy so astounding, but Vergilius contrived to establish to his satisfaction the solidarity of the Antipodeans with other human beings, and was finally canonized by Pope Gregory IX. in 1233.

But a much more genuine heretic was the renowned John Scotus Erigena, who appeared at the court of Charles the Bald of France about the year 845. He taught pantheistic doctrines that might indeed well alarm the Church. “The soul,” he said, “will finally pass into the primordial causes

of all things, and these causes into God ; so that as before the existence of the world there was nothing but God, and the causes of all things in God, so there will be after its end nothing else than God and the causes of all things in God. All things are God, and God all things. God is the maker of all things, and made in all." Compare: "And when all things shall be subdued unto him (Christ), then shall the Son also be subject unto Him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all" (1 Corinthians xv. 28).

Thus defining God, Erigena could not but assail the doctrine of the predestination of the damned as maintained by St. Augustine, and subsequently by Calvin. All things being God, it was impossible for him to admit of permanent pain or evil, in the universe without making the Supreme Being a sharer in them. Hence the prescience of God could only extend to the election of the blessed, since He could not foresee that of which He was not the author. Consequently, a time was in store for mankind when the blessed and the unblessed would alike dwell in endless happiness, differing only in degree, and when even "the puir deil" himself would have a chance. Erigena was a forerunner of Burns when the immortal bard of Scotland wrote his famous lines :—

" But fare ye weel, Auld Nickie Ben,
O, wad ye tak' a thocht and men,
Ye aiblins might, I dinna ken,
Still hae a stake ;
I'm wae to think upon yon den
Even for your sake."

But, for good or for evil, the distinctive features of Irish Christianity were nearly effaced during the long and exhausting struggle with the fierce Norsemen. The monasteries were almost completely ruined, and Irish scholars soon found themselves despised fugitives and mendicants on the Continent, where before they had been revered missionaries and the guides, philosophers, and friends of princes. What wonder that, in the circumstances, Iona gradually succumbed to Rome, and that Henry II. of England should have found Pope Adrian IV. so willing to aid him in his nefarious designs against the liberties of the Irish people ?

The Bull Laudabiliter.—The authenticity of this famous bull of Pope Adrian IV., otherwise Nicholas Breakspeare, the only English occupant of the chair of St. Peter, has been denied by not a few Irish scholars of eminence. Nor is this to be wondered at. It must be very difficult, indeed, for an Irish patriot, who is at the same time a good Catholic, to conceive of the Father of Christendom doing anything so heinous as to hand over Ireland bodily to Norman rapine and outrage. And yet, everything considered, such a transaction was the most natural occurrence in the world. Ireland had for centuries been guilty of administrative clerical nonconformity, if not of actual doctrinal heresy, and the cruel, crafty Normans were the pet janissaries of the Holy See. In Naples, in Sicily, and in England they had obtained the sanction and blessing of Rome for deeds of violence and foul wrong not a whit less abominable than the invasion of Ireland. William the Conqueror not merely held a commission from the Pope to carry fire and sword into England, but he brought with him a pontifically consecrated banner, to be carried at the head of his felon horde. To impugn the genuineness of Adrian's bull is entirely to misunderstand the spirit of that age, and to miss the very *trend* of history.

At the same time, it is not to be supposed that Adrian had the smallest *malice prepense* against the Irish people. He held the Papal See during the years 1155-1159, and appears to have been a thoroughly well-meaning, if not very able, Pontiff. Henry II. had just come to the throne, and Adrian could not be expected to foresee what a cruel, crafty, impious scoundrel he would prove himself to be. Henry's emissary, John of Salisbury, chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, told him a grievous tale of Irish wickedness and lawlessness, and represented young King Henry as consumed by a burning desire to purify religion and morals, and to restore "law and order" in the Isle of Saints. What could be more laudable? The popes were ridiculously supposed to enjoy the patrimony of all Christian islands as a gift from the Emperor Constantine. Adrian, accordingly, armed Henry's agent with a splendid emerald-set ring of investiture and the following bull.—

‘Hadrian the Bishop, Servant of Servants of God, to his

very dear son in Christ, the illustrious King of the English, health and apostolic benediction.

“Your magnificence praiseworthy and profitably takes thought how to increase a glorious name on earth, and how to lay up a reward of everlasting happiness in heaven; forasmuch as you intend, like a Catholic prince, to enlarge the bounds of the Church, to declare the truth to unlearned and rude peoples, and to uproot the seedlings of vice from the Lord’s field. The better to attain that end, you have asked counsel and favour of the apostolic see. In which action we are sure that, with God’s help, you will make happy progress, in proportion to the high design and great discretion of your proceedings, inasmuch as undertakings which grow out of ardour for the faith and love of religion are accustomed always to have a good end and upshot. There is no doubt, and your nobility acknowledges, that Ireland, and all islands upon which Christ, the sun of justice, has shone, and which have received the teachings of the Christian faith, rightfully belong to the blessed Peter and the most holy Roman Church. We have, therefore, the more willingly made a plantation among them, and inserted a bud pleasing to God, in that we foresee that it will require a careful internal watch at our hands. However, you have signified to us, my dear son in Christ, that you wish to enter the island of Ireland, in order to reduce that people to law, and to uproot the seedlings of vice there, and to make a yearly payment of a denarius to the Blessed Peter out of each house, and to preserve the rights of the churches of that land whole and undiminished.

“We, therefore, seconding your pious and laudable desire with suitable favour, and giving a kindly assent to your petition, do hold it for a thing good and acceptable that you should enter that island for the extension of the Church’s borders, for the correction of manners, for the propagation of virtue, and for increase of the Christian religion, and that you should perform that which you intend for the honour of God and for the salvation of that land, and let the people of that land receive you honourably, and venerate you as their lord; the ecclesiastical law remaining whole and untouched, and an annual payment of one denarius being reserved

to the blessed Peter and to the most holy Roman Church. But if you shall complete the work which you have conceived in your mind, study to mould that race to good morals, and exert yourself personally and by such of your agents as you shall find fit in faith, word and living, to honour the Church there, and to plant and increase the Christian faith, and strive to ordain what is for the honour of God and the safety of souls, in such a manner that you may deserve at God's hands a heap of everlasting treasure, and on earth gain a glorious name for ages yet to come. Given at Rome, &c., &c."

Here, then, we have Henry's mandate for the Conquest of Ireland, granted in 1155, and fully confirmed in 1170, by Adrian's successor, Pope Alexander III., who was in the best position to judge whether the original document was genuine or not.

The Pretext for Invasion.—Henry II. was a very busy tryant, and it was long before he found a decent pretext for putting *Laudabiliter* to its destined use. At last, however, the auspicious moment arrived. Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster, was an unbearable savage of gigantic frame and enormous strength, whose manifold sins had found him out. In league with Donogh O'Melaghlin, King of Meath, "the Common pest of the Country," he had as early as 1152 abducted the Irish Helen, Devorgil O'Melaghlin, wife of Tiernan O'Rourke, Prince of Brefny, and sister of the "Common pest," Donogh, under circumstances which brought down on him all but universal condemnation and social ostracism. A Paris of sixty-two and an Helen of forty-four could scarcely expect to enlist much sympathy; yet great are the sinuosities of the human heart. Antony at fifty-three refused to outlive Cleopatra, who was thirty-nine. But Dermot was no Anthony. Devorgil had a very large dowry, chiefly in live-stock, and that seems to have been the chief attraction in the eyes of her mature lover. The outraged husband called upon Tirlogh O'Connor of Connaught—himself, by the way, a notorious ruffian—titular King of Ireland, to redress his wrongs, and O'Connor laudably complied with the request.

Dermot was compelled to abandon Devorgil, who lived

to a great age, devoting herself, like Queen Guinivere of Arthurian legend, to works of charity and devotion. She died in 1193 on a pilgrimage to Mellifont Abbey.

Proceeding from bad to worse, Dermot subsequently carried off by force the Abbess of Kildare, compelling her to marry one of his followers, and put out the eyes of eighteen men of rank who had fallen into his hands. These and other atrocities made him so universally odious, that Roderick O'Connor, son of Tirlogh, now *Ard-Ri* and his old enemy, O'Rourke, eventually effected his expulsion from Leinster, and transferred his kingship to the next-of-kin. The aged monster, still replete with energy, burned down his Castle of Ferns, and fled to Aquitaine to obtain succour from that "uprooter of the seedlings of vice from the Lord's field," Henry II.

Dermot and Henry were a thoroughly well-matched couple. For the sake of her large Continental possessions, Henry had married a notoriously lewd *divorcée*, Queen Eleanor, the most mischievous woman of her age. She is credibly reported to have compelled the Fair Rosamond of Woodstock, Henry's mistress, to drink poison, by holding a dagger to her throat. She encouraged her sons to make war on their father, and frequently drove him into frenzies indistinguishable from madness. Such ability as Henry possessed lay in the exercise of unscrupulous craft. His religion, or rather, superstition, was mere "other-worldliness" of the most grotesque and contemptible character.

Henry could not start on his pontifical crusade at the moment, but he supplied the evangelizer, Dermot, with the following comprehensive letter of marque:—"Henry, King of England (he could not speak a word of English), Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, and Count of Anjou, to all the faithful English, Norman, Welsh, and Scots, and to all nations subject to his jurisdiction, greeting :

"When these present letters reach you, you will know that we have received into the bosom of our grace and favour Dermot, Prince of the Leinstermen. If anyone, therefore, within the ample bounds of our power, wishes to help his restoration as our man and liege subject, let him know that he has our license and favour for the purpose."

With this filibustering licence as his warrant, Dermot took up his head-quarters at Bristol, where communication with Leinster was easy, and began diligently to recruit for his enterprise all manner of desperadoes who could handle a lance or draw a long bow. To all he was profuse in his promises of rewards. To Richard Fitz-Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Chepstow, he promised his only legitimate child, Eva, to wife, and with her the succession to the kingship.

This compact, which was subsequently fulfilled, was typical of hundreds of similar transactions which for centuries desolated, and are still desolating, the fair land of Erin. It inaugurated the internecine conflict between the feudal and tribal systems of land tenure, which will never be closed till the latter becomes again substantially the law of the land.

According to Norman law, the lands of Leinster would pass with Eva to her husband and children. According to Celtic or Brehonic law, it would do nothing of the kind. The kingship of Leinster was not hereditary, but elective; and the lands, as has been explained, were vested in the tribes as an inalienable common possession. Neither Eva nor Dermot, nor any king or prince in Ireland, could convey a title to what never belonged to them. The absurd and iniquitous rule of primogeniture was wholly repugnant to Celtic custom and notions of right.

To give the non-legal reader some idea of the native Irish land system I can hardly do better than quote the terse analysis of Sir John Davies, Attorney-General to James I. (1606-1618), one of the ablest (though almost necessarily prejudiced) statesmen who ever attempted to diagnose the maladies of Ireland. It is not accurate in some particulars, but for general purposes it will suffice.

“**Septs.**—First, be it known that the lands possessed by the mere Irish in this realm were divided into several territories or countries, and the inhabitants of each Irish country were divided into several septs or lineages.

“**Lord and Tanist.**—Secondly, in every Irish territory there was a lord or chieftain, and a *tanist*, who was his successor apparent; and of every Irish sept or lineage there was also a chief, who was called *canfinny*, or head of a ‘*cognatio*.’

- “Tanistry and Gavelkind.**—Thirdly, all possessions in these Irish territories—before the common law of England was established through all the realm as it now is—ran at all times in course of tanistry, or in course of gavelkind. Every lordship or chiefry, with the portion of land that passed with it, went without partition to the *tanist*, who always came in by election, or by the strong hand, and never by descent. But all the inferior tenancies were partible among the males in gavelkind.
- “No Estate of Inheritance.**—Again, the estate which the lord had in the chiefry, or that the inferior tenants had in gavelkind, was no estate of inheritance, but a temporary or transitory possession. For, just as the next heir of the lord or chieftain would not inherit the chiefry, but the eldest or worthiest of the sept (as was before shown in the case of tanistry), who was often removed and expelled by another who was more active or stronger than he: so lands in the nature of gavelkind were not partible among the next heirs male of him who died seised, but among all the males of his sept, in this manner.
- “Partitions of Tribal Land.**—The *canfinny*, or chief of a sept (who was commonly the most ancient of his sept), made all the partitions at his discretion. This *canfinny*, after the death of each tenant holding a competent portion of land, assembled all the sept, placed all their possessions in hotch-potch, and made a new partition of the whole, in which partition he did not assign to the sons of the deceased the portion which their father held, but allotted the better or larger part to each one of the sept according to his antiquity.
- “Effect of Frequent Partition.**—These portions being thus allotted and assigned, were possessed and enjoyed accordingly until the next partition, which, at the discretion or will of the *canfinny*, might be made at the death of each inferior tenant.
- “Position of Daughters and of Bastard Sons.**—Also by this Irish custom of gavelkind, bastards took their shares with the legitimate; and wives, on the other hand, were quite excluded from dower, and daughters took nothing, even if their father died without issue male.”

It may here be noted that where the husband and the wife had each property of their own, neither could contract without the consent of the other. The lady was "the wife of equal dignity."

How essentially such a system of land tenure as is above described differed from feudalism, with its grants to a man and *the heirs of his body*, or more extensively still to a man and *his heirs*, will be seen at a glance. Differences of language and of race might be composed, but here was introduced a difference of fundamental conceptions of *meum* and *tuum*, which not even the elapse of long centuries has been able to eradicate. To-day the Irish peasant justly regards his landlord as a robber; and his landlord, true to feudal traditions, treats the tenant as a rebellious serf or *villein*.

Strongbow and the Normans. — But to return to Dermot and his Anglo-Norman recruits. In addition to Earl Richard de Clare, better known as Strongbow, the hoary traitor speedily managed to enlist quite a small fraternity of illustrious swashbucklers. A frail beauty, Nesta, daughter of Rice ap Tudor, Prince of South Wales, was the progenitrix of not a few of the best known, if not the most reputable families in Irish story. By Henry I. she had two sons, through the younger of whom she had two grandsons, Robert and Meiler Fitz-Henry, who were captains of note in the invading force. By Gerald of Windsor she had several sons and daughters, from whom are descended the Fitz-Geralds, Barrys, Carews, and Cogans. After Gerald's death she had a son by Stephen, Castellan of Abertivy, known in history as Robert Fitz-Stephen. To Fitz-Stephen and his half-brother, Maurice Fitz-Gerald, Dermot promised Wexford and two *cantreds*—that is, two hundred homesteads—of land. They were all desperate men of broken fortunes, and they readily closed with Dermot's offers.

The first of the adventurers to reach Ireland were led by Fitz-Stephen. They landed safely in Bannow Bay, in May, 1169, numbering thirty knights, sixty men-at-arms, and three hundred picked archers. Next day Maurice de Prendergast arrived with ten knights and a band of archers. Dermot, who was already lurking in the neighbourhood, sent his son

Donald with five hundred men to join them, and a small effective force was thus formed.

Wexford was captured with very little difficulty, and Fitz-Stephen then marched into Ossory. The men of Ossory were routed. A personal foe of Dermot's was among the slain, and it is related of that amiable monarch, who now aspired to the *Ard-Riship*, that, "lifting up the dead man's head by hair and ears, he cruelly and inhumanly tore away the nostrils and lip with his teeth.

Meanwhile Earl Richard still lingered in Wales, doubting the issue. Writing to him, the impatient Dermot who, be it noted, kept a "Latiner," imaginatively remarked, "We have observed the storks and swallows; the summer birds have come, and with the west wind have returned. Neither Favonius nor Eurus has brought us your much-desired and long-expected presence." Howbeit, Strongbow at last landed near Waterford in August, 1170, and the town was speedily captured. The Earl then married Dermot's daughter Eva, and an advance on Dublin was speedily executed. The city succumbed with surprising celerity, and Henry II. began to fear that a new independent Norman kingdom was about to be established by his vassal Strongbow in the Island of the Saints.

Henry II. in Ireland.—Henry accordingly set sail from Milford Haven in October, 1171, to look after his own interests. He landed near Waterford with 4,000 men, 500 of whom were knights. He wintered in Dublin, and nearly all the princes and chiefs of Ireland, with the exception of Roderic the *Ard-Ri*, and the Ulster *reguli*, paid him homage. The clergy, in particular, effusively recognised his papal credentials.

At first his policy was to leave the titular King of Ireland, Roderick O'Connor, and most of the other kinglets, in undisturbed possession of their tribal jurisdictions; but this considerate policy was suddenly reversed for one of wholesale confiscation. His tactics became similar to those of William the Conqueror in England, with one important difference. He granted away to a few great Anglo-Norman vassals almost the whole territory of Ireland, without reserving to the Crown any sources of armament or revenue, which might

enable himself and his successors effectually to curb these grand feudatories, should they prove, as they so frequently did, tyrannical and refractory. There were some redeeming features in the feudal system, but these Henry was careful completely to eliminate in his dealings with Ireland.

To De Lacy he gave Meath, the appanage of the *Ard-Ri* (some 800,000 acres), at a feudal service of fifty knights, without any reservation of judicial or other legal powers. Leinster he bestowed on Richard de Clare, pretty much in terms of Strongbow's original compact with Dermot. To John De Courcy fell the province of Ulster (about one-sixth of all Ireland), on the same terms as the Meath concession. The Cork district was bestowed on the adventurers Mylo de Cogan and Robert Fitz-Stephen.

But Henry's attempt to feudalise Ireland was perfectly illusory. The native chiefs might feign a show of submission in the presence of overwhelming military force, but the moment that was withdrawn the old tribal customs reasserted themselves with renewed vigour. All through the reigns of Henry II., Richard I., John, Edward I., and Edward II, the history of Ireland is a pitiable record of almost incessant conflict between "the mere Irish" and the Anglo-Normans, between foreign feudalism and native tribalism, between a polished but savage aristocracy and a rude, struggling democracy.



CHAPTER IV.

PLANTAGENET RULE IN IRELAND.

From Henry II. to Richard III. Inclusive (1172—1485).

"The hostile power, planted in the heart of the nation, destroyed all possibilities of central government, while it was itself incapable of fulfilling that function. Like a spear-point embedded in a living body, it inflamed all around it, and deranged every *vital function*."—LECKY.

"Are Catholics filled with perplexity at the sight of infallibility sanctioning rapine? They can scarcely be less perplexed by the title which infallibility puts forward to the dominion of Ireland, the subject of its gracious grant. The Pope proclaims himself Lord of Ireland, because it is an island, and "all islands on which Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, hath shone, undoubtedly belong to the See of St. Peter." But this perplexity arises entirely from the assumption which may be an article of faith, but is not an article of history, that the infallible morality of the Pope has never been changed. The infallibility of the Pope, morally speaking, must be said by history to consist in this, that though he changes, he does not repent."—GOLDWIN SMITH

"English pride might mingle with sacerdotal ambition in the boon of a new kingdom to his native Sovereign. The language of the grant developed principles as yet unheard of in Christendom."—MILLMAN.

"The right of private property in land is a political, *not* a natural institution."—JUDGE LONGFIELD.

"They that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches, their inward thought is that their honour shall continue for ever, and their dwelling-place to all generations; *they call their lands after their own name*. This, their way, is their folly; yet their posterity approve of their sayings."—PSALMS.

Synod of Cashel.—"He" (Henry II.), says Sir John Davies, "departed out of Ireland without striking one blow, or building one castle, or planting one garrison among the Irish; neither left he one true subject more than those that

he found there at his first coming over, which were only the English adventurers." That was so ; but Henry's duties, it should be remembered, lay chiefly in another direction. He had been commissioned by Pope Adrian IV. "to extirpate the seedlings of vice from the Lord's field," and he had yet to appease the just wrath of Adrian's successor, Pope Alexander III., for the shocking murder of Thomas-à-Becket. Accordingly, in 1172, he summoned a Synod of the Church, which was attended by all the chief prelates. Christian, Bishop of Lismore, the apostolic legate, presided, and it is interesting to note what chief "seedlings of vice" the reverend reformers set themselves to "extirpate."

Root 1.—Church property to be freed from all taxation, or "erics," in coin or kind.

„ 2.—Regular payment of tithes decreed.

„ 3.—Regular public baptism and catechising of children to be enforced.

„ 4.—Prohibition of marriage with deceased husband's brother or wife's sister.

„ 5.—One-third of a deceased man's chattels to be set apart "for the good of his soul."

It is but fair to add that, under the fifth head, were included provisions of one-third of the deceased's personalty for his legitimate offspring and another for his widow.

But, in any case, the character of the abuses here struck at is an instructive commentary on the unmeasured invectives of St. Bernard, St. Anselm, and other reverend libellers of the Irish race who diligently paved the way for Henry's unhallowed aggression. "They were Christians in name, pagans in deed," cried St. Bernard. And *Ecce Signum!* "They paid neither tithes nor first fruits!" "A most vile nation ; a nation that wallowed in every vice ; a nation that of all nations was most uncultivated in the rudiments of the faith!"—such was the description of the Irish given by Giraldus Cambrensis, the contemporary historian of the invasion—a writer who, if he had been alive to-day, could have afforded to give points in mendacity even to the Dublin correspondent of the *Times*. Yet Giraldus' chief specific charges against the laity are that they were lax in the payment of tithes and first-fruits ; that they were indifferent

church-goers, and that they married the wives of their deceased brothers. As for the clergy, he admits that they were admirable in many things, especially in continence and fasting, and that it was only at night, after such exemplary conduct all day, that they had a tendency to get drunk.

The Synod over, the prelates sent off a report to the Pope. It was supplemented by another from the Archdeacon of Landaff, Henry's assessor in the Synodical deliberations. They extolled the royal efficacy in the correction of abuses, the gravity of which must be judged of by the remedies applied.

Thereafter Alexander amply confirmed Adrian's bull, complimented Henry on his proceedings, and commended "the kings and princes of Hibernia" for their "prudent" submission to his will. Replying to the four archbishops and their suffragans, the Pope strictly commanded them to inculcate allegiance to so magnanimous a Prince in his pious efforts to extirpate "the enormous vices with which the Irish people were infected," "barbarous, rude, and ignorant of the divine laws" as was their condition. Was ever a nation so unmercifully slain in the house of its friends?

Howbeit, swift retribution overtook the clergy. Writing shortly afterwards, the invading eye-witness, Giraldus himself, observes:—"The miserable clergy are reduced to beggary in the island. The cathedral churches mourn, having been robbed by the aforesaid persons (the leading Normans), and others along with them, of the lands which had formerly been granted to them faithfully and devoutly. And thus the exalting of the Church has been changed into the despoiling or plundering of the Church." Again:—"While we (the Normans) conferred nothing on the Church of Christ in our new principality, we not only did not think it worthy of any important bounty or of due honour, but even, having immediately taken away the lands and possessions, have exerted ourselves either to mutilate or abrogate its former dignities and ancient privileges."

The First Irish Parliament.—About the same time (1172) was held at Lismore a *Curia Regis*, or King's feudal Court, the rudiments of the first Irish Parliament, or rather the first Parliament in Ireland. An Executive Colonial Govern-

ment was formed, De Lacy being appointed Constable; Strongbow, Marshal; Sir Bertram de Vernon, Steward; and Sir Theobald Walter, King's Butler—whence the family name of the Earls of Ormonde). It was decided to introduce the Anglo-Norman laws and customs for the use of the settlers, and subsequently for the benefit of the privileged "*Five Bloods*"—viz., the royal O'Neils of Ulster, the O'Melaghlin of Meath, the O'Connors of Connaught, the O'Briens of Thomond, and the MacMurroughs of Leinster. The Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer were instituted. It was not till the reign of James I., however, that English law was extended to Ireland in general.

Treaty of Windsor (1175).—On Easter Monday, 1172, Henry sailed from Wexford, never to see Ireland again, But his interest in the country did not cease. In October, 1175, he made a treaty at Windsor with Roderic O'Connor, *Ard-Ri* of Ireland, his complete violation of which, only four years afterwards, can only be compared with the broken Treaty of Limerick, five centuries later. Roderic sent three representatives to Windsor—viz., Catholicus, Archbishop of Tuam, the Abbot of Ardfert, and his Brehon, or, as Giraldus calls him, his "Chancellor." St Lawrence O'Toole the devoted Archbishop of Dublin, was one of the witnesses to an instrument by which Henry granted "to his liege man Roderic, King of Connaught, so long as he should serve faithfully, to be king under him (*rex sub eo*), ready to serve him as his man, and to hold his land well and peacefully, as he held it before the King of England's entry into Ireland, paying him tribute." The tribute was to consist of one out of every ten marketable hides of cattle killed annually.

The regions to be exempted from Roderic's rule were what was subsequently known as the English "Pale," derived from the phrase, "pale in," occurring in one of the enactments of Poynings' historic parliament. The "Pale" shrank or expanded, according to circumstances; but at this date it embraced Meath and Leinster, along with Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, and Dungarvan, and their appurtenances.

Two-thirds at least of Ireland remained to Roderic and the native Irish by express treaty, and yet in 1179, without any reason assigned except the will of the tyrant, the whole

soil was gifted away to rapacious alien marauders. Of these the chief was Fitz Adelm to whom Connaught was bodily gifted. He was a base, cunning tool of Henry's who had not even the common merit or demerit of military audacity to recommend him. Says Sir John Davies, "All Ireland was by Henry II. cantonized among ten of the English nation, and though they had not gained possession of one-third of the kingdom, yet in title they were owners and lords of all, so as nothing was left to be granted to the natives."

Such, then, was the nominal conquest by Henry II. and his Norman freebooters of a nation which kept the field with indomitable courage for more than four hundred years after their time, and which, even at this moment, in spite of all the "resources of civilization" and all the might of the greatest empire on earth, remains unsubdued and unsubduable. It is impossible that such a people should ultimately fail to realize its ideal of national life.

" Truth for ever on the scaffold,
Wrong for ever on the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God, within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own.

Deaths of Dermot, Strongbow, and Henry II.—The three chief actors in the Anglo-Norman invasion all came to an evil end. Dermot, the traitor, or Dermot-na-Gall, that is, Dermot of the Foreigners, died in May, 1171, of a loathsome disease, the virulence of which made him rage with the fury of a madman. He has left behind him a name of hate and scorn almost unrivalled in human annals. He is thus described by Giraldus Cambrensis, who, if anything, was a friendly critic: "He was tall and huge; warlike and daring, with a voice hoarse from shouting in battle; desiring to be feared rather than loved; an oppressor of the noble, a raiser up of the low; tyrannical to his own people and detested by strangers; one who had his hand against every man and every man's hand against him."

Strongbow expired at Dublin in 1176. An ulcer in the foot spread upwards till the whole body became a mass of putrescence. Giraldus, as was to be expected, gives him a

good character so far:—"He was gentle and courteous in his manners; what he could not gain by force he gained by address; in peace he was more ready to obey than command; when not in battle was more a soldier than a general, in battle more a general than a soldier; always took his companions into counsel, and undertook no enterprise without their advice; in action was the sure rallying point of his troops; and of unshaken constancy in either fortune of war, neither to be disturbed by adversity nor thrown off his balance by success."

Yet more terrible, in 1189, was the closing scene in the eventful life of Henry II. Hunted from his beloved birth-place, Le Mans, by his unnaturally rebellious sons, Henry, Richard, and John, he passed into the unknown invoking frightful maledictions on his own offspring. His last words were:—*Maudit soit le jour ou je suis né; et maudits de Dieu soient les fils qui je laisse.*—"Accursed be the day on which I was born, and accursed of God be the sons I leave behind me."

Nor did a sad fatality wait on Dermot, Strongbow, and Henry alone. With more than his usual penetration Giraldus observes:—"The four great pillars of the Conquest—Fitz-Stephen, Hervey, Raymond, and John de Courcy—by the hidden but never unjust judgment of God—were not blessed with any legitimate offspring." And this to a Norman freebooter, who desired above all to be the founder of a hereditary family of nobles, was an unspeakable heartsore.

King John and Ireland.—In 1177, John (of Magna Charta fame), still a child, was proclaimed "King of Ireland," at a Council held at Oxford; but the assumption of the title was a harmless exhibition of paternal partiality which bore no fruit. No Catholic King of England ever ventured to dub himself other than *Dominus Hiberniæ* (Lord of Ireland), and even this title the Scottish kings, after the election of Edward Bruce to the Irish throne, were disposed to dispute. James IV. and James V. of Scotland each wrote himself down *Dominus Hiberniæ*, and even contemplated an expedition into the country to vindicate his claims. Ireland, according to the theory announced in Pope Adrian's Bull,

remained the patrimony of St. Peter and the Holy Roman See, and when Henry VIII. renounced his allegiance to that authority his legitimate title to any jurisdiction in the island was forfeited as a matter of course.

John twice visited Ireland; once in his father's lifetime, and once in his own reign. On the former occasion he and his roystering companions, mortally offended the Irish chiefs who came to do him homage, by plucking their long beards. On the latter (1210), he divided Leinster and Munster into twelve counties, but, as Sir John Davies observes, "these counties stretched no further than the lands of the English colonists extended. In them only were the English laws published and put in execution; and in them only did the itinerant judges make their circuits, and not in the countries possessed by the Irish, which contained two-thirds of the kingdom at least."

Subsidies Levied on the Pale.—In 1217 tallage was first imposed in Ireland by Henry III., but it yielded almost nothing, and Pope Innocent IV. was scarcely more fortunate in 1254. The Supreme Pontiff then tried hard to raise money for the liberation of the Holy Land, but the chief collector, Lawrence Summercote, pronounced the achievement impossible. "He would rather," he said, "be imprisoned than crucified any longer in Ireland for the business of the Cross."

Edward I., politic as he was, did much to weaken the Anglo-Norman colony by drawing from Ireland both men and stores for his Scottish wars. In 1296, 310 men-at-arms, 266 light-armed horsemen, and 2,600 foot, with a multitude of archers, followed his standard into Scotland. In 1298, Edward requisitioned in the Pale 8,000 quarters of wheat; 10,000 quarters of oats; bran, bacon, salt beef, salt fish in abundance, with 10,000 casks of wine.

Such heavy exactions drove successive viceroys to their wits' end. To preserve the colony from ruin they had to stir up bloody feuds among the "mere Irish." Robert D'Ufford, the justiciary, was summoned to England by Edward I. to purge himself of this heinous offence. He pleaded that unless one knave could be made to cut off another, the King's coffers would soon be empty.

“Whereat,” it is recorded, “the King smiled, and bade him return to Ireland.”

Bannockburn and its Effects in Ireland.—But a catastrophe was at hand which was not to be smiled away. In 1314 was fought in Scotland the decisive battle of Bannockburn, which gave the death-blow to the notion hitherto entertained throughout Christendom that the iron-clad knighthood of the Anglo-Normans was invincible. On that hard-fought field the Scots demonstrated to the world that an army of simple burghers and peasants, with spears in their hands, could, if skilfully led, rout a fully equipped feudal force, outnumbering them as three to one. Everywhere “peoples rightly struggling to be free” plucked up courage. It was impossible that the Irish should escape the contagion of their Scottish kinsmen’s heroic example.

They entered into negotiations with King Robert Bruce, who readily consented not merely that his brother Edward should endeavour to possess himself of the crown of Ireland, but that he himself should assist in the laudable enterprise of expelling the English from Ireland. For the first time since the victory of Clontarf over the Danes something like a genuine national feeling was evoked, of which the celebrated letter of the native Irish chiefs to Pope John XXII.—one of the most important documents in all Irish history—affords the best possible evidence. Even now some of the clauses, seemingly drawn up in the heat of conflict, will help to throw light on the wrongs of Ireland, which are nothing if not historical:—

NATIONAL APPEAL TO THE POPE.

“To our most Holy Father in Christ, Lord John, by the grace of God Supreme Pontiff, his attached children Donald O’Neyl, King of Ulster, and rightful hereditary successor to the throne of all Ireland, as well as the princes and nobles of the same realm, with the Irish people in general, present their humble salutations, approaching with kisses of devout homage to his sacred feet.

“Lest the bitter and venomous calumnies of the English, and their unjust and unfounded attacks upon us, and all who support our rights, may in any degree influence your mind

(though Heaven forbid it should be so !), or lest circumstances unknown to you, and made by them the subjects of misrepresentations, may seem to require some correction at your hands, as though their statements were fully in accordance with the truth, with loud and imploring cry we would convey to your holy ears, in the contents of the present appeal, an account of our first origin and of the condition in which our affairs at this moment stand; and also of the cruel injuries to us and our forefathers, inflicted, threatened, and to the present hour continued, by successive kings of England and their wicked ministers, and Anglican barons of Irish birth; that so you may have it in your power to examine into the particulars of the case at issue, and thus to discern for yourself which party it is that has been compelled by real grievances to raise a clamour. And then shall it be for your judgment, after careful and satisfactory inquiry into the matter, to determine, according to the character of the evidence brought before you, what punishment or correction should visit the offences of the delinquent party.

“For the territories of the Church are so curtailed, narrowed, and mutilated by them, that some cathedral churches have been plundered of a moiety, and more than that, of their lands and property, while ecclesiastical privileges of every kind are, for most part, entirely abolished by these individuals here spoken of, and our bishops and prelates are indiscriminately summoned, arrested, seized upon, and imprisoned by the ministers of the King of England in Ireland; and though suffering as they do such constant and serious injuries, they are yet so strongly influenced by such slavish timidity that they never venture to bring before your Holiness any representations concerning them. In consequence of such scandalous silence on their part we are also disposed to refrain from any further observation on this topic.

“They have also deprived them of their written laws, according to which they have been governed for the most part in preceding times, and of every other law excepting that with which they could not be forced to part; introducing meanwhile, with a view to the extermination of our people,

infamous laws of the most abandoned and unprincipled character, some of which, by way of example, are here inserted; and those which we subjoin are inviolably observed in the Court of the King of England in Ireland, viz:—

“ ‘ 1. That permission is given to every person who is not Irish to summon at the law any Irish person in any sort of action whatsoever. But every Irishman, whether he be clerk or layman, the prelates alone excepted, is *ipso facto* excluded from commencing any action whatsoever.

“ ‘ 2. Further, as it very constantly happens whenever any Englishman, by perfidy or craft, kills an Irishman, however noble or however innocent, be he clerk or layman, be he regular or secular—nay, even if an Irish prelate were to be slain—there is no penalty or correction enforced in the said court against the person who may be guilty of such wicked murder; but, rather, the more eminent the person killed, and the higher the rank which he holds among his own people, so much the more is the murderer honoured and rewarded by the English; and not merely by the people at large, but also by the religious and bishops of the English race; and, above all, by those on whom devolves officially the duty of inflicting on such malefactors a just reward and equitable correction for their evil deeds.

“ ‘ 3. Furthermore, every Irish woman, whether of noble rank or otherwise, who marries any Englishman, is deprived, on her partner's death, merely because she is an Irish woman, of the third part of the landed property and other effects which belonged to her deceased husband.

“ ‘ 4. Again, these English, whenever they can “compass the destruction of an Irishman by violent means, will not by any means allow such Irishman to dispose of his own property by his last will or testamentary arrangement of any kind. But, on the contrary, they make their own of all his goods, depriving the Church of her just rights, and by their violence reducing, on their own authority, to a state of bondage, the blood which flowed in freedom from the days of old.

“ ‘ It is ordained that all the religious who dwell in the land of peace among the English are prohibited from receiving into their order or form of religion any excepting such as are of the nation of the English.

“ ‘For they have kept up ever since the days of old this wicked and unprincipled usage, which is not even yet falling into disuse amongst them, but, on the contrary, gaining every day new strength, and becoming more inveterate—viz., that when they invite to an entertainment some of the nobles of our nation, at the very time of repast, or during the hours devoted to rest, they will shed, without mercy, the blood of unsuspecting guests whom they have invited, terminating in this way their abominable feasts.

“ ‘For it is not merely their lay and secular persons, but even some of the religious among them, too, who are asserting the heretical doctrine that it is no more sin to kill an Irishman than a simple dog or any other brute animal. And in confirmation of this heretical opinion, some of their monks audaciously affirm that if it were to happen that they should kill an Irishman, they would not for this refrain from the celebration of the mass even for a single day. And accordingly what they preach in words is unhesitatingly and shamelessly put in practice in their deeds, by the monks of the Cistercian order of Granard in the diocese of Armagh and also by those of Down. For, making their appearance publicly in arms, they invade and slaughter the Irish people, and yet celebrate their masses notwithstanding.

“ ‘In order to effect our object in this behalf with more promptness, and in a dignified manner, we are inviting to our aid and assistance Edward de Bruce, the illustrious Earl of Carrick, brother german of the most illustrious Lord Robert, by the grace of God King of the Scots, and descendant of some of the most noble of our own ancestors. . . . May it please thee, therefore, most Holy Father, out of a regard for justice and the public peace, mercifully to sanction our proceedings relative to our said lord the King, prohibiting the King of England and our adversaries aforesaid from further molestation of us ; or, at least, be graciously pleased to enforce for us from them the due requirements of justice.’ ”

No answer seems to have been returned by the Pope to this vigorous appeal ; but the original document, with a copy of Pope Adrian's Bull, was forwarded by the Pontiff to Edward II., together with a letter containing the following

passage:—"We, therefore, by these presents, earnestly beg of your royal excellency that you will take these matters into your calm, deliberate consideration, and confer upon them with your discreet council, and in this way proceed to command and enforce a just and speedy correction and reform of the grievance aforesaid, so that those Irish people, following more wholesome counsels, may render you the obedience due to their lord, or if (which Heaven forbid!) they shall be disposed to foolish rebellion, they may convert their cause into a matter of open injustice, while you stand excused before God and man."

The Pope then promptly issued bulls to the Irish archbishops, desiring them to excommunicate all who had taken up arms for the Bruces, and all who, either openly or secretly, had furnished them with counsel, weapons, horses, money, or any other aid in their opposition to the Pope's most dear son, Edward, the illustrious King of England. All such persons should be shunned, as under the ban of the Church. The clergy of Ireland were commanded to read these precious decrees of excommunication every Sunday and festival, with lighted candles and tolling of bells, in such places as they should deem expedient, but more especially in the seaports.

Thus again Rome proved herself Ireland's worst foe at the supreme crisis of her fate.

The Hiberno-Scottish Alliance.—In May, 1315, Edward Bruce reached the coast of Antrim with three hundred transports conveying 6,000 Scottish veterans, led by officers of renown. He was speedily joined by O'Neill, and the allies, without difficulty, twice defeated the Earl of Ulster, and occupied the chief strongholds of Down and Antrim. In the spring, Sir Edward Butler, the Viceroy, was defeated at Ardsclull. Edward Bruce was subsequently joined by his brother Robert at Carrickfergus with reinforcements. They marched about without molestation wherever they pleased, and Robert Bruce is said to have heard mass at Limerick on Palm Sunday, 1317.

By this time Edward Bruce, with considerable pomp, had assumed the crown of Ireland, and about half the clans recognised his sway. Victory followed victory, notwithstanding very heavy odds, but an unforeseen calamity was at hand. A

desolating famine decimated and demoralized the Bruces' troops, and nothing but the prestige of the Bruce name could have saved the allied forces from extermination. A well-appointed Anglo-Irish army, 30,000 strong, barred retreat to Ulster, yet dared not this great host risk a pitched battle, five Englishmen at that time, according to the knightly chronicler Froissart, thinking it no shame to flee before a single Scot.

Ultimately the shattered remnant of the Hiberno-Scottish army in May reached Ulster, whence King Robert sailed for Scotland, promising faithfully to return to his brother's aid whenever it should be possible again to take the field. That aid arrived just two days too late. As soon as a fairly abundant harvest had been gathered in, in 1318, King Edward, ever impatient for battle, encountered a vastly superior force at the hill of Faughard, within two miles of Dundalk. He would wait for no reinforcements, Irish or Scottish, declaring that he had overthrown the English in eighteen successive battles with inferior forces, and that he would do so again. He was slain in a headlong charge against the enemy. His body was afterwards found beneath a heap of slain. The chivalrous Anglo-Normans cut off his head, salted it, and sent it off to England to console Edward II. for his defeat at Bannockburn. What a contrast was there here to the noble courtesy exhibited to the vanquished by the victor of that famous field! King Robert Bruce just arrived in time to carry back in safety to their own land the relics of his brother's gallant band, which at the beginning of the fight had not exceeded 2,000 strong.

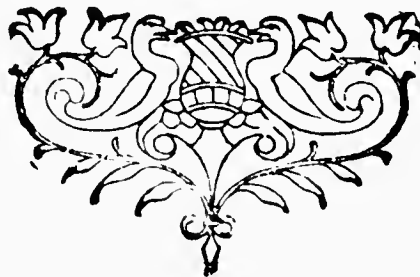
Effects of the Scottish Expedition.—These were not what might have been expected. The Scots had by their marked courage and discipline dispelled the delusion that the Anglo-Normans possessed any inherent superiority in arms, and the very severity of the Scottish forays, of which the Irish annalists bitterly complain, had reduced the resources of the settlers to a very low point. Accordingly, although during the next 200 years the native Irish showed as little capacity for combination as ever, the power of the aliens steadily dwindled.

About the beginning of the eleventh century, by command

of Brian Borumha, it is said, surnames first came into use. Everyone had to take the name of a common ancestor, and prefix to it a "Mac" or an "O," "of" or "son of," as a patronymic. This fashion the proud scions of Norman houses now began extensively to imitate. The Stauntons became MacAveleys; the D'Exeters, MacJordans; the Barrets, MacAndrews; the Prendergasts, MacMaurices; the Fitzgeralds, MacThomases, and so on.

And with change of name came change of language, change of clothing, customs and habits. The Norman barons became chiefs, and had their Brehons and their Bards like Celts to the manner born. This process of assimilation, by which the Normans were said to become *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores* (more Irish than the Irish); the constant drain of men for the civil wars in England, and a variety of other causes—causes which the most stringent adverse laws only served to aggravate—gradually reduced the Pale to a mere strip of territory around Dublin, Kilkenny, and a few other places of less note.

At the accession of Henry VII., the first of the Tudors (1485), the soldiers of the Pale numbered 200 all told! The slightest well-directed effort might have driven the once proud Anglo-Norman into the sea.



CHAPTER V.

MEDIÆVAL IRELAND.

"The ruin or prosperity of a State depends so much on the administration of its Government, that to be acquainted with the merit of a Ministry we need only observe the condition of the people. . . . The multitude, in all countries, are patient up to a certain point. Ill-usage may rouse their indignation or hurry them into excesses, but the original fault is in the Government."—JUNIUS, LETTER I.

"No colonial or foreign community in a foreign land can properly and for the general benefit of the world consider the questions of the State. The leading idea is *how they will benefit themselves*."—GENERAL "CHINESE" GORDON.

"The English seem never to have understood the art of governing their provinces, and have always treated them in such a manner as either to put them under the necessity, or subject them to the temptation of casting off their government whenever an opportunity offered. It was a series of this impolitic conduct which lost them Normandy, Poictou, Anjou, Guyenne, and all the dominions which they formerly had in France. When Rochelle, Saintes, Engouleme, and other towns in these provinces, submitted to the kings of France, they took particular care to insert in their capitulations an express article that in any circumstances or distress of the affairs of France, they should never be delivered back into the power of the English. It is not a little surprising that a thinking people, as the English are, should not grow wiser by any experience, and after losing such considerable territories abroad by their oppressive treatment of them, should go on to hazard the loss of Ireland, and endeavour the ruin of the colony of their own countrymen planted in that kingdom."—CARTE'S "LIFE OF ORMONDE."

"The conveniency of ports and havens, which nature hath bestowed so liberally on this kingdom (Ireland), is of no more use to us than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon."—DEAN SWIFT.

State of Ireland at the Accession of Henry (VII.) Tudor (1485).—For a period of two hundred and twenty years, from the Scottish Campaign of the Bruces in 1315 down to 1535, in

the reign of Henry VIII., the history of Ireland is an almost unbroken record of helpless impotency on the part of the Pale authorities, and of incessant, unintelligible, internecine warfare among the native Irish. The Celtic population seemingly lost the idea of nationality while the Anglo-Normans abandoned that of conquest. With the exception of two powerful but perfectly futile expeditions, the one in 1394, the other in 1399, led by the imbecile monarch, Richard II., the policy of England was in reality all these years one of defence rather than of defiance or attack.

Art MacMurrough.—The celebrated Art MacMurrough, one of Ireland's most heroic mediæval chiefs, with a slender force of 3,000 men, completely baffled a magnificent feudal host more than 30,000 strong, and defied the King of England to his face. Invited to bow his neck to the yoke as other chiefs had done, Art made answer, "For all the gold in the world I will not submit myself, but will continue to war and endamage the King in all that I can." And he was as good as his word till his death in 1417.

A French chronicler, Creton, who took part in Richard's second Irish campaign, gives us the following casual glimpse of Art when, on a certain occasion, he condescended to meet the English King's Commissioner, the Earl of Gloucester, in an abortive conference:—"From a mountain between two woods not far from the sea, we saw MacMurrough descending, accompanied by multitudes of the Irish, and mounted on a horse without a saddle, which cost him, it was reported, four hundred cows. His horse was fair, and in his descent from the hill to us ran as swiftly as any stag, hare, or the swiftest beast I have ever seen. In his right hand he bore a long spear, which, when near the spot where he was to meet the Earl, he cast from him with much dexterity. The crowd that followed him then remained behind while he advanced to meet the Earl near a small brook. He was tall of stature, well composed, strong, and active; his countenance fierce and cruel."

In truth, the time had come when "the mere Irish," like the Scots, had begun to look on the once formidable Anglo-Norman chivalry with a certain measure of disdain. In no way inferior to the invaders in courage, strength, or agility,

the Celts had been taught by experience how to overcome the undeniable superiority of their foes in warlike equipments.

At the Court of Richard II., in 1395, Sir John Froissart, the chivalrous French scholar-knight, met an English gentleman, Henry Castide, who had, for years, been a prisoner among "the Irish enemies," and this was Castide's testimony regarding them to Sir John:—"To tell you the truth, Ireland is one of the worst countries to make war in or conquer, for there are such impenetrable and extensive forests, lakes, and bogs, there is no knowing how to pass them. It is so thinly inhabited" (at this time, say, 800,000) "that whenever the Irish please they desert the towns, and take refuge in these forests, and live in huts made of boughs, like wild beasts, and whenever they perceive any parties advancing with hostile disposition, and about to enter their country, they fly to such narrow passes it is impossible to follow them. And no man-at-arms, be he ever so well mounted, can overtake them, so light are they of foot. Sometimes they leap from the ground behind a horseman, and embrace the rider (for they are very strong in the arms) so tightly that he can no way get rid of them."

Parties within the Pale.—Even within the Pale, whose boundaries generally contracted and but rarely expanded, antagonistic elements existed. In a letter to his Council, Richard II. classifies the inhabitants into "wild Irish or Irish enemies," "Irish rebels," and "English subjects." The "Irish rebels" were the Hibernicised English or "English by descent," as distinguished from the "English subjects," or "English by birth." How to prevent "English subjects" from "degenerating" first into "Irish rebels," and next into positive "Irish enemies," was the grand legislative problem of this era, so far as the rulers of the Pale were concerned.

Statute of Kilkenny (1367).—Much cruel legislative ingenuity—cruel in effect, perhaps, rather than in intention—was exercised with this object. In order to preserve the shadow of power, not to speak of a modicum of stated plunder, it became necessary to pass a *penal statute of races*. Accordingly the famous, or, to be accurate, the infamous

"Statute of Kilkenny" was enacted by order of Viceroy Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III.

How this Parliament of Kilkenny was made up is not fully known, but the hierarchy, it is certain, was well represented. Pope John XXII. had dealt so severely by rescript with Adam, Bishop of Ferns, and the Friars Minor of the Franciscan order, who had ventured to countenance King Edward Bruce's efforts to make Ireland an independent State, that no tincture of national spirit seems to have remained in the order.

There were present the Archbishops of Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam, and the Bishops of Waterford and Lismore, Killaloe, Ossory, Leighlin, and Cloyne. Of these dignitaries, however, it is but fair to record that only the Archbishops of Cashel and Tuam, and the Bishop of Killaloe, were Irishmen, the others being Englishmen by birth or descent.

The Statute itself was a monument of human folly. It declared marriage, concubinage, fosterage (a most sacred tie), and gossipry (sponsorship), with the Irish, high treason. To supply horses or arms to the Irish at any time, or provisions during war; to submit to the Brehon laws; to entertain minstrels; to adopt Irish names, customs, clothing, or language; to ride in the Irish fashion; to permit Irish cattle to pasture on English lands; to retain Irish kerne; to present Irishmen to Church livings, or to admit them into religious houses in the Pale—all these were acts punishable by the severest penalties.

Strictly to enforce such a law was of course beyond the power of mortal man; but what its framers did succeed in doing was to separate the two races more completely than ever, and to keep alive national enmities till 1494, in the reign of Henry VII., when the Statute was, in a great measure, revived and confirmed. Whoever broke it was declared by the assembled prelates excommunicated in advance.

The Statute of Kilkenny was the prolific parent of a series of the same inhuman character. For example, in 1411 it was enacted that none of the "Irish enemy" should leave Ireland without permission under the great seal, the penalty annexed being entire loss of goods.

In 1417 it was decreed that no bishop of the Irish nation, under pain of forfeiting his temporalities, should present any "mere Irishman" with a benefice, or so much as bring an Irish attendant with him to Parliament or Synod.

In 1432 an unique Act was passed which declared any English merchant a felon who should sell merchandise among "the Irish enemies" either in time of peace or war.

In 1421, a zealous Parliament, held at Dublin, prayed King Richard that, inasmuch as the Irish "had long since taken arms against the Government, notwithstanding their recognisances payable in the Apostolic Chamber, his Highness the King would lay their conduct before the Pope, and prevail on the Holy Father to publish *a crusade against them*, to follow up the intention of his predecessor's grant to Henry II.!"

In 1465, the fifth year of Edward IV., it was enacted:—"That it shall be lawful to all manner of men that find any thieves robbing by day or by night, or going or coming to rob or steal, in or out, having no faithful man of good name in their company in English apparel, upon any of the liege people of the King, that it shall be lawful to take and kill those and to cut off their heads, without any impeachment of our Sovereign Lord the King, his heirs, officers, ministers, or any others." A more convenient statute than this for any Englishman predisposed to cut off Irishmen's heads could hardly be imagined. If the Irishman was not robbing or coming from robbing, who could say that he was not going to rob—"in or out?"

After this, need we wonder that an Irish "enemy" or "rebel" who neglected to shave his upper-lip for more than a fortnight was fined, imprisoned, and put to ransom?

Absenteeism.—Severe laws were made from time to time to compel possessors of estates within the Pale to remain in the country to fight the Irish enemy. Such persons were commanded to do one of three things—either reside in Ireland themselves, appoint an efficient substitute, or forfeit two-thirds of their revenues. Most elected to find substitutes or "seneschals," who employed native "gallow-glasses" (men-at-arms) and "kerne" (light-armed retainers). These troops were much less costly than Anglo-Norman soldiers;

but their common use was perhaps the chief cause why so many of the haughty invaders became in time "rebels" and *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*.

When Lionel, son of Edward III., landed in Ireland in 1560, with an army of 1,500 men, the pay of the officers and rank-and-file of his little force was such as to make the mouths of modern soldiers water. The commander himself received 6s. 8d. per diem; each knight, 2s.; each esquire, 1s.; and each archer, 6d. Multiply these sums respectively by sixteen—the purchasing power of money was then sixteen times greater than now—and we find that a colonel's pay was £1 12s. a-day; a subaltern's, 16s.; and a private's 8s., or £2 16s. a-week. Here, assuredly, one would suppose was there an outlet for the energies of the unemployed of those days!

Subdivisions of Clans.—The loss of the national ideal with the declension of external foreign pressure, was followed by the disintegration even of the great Clan Confederacies. The time had come when it could be more truly said of Ireland than of Ancient Rome in her sorest troubles, "Antony has his party, Octavian has his party, but the Commonwealth has none."

In 1384, the O'Connors, to settle a case of disputed succession, divided Connaught between rival claimants, and from that moment an O'Connor Don and an O'Connor Roe vied with each other in scourging the western province with feuds as bloody as meaningless.

In a few generations the fatal example of the O'Connors was copied north and south. The O'Neils of Clandeboy separated from the O'Neils of Tyrone; the O'Farrels set up two chiefries in Annally; the McDonaghs two in Tirerril. There was McDermott of the Wood and McDermott of the Rock; O'Brien of Ara as well O'Brien of Thomond. And so far did this bewildering process of clan subdivision and consequent clan war go that one can only wonder how any Irish flesh survived the ordeal.

An analysis of the Annals of the Four Masters from 1500 to 1534, gives the following results, in Connaught and Ulster chiefly, and without reference to conflicts with the forces of the Pale:—Battles, raids, &c., 116; leaders of note slain in

fair fight, 102; ditto brutally murdered, 168; with unconsidered kerne innumerable.

Irish Towns.—At the time of Henry II.'s invasion, the Ostmen or Old Norse still predominated in the chief towns of Ireland. On their submission to the Normans they were admitted, along with the Five Royal Celtic Bloods (*Quinque Sanguines*) to the same legal privileges as the invaders. Dublin received its first charter in 1171 or 1172 from Henry II. Drogheda was incorporated in 1229, and Cork in 1242, by Henry III. Limerick was chartered in 1197, and Waterford in 1206, by John. Kilkenny, New Ross, Clonmel, Youghal, Kinsale, and places of less note, all, sooner or later, received charters royal or baronial.

But the history of Galway has an interest peculiar to itself. It was a stronghold of the O'Connors before the Norman invasion. It was regularly incorporated in 1396; but the names of its chief magistrates are extant from 1274 to 1485. From 1485 to 1654 every mayor, with one doubtful exception, was chosen from "the Tribes of Galway," which consisted of fourteen English families, who monopolized civic power. In 1518 the Corporation decreed that no inhabitant should receive into his house "at Christmas, Easter, nor no feast else, any of the Burkes, MacWilliams, the Kellys, nor no Sept else, without license of the Mayor and Council, on pain to forfeit £5, so that neither O nor Mac shall strut through the streets of Galway." The following distich preserves the names of the Galway tribes:—

"Athy, Blake, Bodkin, Browne, Deane, Darcy, Lynch,
Faunt, Kirwan, Martin, Morris, Skerrett, French."

Early Irish Parliaments.—It is indisputable that, in a certain sense, Ireland had a Home Rule Parliament almost from the landing of Henry II. Its modifications followed closely those of the English legislature, and the limits of its authority, of course, varied with the varying fortunes of the Pale. In 1204 the three estates of Ireland—clergy, barons, and burgesses—were appealed to by King John for an "aid," in precisely the same manner as the three estates of England. In 1228, Henry III. commanded *Magna Charta* to be read to the same bodies. It is hardly to be expected that representatives would attend Parliament from purely

Celtic and tribal Ireland, but from most parts of the country it is pretty certain that the dignitaries of the Church did from time to time make an effort to obey the writs of summons.

In 1265, the illustrious Simon de Montfort summoned together the first complete English Parliament, embracing burgesses of towns as well as knights of shires; but it was not till 1295 that the Legislature of the nation settled down into much its present form. Similarly, it is not till 1300 that we find Irish Justiciary Hogan issuing writs, not merely to counties for the election of three or four members of Parliament, but to cities and boroughs also, for the return of two or three.

In 1311 Justiciary Hogan issued writs for a parliament to be held at Kilkenny. The sheriffs were ordered to summon two knights from every county, and two citizens from every municipality, to consult with the magnates, lay and clerical. In 1360 writs for the election of two knights were issued for what remained of the Pale—viz., for the counties of Dublin, Carlow, Louth, Kildare, Waterford, Limerick, and Cork, while the mayor and bailiffs of Dublin, Drogheda, Cork, Waterford, and Limerick, were commanded to return two members each. The members for Drogheda not appearing, they were summoned before the Council under a penalty of £40. In the Parliament of March, 1374, the representative members were only forty in number; in November of the same year they were fifty-four; in 1377, sixty-two; in 1382, fifty-eight; say, at the end of the fourteenth century, sixty.

The spiritual and temporal peers in the Irish Parliament were at first a numerous body. Of the former there were four archbishops, twenty-six bishops, thirteen mitred abbots of the Cistercian order, ten mitred priors of Augustinian canons, and others. Of the latter eighty-eight were summoned to the Kilkenny Parliament of 1311, but for a hundred years previous to the accession of Queen Elizabeth in 1559 they had never exceeded thirty in number.

The Viceroys in Ireland were at first styled Justiciaries. The first regularly-dubbed Lord-Lieutenant was Lionel, Duke of Clarence, 1361. Royal princes frequently held the office without fulfilling the duties as is the fashion of royal

princes. They generally ruled through a Lord Deputy, and so it came to pass that there were frequently deputies appointed without any Lord-Lieutenant intervening between them and royalty. Lord Capel (1695) was the last Deputy. Since then the head of the Irish Government has always been a Lord-Lieutenant, represented in his absence by one or more of the Lords Justices appointed by the Irish Privy Council.

Before leaving the subject of Irish Mediæval Parliaments, it may not be amiss to note the first attempt on the part of England to supersede Home Rule in Ireland. In 1376 Edward III. summoned the representatives of the Pale to meet him in London to consult about the affairs of the colony. They met in Ireland, and formulated a protest. The Great Council of the Kingdom, they said, could not be lawfully convened outside of Ireland; but for once, to convenience the King, they would do so, saving the rights of their heirs and successors. The proposal was at once wisely dropped, and Dene and Stapolyn, the delegates of the Irish Parliament, were ordered to be paid ten pounds out of the Exchequer for their expenses.

Penal Laws of Race and their Results.—The Statute of Kilkenny, and the Acts subsidiary to it, did, indeed, succeed in perpetuating hostility of race; but it was the English race that suffered most. The “wild Irish” became, unquestionably wilder still; but they tamed the proud spirits of the Normans to an incredible degree. The Pale shrank to a mere skeleton of its former self, and when the first Tudor ascended the throne in 1485, and even down to 1535, late in the reign of Henry VIII., this was the normal condition of affairs. The four Pale Shires were allowed a precarious respite on the payment of an annual tribute. O’Neil levied £20 blackmail on the barony of Lecale, and £40 on County Louth; O’Connor, of Offaly, £60 on County Meath, and £20 on County Kildare. McMurrough, of Leinster, exacted eighty marks from the Viceroy. Even the fortified towns had to buy protection from the Celtic chiefs. Dundalk “attorned” to O’Neil; Limerick to O’Brien of Thomond; Cork to Cormac McTeig; and Kilkenny and Tipperary to O’Carrol of Ely.

So much for Norman fraud and force! So much for papal bulls and anathemas!

CHAPTER VI.

"Poynings' Law" and the "Defender of the Faith." (1485-1547.)

Of all the fatal gifts which we bestowed on our unhappy possession (Ireland), was the gift of the English system of owning land. Land, properly speaking, cannot be owned by any man—it belongs to all the human race. In Ireland, as in all primitive civilizations, the soil was divided among the tribes. Each tribe collectively owned its own district."—FROUDE.

"Landlords are, perhaps, the only great body of men whose interest is diametrically opposed to the interest of the nation."—BUCKLE.

"The lord is an absolute tyrant, and the tenant a very slave and villein, and in one respect more miserable than bond-slaves. For, commonly, the bond-slave is fed by the lord; but here (Ireland), the lord is fed by his bond-slave."—SIR JOHN DAVIES (1612).

"It is the nature of the human disposition to hate him whom you have injured."—TACITUS.

"The special end and *raison d'être* of government should be that the people should have the constant direction and effectual control of their own government, and should be ruled, not according to abstract principles, but according to wants generated by their own special circumstances."—GUIZOT.

"We have tried to govern Ireland by the Army, by the Church, and by the Landlords. All these agencies have failed, and brought us only shame and humiliation. Let us now try to rule her by her own people."—JOSEPH COWEN.

"There is nothing impossible, only that men's minds are not determined."—CONFUCIUS.

The First Tudor's Policy.—The accession of Henry VII. (1485) to the throne of England marks a distinct turn in the tide of Irish affairs. This turn was at first almost imperceptible; but in the last decade of his memorable son, the "Defender of the Faith," it assumed an aspect unwontedly favourable to the invaders.

The limits of Henry's jurisdiction did not exceed a strip of territory fifty miles long by twenty, in the vicinity of Dublin. Consequently, to chronicle the events of the Pale is, in no true sense, to write the history of Ireland at this period. Dane, Norman, and Pope had done their fell work, and rendered that history for ever unnarrateable. Who could write or read a treatise on universal anarchy?

But the general condition of the people may be suggested, if not described. In 1515, an Englishman, calling himself Panderus, wrote "A Report of the State of Ireland" which casts a sombre light on the situation. Says the Pander:—"There be sixty regions in Ireland, inhabited by the King's Irish enemies. Some regions there be as big as a shire, some more, some less, where reigneth more than sixty Chief Captains, whereof some calleth themselves kings, some king's peers, some princes, some dukes, that liveth only by the sword, and obeyeth no other temporal person save only to him that is strong. And every one of the said Captains maketh war and peace for himself, and holdeth by the sword, and hath imperial jurisdiction, and obeyeth no other person, English or Irish, except only such persons as may subdue him by the sword. Also, in every of the said regions there be divers petty Captains, and every of them maketh war and peace for himself without license of the Chief Captain. And there be more than thirty of the English noble folk that follow the same Irish order and keepeth the same rule."

Ireland had thus come to be ruled by some ninety or a hundred brigand chiefs, whose daily occupation was mutual slaughter and outrage. "For there is no land in the world of so continual war, nor of so great shedding of Christian blood, nor of so great robbery, spoiling, preying, and burning, nor of so great wrongful extortion continually, as Ireland."

Need we wonder, then, that the author of this Report continues:—"What common folk in all the world is so poor, so feeble, so evil be seen in town and field, so bestial, so greatly oppressed and trodden under foot, fares so evil, with so great misery, and with so wretched life, as the common folk of Ireland? What pity is here, what ruth is to report, there is no tongue that can tell, no person that can write.

It passeth far the orator and muses all to show the order of the nobles, and how cruel they entreateth the poor common people. What danger is it to the King against God to suffer his land, whereof he bears the charge and the care temporal, to be in the said disorder so long without remedy. It were more honour to surrender his claim thereto, and to make no longer prosecution thereof, than to suffer his poor subjects always to be so oppressed, and all the nobles of the land to be at war within themselves, always shedding of Christian blood without remedy. The herd must render account for his fold, and the King for his."

The exactions of Irish chiefs were a compound of those inflicted on "the poor common people" by the old French *noblesse* and the ruffianly mediæval barons of Scotland. Besides "black-rent," the miserable toilers were oppressed by—

- (1.) "*Bonaght*," a tax imposed to support in idleness mercenary gallow-glasses and kerne.
- (2.) "*Sorohen*," a tax to entertain at stated times the chief and his train for twenty-four hours.
- (3.) "*Coshery*," the right of a chief, with his retainers, to sponge on his personal vassals whenever he pleased.
- (4.) "*Cuddies*," or "night-suppers," a custom by which the chief and his followers might quarter themselves for four days four times a-year on certain lands.
- (5.) "*Shragh and Mart*," indefinite yearly exactions in kine and money, imposed at the chiefs' discretion.
- (6.) "*Coyne and Livery*," originally a system of "requisitioning" the enemy in time of war, but latterly indulged in at all seasons by the great at the expense of the poor common people.

More diabolical methods of crushing the life-blood out of a much-enduring race it is impossible to imagine.

And between the Celtic and Anglo-Irish chiefs there was but little to choose. They seemed to rival each other in their efforts to brutalise the people. The two branches of the Fitzgeralds, Earls of Desmond and Earls of Kildare, and the Butlers, Earls of Ormonde, were the leading scourges of the latter set. In the Wars of the Roses, the Butlers had been Lancastrians, the Fitzgeralds Yorkists. This being so, Henry would naturally have sided with the Butlers, the friends of his house, but policy—and he was a Louis XI. in

craft—forbade him. He found Kildare governor, and he retained him in office because he well knew it would be dangerous to depose him. A better way, he reckoned, was to invite him to London; but this honour the Earl, knowing that there was such a place as the Tower in the great city, cautiously declined.

Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck.—Immediately afterwards we find Kildare in revolt. With rare exceptions, the Anglo-Irish were Yorkists, and ready to espouse the cause of any White Rose pretender. The first to claim their fealty was Lambert Simnel, a youth of engaging manners, whom Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, sister of Edward IV., declared to be Earl of Warwick, and last of the Plantagenets. Henry had the real Warwick in close custody in the Tower; but the Anglo-Irish would not believe him. Accordingly, with much pomp, they crowned the Oxford shoemaker's son in Christ's Church, Dublin (1417), as Edward VI., and much satisfaction did he give to all his supporters in that capacity.

And why not? He could scarcely have been a worse king than any one of his predecessors, from William the Norman downwards; and, as for the fraud of which he was probably ignorant, it was a venial offence compared with the bloody crimes by which most of the English monarchs have attained to royal sway.

As it was, King Lambert suffered signal defeat at the battle of Stoke, in Nottinghamshire, where most of his leading Anglo-Irish adherents, including Lords Thomas and Maurice Fitzgerald, were slain. Simnel was made prisoner, and subsequently raised from kitchen turnspit to the dignity of falconer in the royal household.

But Margaret of Burgundy was not yet done with the hated Henry. She had another arrow in her quiver—the mysterious Perkin Warbeck, whom she declared to be Duke of York (second son of Edward IV., murdered in the Tower by Richard III.), and "White Rose of England." Three times in his career Warbeck landed at Cork, where he was enthusiastically received. He is believed by many to have been an illegitimate son of Edward IV., to whom he bore a striking personal resemblance. In 1499 he was executed

at Tyburn, his devoted adherent, John Waters, ex-Mayor of Cork, sharing his fate.

Poynings' Acts.—These formidable assaults on his throne determined Henry to pursue a more vigorous policy in Ireland. In 1494 he sent over as his representative a trusted councillor and administrator, Sir Edward Poynings, with certain legal assessors and a force of 1,000 men. Having speedily executed some successful military operations, Sir Edward convoked the memorable *Parliament of Drogheda*, which at a blow reduced the Irish legislature to a virtual nullity for the long period of 288 years—till 1782. The Statute of Kilkenny, the Penal Statute of Race, was confirmed with insignificant exceptions.

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Attainder of Kildare.—The Drogheda Parliament, among its many acts of rigour, attainted the Earl of Kildare on several alleged counts of disloyalty. He was sent a prisoner to London to await the King's own judgment thereon. His defence was a masterpiece of happy Hibernian audacity. One of the heaviest charges against him was that he had set fire to the Cathedral of Cashel to avenge himself on the Archbishop, who was friendly to the Butlers. "I would never have done it," replied Kildare, "had I not thought the Archbishop was within." This plea was so novel and startling that Henry decided to give the Earl further time to prepare his defence, and added that he might choose his own counsel. "I doubt," observed the culprit, reflectively, "if I will be allowed to choose the good fellow I wish to select."

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followed, as a matter of course. The Silken Lord and his two uncles, Oliver and John, were anathematized by name. Leprosy, madness, hunger and thirst in this life, with eternal damnation in the next, were invoked on them. No house should shelter them; no church afford them sanctuary; no Christian give them a morsel of bread or a cup of cold water in their direst need, on pain of being held accessory to their crime. This curse, it is said, Kildare read in the Tower, and died of grief in consequence.

Capture of Maynooth Castle.—But more potent thunder even than the major excommunication soon fell on the ears of Silken Thomas. Sir William Skeffington sat down before Maynooth Castle, the great Fitzgerald stronghold, with a powerful siege-train, which speedily brought the garrison to reason. Christopher Paris, Kildare's foster-brother, was commandant, and he in the last extremity shamefully betrayed his trust. When all was over, Paris came confidently forward to claim from Skeffington the price of his treachery. The Deputy, with seeming innocence, inquired what benefits Kildare had bestowed on him. Paris incautiously enumerated them. "And couldst thou, then," thundered Skeffington, "find in thine heart to betray his castle who has been so good to thee? Truly, thou that art so hollow to him will never be true to us." Then, turning to his officers, he gave orders that the stipulated price should be instantly paid down, and the faithless caitiff executed on the spot.

Heavy ordnance was new in the history of Irish warfare, and its introduction counts for much in the subsequent history of the island. Silken Thomas and his best supporters were soon convinced by it of the inequality of the struggle. He surrendered, "comfortable words being spoken to allure him to yield." He was conveyed to that ancient slaughter-house, the Tower of London, where he was confined in a condition of the greatest wretchedness. There he was eventually joined by his five uncles, three of whom, though entirely innocent, had been treacherously arrested by Deputy Grey at his own dinner-table at Kilmainham. They were all executed at Tyburn, and the Geraldine star sank beneath the horizon—for a time.

CHAPTER VII.

The Protestant Devastation.

"Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum."—LUCRETIVS.

"Beware of the Scribes who love to go in long clothing, and love Salutations in the market places.

"And the chief seats in the synagogues, and the uppermost rooms at feasts. Who devour widows' houses and for a pretence make long prayers. These shall receive greater damnation."—JESUS CHRIST.

"And as He went out of the temple, one of the disciples saith unto Him, Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here! And Jesus answering said unto him, Seest thou these great buildings?

"There shall not be one stone left upon another that shall not be thrown down."—IBID.

"And when He was demanded of the Pharisees when the Kingdom of God should come He answered them, and said, The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation:

"Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for, behold the kingdom of heaven is within you."—IBID.

"My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."—IBID.

"The woman saith unto Him, Sir, our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship.

"Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.

"But the hour cometh and now is when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship Him.

"God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."—IBID.

"And he (the lawyer), answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself.

And he (Jesus) said unto him, "Thou hast answered right; this do, and thou shalt live (inherit eternal life)."—IBID.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."—ST. JAMES.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing."—ST. PAUL.

To understand the "Reformation" of religion in Ireland, two preliminaries are essential. First, we must know something of the movement in England before it reached the Pale; secondly, we must endeavour, in some measure, to realise the condition of the island generally in regard to religion at the time when the "Defender of the Faith" determined to involve the people in his anti-Papal quarrel.

Henry's Quarrel with the Pope.—Circumstances had made Henry VIII., the offspring of the Roses, White and Red, the most powerful, as he was unquestionably the ablest, tyrant that ever sat on the throne of England. The "Old Nobility," whose strong right arms in battle had so often braved the wrath and curbed the will of the most imperious monarchs, were now almost extinct. They had perished, root and branch, in the fell dynastic Wars of York and Lancaster, and the Tudors seized the opportunity to establish, on the ruins of their restraining power, the most crushing system of "one-man government."

The old feudal barons were succeeded by a base, ignoble herd of creeping, fawning, parchment-made peers, past-masters in every species of villany, adepts in every imaginable vice, great and small. Their servility was at all times sickening and Oriental, rather than Occidental, in its abasement.

To obtain a nod of royal approval, they would plot, lie, forge, and even poison, as if plotting, lying, forging, and poisoning were among the fine arts. Need we wonder, then, that when Henry found it desirable, for the gratification of his unbridled lusts, to make himself Pope as well as King of England, his monstrous project met with general approval? His councillors and courtiers were such a pack of whipped curs and mercenary wretches that he might just as well have turned Caliph of Bagdad, or Llama of Thibet, for any opposition they were likely to offer.

But though Henry could make himself Pope of England without difficulty, he could not, singularly enough, turn

Protestant. He was an absolute King, but he had also had the temerity to claim a place in the Republic of Letters. "O that mine enemy would write a book!" exclaimed Job. And luckily for Henry's enemies he had in his time written a book against the great heresiarch, Luther.

Luther had begun as early as 1517 to write in favour of salvation by "faith" alone—assuredly *his* "works," even by his own confession, needed the justification of a very ample measure of such saving grace—and Henry, in 1521, had rashly ventured to break a controversial lance with the redoubtable heretic. For his pains, Luther called the Defender of the Faith, among other choice names, "a pig, an ass, a dunghill, the spawn of an adder, a basilisk, a lying buffoon dressed in a king's robes, a mad fool with a frothy mouth and a whorish face," and added, "You lie, you stupid and sacrilegious King."

This was worse than blasphemy, and Henry, in consequence, never became a full-blown Protestant heretic. He never got beyond schism; but if Luther had appeared on the scene about a dozen years later than he did, the chances are ten to one that Henry would have embraced the German "Reformer's" heresy with avidity.

As it was, Pope Leo X., "servant of the servants of the Lord," addressing his "most dear son, King Henry of England, Defender of the Faith," officially declared: "We, sitting in this Holy See, having with mature deliberation considered the business with our brethren, do, with their unanimous counsel and consent, grant unto your Majesty, your heirs and successors, the title of Defender of the Faith; which we do by these presents confirm unto you, commanding all the faithful to give your Majesty this title."

In 1509, the year of his accession, Henry had married Catherine of Arragon, who was eight years his senior. She had been previously married to his elder brother Arthur, a sickly youth, who died in his fifteenth year, before the consummation of his nuptials. Queen Catherine was, therefore, nominally the widow of Henry's brother, but the necessary papal dispensation had been readily granted, and it was seventeen long years before the Defender of the Faith suddenly discovered that he was "living in sin."

He had now, however, cast his eyes on Anne Boleyn, one of his wife's maids of honour, and had resolved to repudiate the faithful Catherine and make the sprightly Anne his wife. The Pope righteously refused to divorce the Queen, and hence came on our land what Cobbett has not unjustly called the "Protestant Devastation."

Archbishop Cranmer.—In this business, Henry's chief adviser was one Thomas Cranmer, an execrable hypocrite whom Henry subsequently made Archbishop of Canterbury. Cranmer was steeped to the lips in every species of perfidy and impiety. With such a vile tool the lustful tyrant could do whatever he pleased.

The first difficulty, how to get the shameless creature duly consecrated Archbishop, was surmounted in this way. Before going to the altar to take the oath of obedience to the Pope of Rome, he entered a little chapel, and swore that such obedience should in no way limit his allegiance to "Pope" Henry of England. Christ had said, "Ye cannot serve two masters;" but Thomas Cranmer, Thomas the Protestant archiepiscopal martyr, knew how the thing was to be done and did it.

Nay, he could, with a qualified measure of success, serve two mistresses also. "Before he became a priest," says Cobbett, "he had married. After he became a priest and had taken *the oath of celibacy*, he married another wife while the first was still alive. Being the primate of Henry's Church, which still forbade the clergy to have wives, and which held them to their oath of celibacy, he had his wife brought to England in a chest, with holes bored in it to give her air. As the cargo was destined for Canterbury, it was landed at Gravesend, where the sailors, not apprized of the contents of the chest, set it up on end, the wrong end downwards, and had nearly broken the neck of the poor *frow*. Here was a pretty scene! A German *frow* with a litter of half-German, half-English young ones, kept in huggemugger on the spot which had been the cradle of Christianity!"

In April, 1533, Archbishop Cranmer became seriously alarmed for the safety of the King's soul. To live in "incestuous intercourse" longer was perilous in the extreme. He therefore, besought the Defender of the Faith in writing to permit him to try the question of the divorce. Permission

was, of course, granted by the Head of the Church. Catherine was promptly divorced from her husband, who was solemnly admonished by the Primate to submit himself with resignation to the will of God.

He successfully submitted, and Cranmer held another Court, at which he declared that Anne Boleyn, who was with child, had been lawfully wedded to the royal sufferer several months before. That child—afterwards Queen Elizabeth—the Primate, in due course, helped to bastardize, having first pronounced her mother's marriage null and void *ab initio*!

On 15th May, 1536, Anne was condemned to death as the King's wife; on the 17th, Cranmer declared officially that she had never been his wife at all; and on the 19th she was executed as the King's unfaithful wife! Assuredly, if ever there was an institution conceived in sin and born in iniquity, it is the Church of England as by law (outrage) established. No human institution ever had an origin more infamous.

But it is not my task to write the shameful history of the English "Reformation." Suffice it to say that it originated in royal *lust*, and was fed on public *plunder*. The spoils of 645 monastic institutions, 90 colleges, 110 hospitals, and 2,374 chantries and free chapels were divided among Pope Henry's chief aiders and abettors in Council and in Parliament.

Salisbury and Hartington, the heads of the Tory and Whig sections of the aristocracy to-day, are appropriately enough the direct spawn of the "Devastation," the "reforming" Cecils and the Cavendishes having contrived to secure enormous slices of the conventual estates for services the most infamous.

So great was the rapacity of scoundrels such as these, that Henry complained to his Vicegerant and Vicar-General (!) Cromwell: "By our Lady, the Cormorants, when they have got the garbage, devour the dish." The Vicar-General obsequiously observed that the work of plunder was incomplete. "Tut, man," said the King, "the whole realm would not staunch their maws." As it was, they devoured a good third of the realm, and were ever ravenous for more.

The consequences were terrible in the extreme. One-third,

at least, of that third was the patrimony of the poor, and the monks were, moreover, beyond cavil the most lenient landlords, and the most enlightened horticulturists and agriculturists in the kingdom. The "Reformation" found England a land of contentment and universal plenty: it left it seething with strife, and plunged in pauperism.

It is not of the plunder of the Catholic Church that one complains so much. It is of the robbery of the widow, the orphan, the indigent, and the stranger, whose sacred rights the Catholic Church had so faithfully safe-guarded for ages.

Even the tithes of the secular clergy of the old faith were not theirs to use as they had a mind. The following episcopal canon may be taken as a fair specimen of the general practice:—"Let the priests receive the tithes of the people and keep a written account of all that have paid them; and divide them, in the presence of such as fear God, according to canonical authority. Let them set apart the first share for the repairs and ornaments of the Church; let them distribute the second to the poor and the stranger with their own hands in mercy and humility; and reserve the third for themselves."

Do our Anglican priests distribute a third of *their* incomes among the poor and the stranger in mercy and humility? No, "by our Lady, the Cormorants, when they have got the garbage, will devour the dish" sooner. To the "Reformation" we owe directly or indirectly four of the greatest curses that can afflict a nation—curses which may peradventure be our final and irretrievable ruin as a state—Pauperism, Usury, a National Debt, and a Standing Army.

As the "Reformation" developed its true character, a vast scheme of aristocratic loot became more and more apparent. So long as there was booty to share, Parliament was ever ready to undo to-morrow what it did to-day. Henry's position as an English Catholic Pope was peculiar, but it did not stagger his ministers or legislators. He sent Papal Catholics and Protestant heretics to the stake on the same hurdles, bound back to back. His courtier creatures applauded. Like beaten hounds they were ever ready to lick the hand that smote. The merciless, "Vicar-General"

himself, when his own turn came to be immolated, besought his inexorable master to permit him "*to kiss his balmy hand once more that the fragrance thereof might make him fit for heaven.*" In Henry's reign the nobles were royalist Catholics. In Edward the Sixth's they became Protestant heretics. In Queen Mary's they returned with a rush to the Papal fold, *on condition that they should not be asked to restore any of the stolen property.* In Queen Elizabeth's time they again with unapproachable effrontery renounced the errors of Rome at the bidding of the virgin Queen. So much for the English "Reformation" and its promoters. Compare the conduct of these monsters of iniquity with the wise and gentle methods of conversion pursued by St. Patrick and St. Columbkille, and, great heavens! what a contrast!

Condition of the Irish Church before the Devastation.—

By the 13th section of the inhuman Statute of Kilkenny, the race feud between Anglo-Norman and Celt was carried into every department of clerical life. The Anglo-Irish clergy and the native Irish clergy, though at one in creed, had no more dealings with each other than the Jews of old with the Samaritans. They hated each other as cordially as the lay members of their flocks. Consequently there were not, and could not, be any national ecclesiastical councils or convocations. Ireland was divided religiously by a practical schism of race. In the Pale, and at times beyond it, the Crown nominated to vacant episcopal sees; but generally, where the King's writ did not run, the Pope appointed the bishops.

The clergy, as elsewhere, were either secular or regular—that is, parochial or monastic. Both ranks were at this time in a deplorable condition. The hand of the spoiler was everywhere, and (Carew MSS.) neither "archbishop nor bishop, abbot nor prior, parson nor vicar, nor any other person of the Church, high or low, great or small, cared aught for the temporal or spiritual welfare of the people, *save only the poor begging friars.*"

In the Pale, and beyond it, clerical deeds of violence were of everyday occurrence. As samples, the following entries of the Four Masters (1500-1530) are instructive:—"1500 A.D. Barry Moore killed by his cousin, the Archdeacon of Cloyne, who was himself hanged by Thomas Barry. 1505 A.D.,

Donald Kane, Abbot of Macosquin, hanged by Donald O'Kane, who was himself hanged. 1506 A.D., John Burke was killed in the monastery of Tubberpatrick. 1508 A.D., Donaghmoyne Church was set on fire by McMahon during mass. 1526 A.D., Hugh Maguinness, Abbot of Newry, was killed by the sons of Donald Maguinness. 1530 A.D., the Prior of Gallen was murdered by Turloug Oge Macloughlin. 1530 A.D., O'Quillan was murdered, and the Church of Dunbol burned by O'Kane."

Until shortly before the Anglo-Norman invasion, the episcopo-parochial system was unknown in Ireland, and even down to the period of the "Reformation" the monastic institutions exercised disproportionate influence. At the date of their dissolution they were some 400 in number, including 285 houses of the Augustinians (220 for regular canons and 65 for nuns); 70 monasteries and 20 nunneries of the Arvasians, or reformed Augustinians; 7 houses of the canons of St. Victor; 7 of the Premonstratencians; and 10 of the Benedictines.

Of the mendicant orders, the Dominican, or Black Friars, had 40 establishments; the Franciscans, or Gray Friars, 114; the Carmelites, or White Friars, 20; and the Austin and Crutched Friars (subject to the same rule), 36.

There were, besides, the ecclesiastico-military Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, whose Grand Prior of Kilmainham was the leading baron of the Pale.

To make a long story short, the English "Reformation" found ecclesiastical Ireland, like lay Ireland, in a state of wretched decay and demoralisation. The parochial system was in ruins, the churches without roofs, and the secular clergy, where they existed, unlettered and unpaid.

In some of the monasteries the light of learning still flickered dimly. They supplied vicars for about one-third of the parochial churches, and no serious attempt has ever been made, as in other countries, particularly Scotland, to impugn the general morality of the inmates. They afforded some refuge for the more sensitive victims of all-prevailing anarchy, and they did somewhat to mitigate the intolerable sufferings of the poor.

Hence the dissolution of these institutions by the Govern-

ment of schismatic aliens was another disastrous blow, added to many rueful predecessors, thoughtlessly—nay, criminally, struck at the welfare of the Irish people.

The Parliament of 1536.—The Irish Parliament of the Pale rivalled the English legislature of which it was but the shadow, in its haste to do the behests of the Defender of the Faith. It forbade appeals to Rome, and vested first-fruits in Pope Henry. In 1537, after several prorogations, it was enacted that King Henry, “Lord of Ireland, his heirs and successors, shall be accepted, taken, and reputed the only Supreme Head on Earth of the whole Church in Ireland.” A subsequent statute, levelled expressly “against the authority of the Bishop of Rome,” made it high treason in anyone to refuse to take the oath of royal supremacy if called upon to do so by anyone commissioned to exact it. The payment of Peter’s pence was prohibited.

As head of the Church in Ireland, Henry possessed a sort of inherent right to confiscate monastic property; but lest there should be any doubt on the subject, Parliament was not slow to enact several statutes expressly conferring on him most ample powers of dissolution and appropriation.

The chattel property of the monasteries was valued at £100,000, and the annual revenue from real estate at £32,000 in the currency of the day.

Sharing the Spoils.—Differing in many respects from the aristocracy of England, the Anglo-Irish and Celto-Irish chiefs had yet one notable characteristic in common. They were creedless and raceless when it came to be a question of dividing the booty—the plunder of their Church and of their poor retainers and tribesmen. Abbeys were (State Papers) to be granted to them, “as the means to make them rather glad to suppress them.” And right glad were Celts, Saxons, and Normans, Protestants and Papists, alike to be in at the death.

Brabazon, St. Leger, Sir John Allen, Chief Justice Luttrell, Edmund Sexton, Sir Thomas Cusack, Robert Dillon, and Prime-Serjeant Barnewell, the chief agents in the suppression of the religious houses, of course shared proportionately in the spoils. Barnewell denied the King’s right of dissolution, but clutched greedily at the proceeds.

To O'Brien were granted the abbey lands of Thomond ; to O'Brien, Baron of Ibrackim, the Abbey of Ellengrave and the moiety of the Abbey of Clare ; to Fitzpatrick, Lord of Upper Ossory, the Abbeys of Hackmackart and Haghevoo. In the Bishop of Clonfert's bishopric was included the envied Abbey de Porto Puro Clonfert-Brendaw ; while on McWilliam, Earl of Clanricarde, were bestowed the Abbey de Viâ Novâ and the patronage of all such parsonages and vicarages within the compass of his lands as were in the gift of the Crown : And so on.

Effect of the Dissolution of the Monasteries.—Mr. Pichey, in his admirable "Lectures on Irish History," thus sums up the results of this grievous rapacity:—"The immediate effect of the dissolution of the monasteries was two-fold. It destroyed the sole institutions in the country which were professedly peaceful, and where hospitality and education could be obtained. Secondly, it deprived a large proportion of the parishes, (between one-third and one-fourth), in the island of the means of supporting a resident clergy, and left the country districts without any religious ministration or instruction."

So much for the Christian achievements of the leprous royal miscreant whom the Pope had honoured with the unique distinction, "Fidei Defensor."



CHAPTER VIII.

The First English King of Ireland.

"A titled nobility is the most undisputed progeny of feudal barbarism. Titles had in all ages denoted offices; it was reserved for Gothic Europe to attach them to ranks."—SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

"A people, therefore, that sets up kings, dictators, consuls, prætors, or emperors, does so, not that these may be great, glorious, rich or happy, but that it may be well with themselves and their posterity."—ALGERNON SYDNEY.

"Human beings are only secure from evil at the hands of others, in proportion as they have the power of being and are self-protecting, and they only achieve a high degree of success in their struggle with nature in proportion as they are self-dependent, relying on what they themselves can do either separately or in concert, rather than on what others do for them."—J. S. MILL,

"The whole system of right to power, property, and everything else in society, must be regulated by the same decisive question: What is it that the good of the community requires?"—DR. PRIESTLY.

"The consideration of riches and power, however acquired, must be entirely set aside when we come to first principles. The very idea of property or of right of any kind, is founded on a regard to the general good of society, under whose protection it is enjoyed, and nothing is properly *a man's own* but what general rules, which have for their object the general good of the whole, give to him."—BENTHAM,

"You may point if you will to hereditary rulers, to crowns coming down through successive generations of the same family, to thrones based on prescription or on conquest, to sceptres wielded over veteran legions and subject realms—but to my mind there is nothing more worthy of reverence and obedience, and nothing more sacred than the authority of the freely chosen magistrate of a great and free people; and if there be on earth and amongst men any right divine to govern, surely it rests with a ruler so chosen and so appointed."—JOHN BRIGHT.

"Go on! until this land revokes
The old and chartered lie,
The feudal curse whose whips and yokes
Insult humanity.

LONFELLOW.

Civil Policy and Government of Henry VIII.—The preceding chapter of this narrative dwelt specifically with the

ecclesiastical policy of Henry's reign. It is now necessary to resume the thread of general political events and designs.

Having, as has been seen, made himself Pope of England, and, so far as the phantom Parliament of the Pale could help him, Pope of Ireland as well, Henry set his heart on three main subjects. Firstly, he would be King of Ireland independently of the Pope's gift; secondly, Ireland must be made, if possible, a subject of profit instead of incessant loss to the Crown; thirdly, the Irish laws, customs, and institutions must be completely assimilated to those of England.

Were these ends to be achieved by conciliation or coercion, by gradually converting the natives into Anglicised taxable subjects, or by exterminating them, and "planting" English settlers in their stead, was the great problem for Henry and his councillors. Between these alternatives English policy fluctuated for generations, and may even now, in a measure, be said to fluctuate.

The Cost of the Pale to England.—To give some notion of the constant loss of revenue involved in maintaining the nominal supremacy of England, it may be stated, by way of illustration, that the suppression of Silken Thomas's insurrection alone cost £40,000, more than ten years' entire Crown income from Ireland. In these circumstances the King and his English Council kept incessantly dunning the Irish Council and Parliament for increased subsidies; but the process was necessarily fruitless. The Pale was taxed and blackmailed beyond all endurance. In 1542 the Crown subsidies, both spiritual and temporal, did not exceed £563 8s. 3d.

On one point all true-born Englishmen were agreed. The language, laws, customs, religion, and institutions of the native Irish must be remorselessly rooted out, and those of civilized (!) England substituted. In a word, the destruction of Irish nationality in every essential was what was aimed at by English statesmanship. On this life-and-death struggle the Irish people—as distinguished from their selfish, unprincipled hyænas of nobles and chiefs—now entered. Unconsciously at first they began to tread the long, blood-stained path, which is destined before long to end in the complete autonomy of Ireland and the blissful emancipation of her toilers.

To give Henry—to give the devil—his due, it must be admitted that he had the sagacity to count the cost, if not to repudiate the inhumanity, of the “plantation” schemes advocated by most of his advisers, and barbarously pursued by several of his successors.

Writing to Deputy Surrey in the autumn of 1520, the King recommends the practice of “sober ways, politic drifts, and amiable persuasions, founded on law and reason rather than rigorous dealing, comminations, or other enforcement by strength or violence.” And he justly adds:—“For realms without justice be but tyrannies and robberies, more consonant to beastly appetites than to the laudable life of reasonable creatures.”

The whole document is very remarkable for its wisdom and moderation. Therefore, in justice to the man of whom it has not unjustly been said that “He spared no man in his anger, and no woman in his lust,” I add as follows, hoping that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, will mark, read and inwardly digest:—“Howbeit our mind is not that you shall impress upon them by fearful words that ye intend to expel them from their lands and dominions, lawfully possessed, but to conserve them in their own, and use their advice, aid, and assistance as of faithful subjects, to recover their rightful inheritance; nor yet that we be minded to constrain them precisely to observe our laws ministered by our justices there, but under good manner to show unto them, that of necessity it is requisite that every reasonable creature be governed by law. And, therefore, if they shall allege that our laws there used be too extreme and rigorous, and that it should be very hard for them to observe the same, then you may further ensearch of them under what manner and by what laws they will be ordered and governed; to the intent that if their laws be good and reasonable, they may be approved, and the rigour of our laws, if they shall think them too hard, be mitigate and brought to such moderation as they may conveniently live under the same.”

The Earl of Surrey, Alen, Master of the Rolls, Robert Cowley, Clerk to the Crown, and, indeed, the whole “Castle ring” of the day, protested as loudly as they dared against this humane royal instruction. Surrey wrote:—“After my

poor opinion, this land shall never be brought to good order and due subjection, but only by conquest. One way is if your Grace will one year set on hand to win one country, and another year another country, till at length all be won. The least number of men that your Grace must occupy can be no less than 2,500; for it is not to be doubted that whensoever the Irishmen shall know that your Grace intendeth a conquest they will all combine together and withstand the same to the best of their power. If your grace will, in more brief time, have your purpose brought to pass, and to set upon the conquest in divers places at one time; then after my poor opinion, 6,000 is the least number that your grace must occupy. But to advertise your Grace in how many years either the one number or the other should accomplish and perfect the conquest, the matter is so high and uncertain that I dare not meddle therewith."

Alen meant the same thing, but, courtier-like, deferred somewhat to the known clemency of the royal opinion:—"It might be gathered hereupon that my meaning is here that your Grace should banish all the wild Irish out of their lands. Although I would it were so, yet that is not mine intent; for I do not doubt that the inhabitants of their lands might be made good subjects, the heads being subdued, and, if they might be all banished, I think it were not a little difficulty to inhabit the lands again."

Cowley, who succeeded Alen as Master of the Rolls, had a diabolical scheme of "Thorough" of his own. "The very living of the Irishry doth clearly consist in two things, and take away the same from them, and they are past for ever to recover. Take first from them their cows, and as much as cannot be husbanded into the hands of such as shall dwell in their lands, to burn and destroy the same, so as the Irishry shall not live thereupon. . . . And most of all, when all the great number of the Irishry, so being in exile, by taking their corn and other victual, shall have no manner of sustenance, but only the residue of the same cattle, if there shall be any; whereby their said cattle must in short time be consumed, and then they shall be without corn, victual or cattle, and therefore shall ensue the putting in effect of all these wars against them."

Both schemes were based on the same fundamental error, and both failed ignominiously. Both schemes ignored the existence of the mass of the tribesmen, and sought only by conversion or destruction to master the chiefs and their retainers. The very existence of the Irish people was not suspected till Henry's attempt to transform the elective heads of clans into hereditary feudal nobles brought the distinctively democratic element in Celtic society into relief.

St. Leger's Parliament of 1541.—The composition and enactments of this Parliament afford the strongest proofs of the enormous strides taken in the last decade of Henry's reign towards the seeming pacification of the whole of Ireland by the English power. The capture of Maynooth, in 1535, and the tragical fall which it heralded of the overshadowing house of Fitzgerald, had a moral effect unequalled by any previous events in the Anglo-Norman occupation. Against the most powerful strongholds of chief or baron the Lord Deputy's seige-guns were all powerful.

In July, 1536, Desmond's Castle of Loughgyr, the Maynooth of Munster, was taken without difficulty. The great fortress of O'Brien, Carrick-Ognunnel on the Shannon, speedily shared the same fate. The famous fortified bridge across the Shannon, between Killaloe and Limerick, known as "O'Brien's Bridge," was, moreover, successfully stormed and broken down. It had long exposed the English possessions in Munster to native Irish inroads from Thomond. The two chief strongholds in the O'Connor's country, Braghnoil and Dengin, likewise succumbed, while the capture of the Castle of Athlone gave the English, in a great measure, the command of Connaught.

The Chiefs of Ulster, undismayed by these victories, rose in arms, and devastated the Pale; but their forces were overtaken by Deputy Lord Leonard Grey at Bellahoe, and disastrously defeated, the O'Neill himself escaping from the field with difficulty.

So many reverses, embittered by the non-arrival of expected succours from Scotland and France, broke the confidence of the chiefs. One after the other they began to "come in," and to accept Henry's (for them) very easy terms of submission. They had already, as has been seen,

parted among them the spoils of the Church ; now they were ready at the call of the tempter to appropriate the lands of their tribesmen. Henry offered them patents of nobility and hereditary estates in the whole clan lands in exchange for life rents in the limited portions attached to the chiefries. With less excuse than the Scottish nobles whose names adorn the Ragman Roll, they took the bait almost to a man, thereby covering themselves and their posterity with indelible infamy.

Indenture of O'Neil.—The submission of O'Neil, claiming to represent the ancient legitimist *Ard-Ris* of Ireland, and of the Chief of the powerful sept of the O'Donnells, may be taken as favourable specimens of such “indentures :”—

“(1.) He (O'Neil) utterly forsakes the name of O'Neyle.

“(2.) He and his heirs shall use the English habits, and to their knowledge the English language.

“(3.) He shall keep and put such of the lands granted to him as are meet for tillage in manurance and tillage of husbandry.

“(4.) He shall not put any cess or charge on the King's subjects of the said lands other than their yearly rent, but such as the Deputy shall be content with.

“(5.) He shall be obedient to the King's laws, and answer to his writs, precepts, and commandments, in the Castle of Dublin, or in any other place where his courts shall be kept.

“(6.) He shall go with the King's Deputy to all hostings, rides, and journeys with such a company as the Marches of the County of Dublin do.

“(7.) He shall not maintain or succour any of the King's enemies, traitors, or rebels.

“(8.) He shall hold his land for whole knight's fees.”

O'Donnell's indenture is as follows :—

Indenture of O'Donnell.—“(1.) He (O'Donnell) will recognise and accept the King as his liege lord and king.

“(2.) He will not confederate with the rebels of the King, but persecute them to the utmost in his power.

“(3.) He will renounce the usurped primacy and authority of the Roman Pontiff.

“(4.) Whenever he shall be called upon by letters of the

Lord Deputy and Council to come to any great hosting, he will come in his own person, with 70 horsemen, 120 kerne, and as many Scots, or send one of his most powerful men with the same number, for one month at his own expense.

"(5.) He will appear in the next great Parliament in Ireland, or send to the same some discreet and trusty person authorised by his writing, sealed with his seal.

"(6.) He will faithfully perform the articles contained in the King's letters sent to him at the time of his receiving pardon.

"(7.) He will receive and hold his lands of the King, and take such title as the King shall give him.

"(8.) He offers to send one of his sons into England, to the presence of his Majesty, to be there reared and educated according to English manners.

"(9.) The Lord Deputy and Council promise to assist and defend O'Donnell and his heirs against all who injure him or invade his country."

What was the net result of all such compacts? This: that the hitherto common property of the Irish people in the land should be unscrupulously wrested from them, and divided between the alien English King and their own elected chiefs, the King to enjoy all the valuable "incidents" of feudal superiority, and the chiefs to acquire the baneful privileges of the rackrenter and the evictor. Luckily, it has never been possible to convince the Irish people that this theftuous compact of Kings and aristocrats is binding on them, otherwise the vital problems of Federal Home Rule and Land Resumption would not be so near a rational democratic solution as they are to-day.

The memorable Parliament of 1541, which conferred on Henry the kingship of Ireland in place of the old modest Papal lordship, was the first assemblage of the kind in which Anglo-Irish barons and Celto-Irish chiefs appeared in about equal proportions. There were seen, for the first time, side by side, the Earls of Desmond and Thomond; Lords Barry, Roche, and Bermingham; thirteen barons of the Pale; O'Brien, Tanist of Thomond; the O'Reilly, O'Moore, and McWilliam; Kavanagh of Leinster, and Fitzpatrick of Ossory.

Both Houses, by Bill, unanimously proclaimed Henry and his heirs Kings of Ireland—"no less," St. Leger wrote off, in post haste, to Henry, "to my comfort than to be risen again from death to life, that I, so poor a wretch, should, by your excellent goodness, be put to that honour that in my time your Majesty should most worthily have another imperial crown."

For the first time the arms of Ireland were quartered with those of England. The new *Ard-Ri* proclaimed a general pardon throughout all his dominions, and those who had thus feloniously bartered away, so far as they could, both the soul and earthly habitation of the Irish nation, rejoiced and were exceeding glad.

In a State document of the year 1541, styled the "King's Title to Ireland," seven reasons are assigned for the claim. All of them are obviously invalid, while most of them are simply childish. Henry's best title was the Pope's Gift; but that, according to his own showing, must be classed among the other "usurpations of the Bishop of Rome." Yet the "King's Title to Ireland" hardily concludes:—"Therefore, from the beginning to the end good is our King's right to the lordship of Ireland, and therefore hold they them still to shame that thereof the contrary will say."

Finally, the royal style was settled thus:—"Henry VIII., by the grace of God, King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and of the Church of England and also of Ireland, in Earth the Supreme Head."

Henry did nothing by halves. The Celtic chiefs who had submitted their necks to the yoke were speedily induced to repair to the Court at London to be formally metamorphosed into feudal barons. They were received with great pomp, be-robed, be-chained, banqueted, and generally be-fooled to their hearts' content.

But the intoxicating draught was speedily dashed from their lips. The hearts of the clansmen were sound, if those of their chiefs were rotten. The true significance of the Act of Royal Election was slowly but surely apprehended, and the tribesmen proceeded to choose other headsmen in room of the traitors.

O'Donnell's son rose against his father. A rival,

McWilliam, confronted the "Earl of Clanricarde." O'Neil, "Earl of Tyrone," was imprisoned by his son, John the Proud. O'Brien, "Earl of Thomond," returned from Court only to find his territory in open insurrection against him.

Hence arose "King's O'Donnells" and "Irish O'Donnells"; "King's McWilliams" and "Irish McWilliams"; "King's O'Briens" and "Irish O'Briens," &c. The great clan confederacies had been disrupted; now the septs themselves were pulverised. Yet eventually out of that perfectly amorphous society was slowly evolved that inspiring conception of national unity which burns with such a quenchless flame in every true Irish heart to-day. Of the Irish patriot well may it be said :—

This is he who, felled by foes,
Sprang harmless up,
Refreshed by blows.

Irish Revenues.—But Henry found it easier to manufacture feudal barons out of Celtic chiefs than to stop that "consumption of the purse" of which Falstaff complained. No conquest was ever yet a subject of profit to the conquering nation at large, any more than to the conquered. The conquering class or caste is enriched, but that is all. It can be shown, for example, by irrefutable figures that India, "the brightest gem in her Majesty's diadem," is a serious annual loss to the workers of Great Britain.

So has it at all times been with Ireland. On the tablets of nature every crime against humanity is registered, or, rather, registers itself for retribution, and so Henry found it. "A great sort of you (we must be plain)," he once wrote to the Lord Deputy and Council, "desire nothing else but to reign in estimation, and to fleece from time to time all that you may catch from us." They protested their perfect integrity, of course, but the facts were against them, the system, or both.

In 1542, after the plunder of most of the monasteries, and with every farthing of spiritual and temporal "subsidy" that could be got in, the nett revenue from Ireland did not exceed £4,877; while the expenditure amounted, in time of peace, to £7,982 6s. 8d. In time of war—and war was the

rule—expenditure readily doubled itself, and many desperate methods of replenishing the royal purse were resorted to.

Statute of Absentees.—Of these, one of the most justifiable — nay, commendable — was the *Statute of Absentees*. There were several previous Acts on the Statute Book levelled at this abuse; but they seem only to have affected minor malefactors. In 1537, however, Henry flew at the highest aristocratic game, and bagged a splendid quarry of alien landlords. His Act set forth that the offenders had so neglected their duties in respect of their lands by non-residence, that the King had been forced to incur great military expenditure. To recoup himself, therefore, it was enacted that the Crown should forthwith resume the estates of Carlow, Old Ross, etc., belonging to the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Barkley; the seigniory of Wexford, held by the Earl of Waterford and Salop; various lands claimed by the heirs general of the Earl of Ormonde; and sundry ecclesiastical domains vested in the Abbots of Furness, Bristol, Osney, and Bath, and the Priors of Canterbury, Lanthony, Cartmel, and Keynsham.

Here was something like reasonable land legislation! Let the Government enforce the Statute of Absentees to-day, and it will at once find itself possessed of a fund of £6,000,000 per annum, with which to stimulate the prosperity of Irish industries.



CHAPTER IX.

Reformation, Counter-Reformation, and Plantation.

"This land is a common heritage. When have we ever yielded our rights in this paternal inheritance? Who can show us the contract by which we have given it up? Never listen to those men who prove to you out of the gospel that you are free and end by exhorting you to bow your head in slavery. Curses on the false priests who have never understood the essence of Christianity."—MUNZER.

"If any man has not the Spirit of Christ, he is not of Him; the name maketh not the bishop, but the life. Good people, affairs can only go well in England (Ireland) when there shall be neither serfs nor nobles, and when all shall be equal."—WYCLIF.

"When we have broken our God of tradition, and ceased from our God of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with his presence. It is the doubling of the heart itself—nay, the infinite enlargement of the heart with a power of growth to a new infinity on every side. He who has not the conviction but the *sight* that the best is the true, may in that thought easily dismiss all particular uncertainties and fears, and adjourn to the sure revelation of time, the solution of his private riddles."—EMERSON.

"It is wrong to say God made rich and poor, He made only male and female, and He gave them the earth for their inheritance. Instead of preaching to encourage one part of mankind in insolence, it would be better that the priests employed their time to render the condition of men less miserable than it is. Practical religion consists in doing good, and the only way of serving God is that of endeavouring to make His creation happy. All preaching that has not this for its object is nonsense and hypocrisy."—PAINE.

"Your very Governments are the cause of the evils they pretend to remedy. Ye sceptres of iron! Ye absurd laws! Ye we reproach for our inability to fulfil our duties upon earth."—ROUSSEAU.

"Religion ought to direct society towards the great end of ameliorating as rapidly as possible the condition of the most numerous and least wealthy class."—ST. SIMON.

"Forget Nationality; think only of Humanity. Princes only have diverse interests. The peoples of all countries are friends."—VICTOR HUGO.

"Country is duty, acknowledged, recognised, and felt. Your country is the idea of a mission to be fulfilled. Your country is a *link*, a communion, a visible evangel of love."—MAZZINI.

"The Earth belongs in usufruct to the living. The dead have no rights over those who now exist."—JEFFERSON.

"Tyranny is not government, and allegiance is **only** due to protection." BISHOP OF DERRY (1782).

"He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us, and they are slaves most base;
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.
God works for all. Ye cannot hem the hope of being free
With parallels of latitude, with mountain-range, or sea.
Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye will,
From soul to soul, o'er all the world, leaps one electric thrill."

—LOWELL.

Reign of Edward VI.—Henry VIII., as has been seen, was a schismatic, not a heretic. In doctrine he practically remained a Catholic to the last. It was different with the Council of Regency who ruled in the name of his son, "the sainted young Solomon," Edward. They were, without exception, a clique of vile unprincipled intriguers, gorged with the spoils of the Church, who dreaded nothing so much as a Catholic restoration, which might strip them of their ill-gotten gains.

To prevent such a catastrophe was their sole study. They naturally looked to Geneva as a counterpoise to Rome, and Calvin was not slow to offer his intolerant advice. "You have," he wrote to Protector Somerset, "two kinds of mutineers against the King and the estates of the realm. The one are fanatical people, who, under colour of the gospel, would set all in confusion; the others are stubborn people in the superstition of the Antichrist of Rome." And against both Somerset was solemnly admonished not to bear the sword in vain.

In England there was a small but active Protestant party in favour of great doctrinal changes, and that party the Government tacitly supported whenever occasion offered. In Ireland, on the contrary, there were no genuine Protestants. The Reformation was, in the main, an academic protest in favour of the rationalistic habit of thought cultivated by the philosophic thinkers of ancient Greece and Rome, and there was not a single university in or out of the Pale. The Anglo-Irish had no quarrel with Rome, because

her thunderbolts had always been conveniently launched, at their behest, against the "mere" Irishry. As for the Celto-Irish, they, naturally enough, regarded the Reformation as little more than a fresh proof of the depravity of their oppressors.

Nevertheless, the earlier attempts to acclimatize Reformation doctrines in Ireland were conducted on both sides with a courtesy and good sense unknown elsewhere. Edward the Sixth's first English Prayer Book was made binding on the Irish Archbishops and Bishops, at a Synod specially convoked by Deputy Sir Anthony St. Leger in 1551. The occasion was remarkable, the orthodox Primate Dowdall and St. Leger, in person, being leading disputants:—

Dowdall: "Then shall every illiterate fellow read mass?"

St. Leger: "Your Grace is mistaken, for we have too many illiterate priests among us already, who neither can pronounce the Latin, nor know what it means, no more than the common people who hear them; but when the people hear the liturgy in English (this could only apply to the Pale) they and the priest will then understand what they pray for."

Dowdall: "Beware the Church's curse."

St. Leger: "I fear no strange curse so long as I have the blessing of that Church which I believe the true one."

Dowdall: "Can there be a truer Church than the Church of St. Peter, the Mother Church of Rome?"

St. Leger: "I thought we had all been of the Church of Christ, for He calls all true believers in Him His Church, and Himself the head thereof."

Dowdall: "And is not St. Peter's Church the Church of Christ?"

St. Leger: "St. Peter was a member of Christ's Church; but the Church was not St. Peter's, neither was St. Peter, but Christ, the head thereof."

At this point in the discussion the Primate rose, and left the conference, followed by all the Bishops, except those of Meath, Kildare, and Limerick. The Protestant Archbishop of Dublin—Brown—a reptilic creature of Henry the Eighth's, then stood up, and received the English Service Book from the Deputy, with these words:—"This order, good brethren,

is from our gracious King and the rest of our brethren, the fathers and clergy of England, who have consulted thereon, and compared the Holy Scriptures with what they have done, and to whom I submit, as Jesus did to Cæsar, in all things just and lawful, making no question why or wherefore, as we own him our true and lawful King."

A few months later, Sir John Crofts, who had been appointed Deputy, made a fresh attempt to reconcile Cæsar and the hierarchy. The chief disputants now were Dowdall, the Primate, and Staples, Bishop of Meath:—

Dowdall: "Was not the Mass from the Apostles' days? How can it be proved that the Church of Rome has altered it?"

Staples: "It is easily proved by our records of England; for Celestinus, Bishop of Rome, in the fourth century after Christ, gave the first introit of the Mass which the clergy were to use for preparation, even the psalm, *Judica me, Deus*, etc., Rome not owning the word Mass till then."

Dowdall: "Yes, long before that time; for there was a mass called St. Ambrose's Mass."

Staples: "St. Ambrose was before Celestinus; but the two prayers, which the Church of Rome had foisted and added unto St. Ambrose's works, are not in his general works, which hath caused a wise and a learned man lately to write that these two prayers were forged, and not to be really St. Ambrose's."

Dowdall: "What writer dares write or doth say so?"

Staples: "Erasmus, a man who may well be compared to either of us or the standers-by. Nay, my lord, no disparagement if I say so to yourself; for he was a wise and a judicious man, otherwise I would not have been so bold as to parallel your lordship with him."

Lord Deputy: "As for Erasmus's part, would I were such another; for his parts may parallel him a companion for a prince."

Dowdall: "Nay, my lord, do not hinder our discourse, for I have a question or two to ask Mr. Staples."

Lord Deputy: "By all means, reverend father, proceed."

Dowdall: "Is Erasmus's writings more powerful than the precepts of the Mother Church?"

Staples : "Not more than the Holy Catholic one, yet more than the Church of Rome, as that Church hath run into several errors since St. Ambrose's days."

Dowdall : "How hath the Church erred since St. Ambrose's days? Take heed that you be not excommunicated."

Staples : "I have excommunicated myself already from thence."

How a theological controversy conducted in such excellent spirit on both sides became gradually embittered beyond precedent remains to be seen. In a few days after the last conference Primate Dowdall disappeared, and the Primacy was transferred to the See of Dublin, the occupant of which, Brown, claimed and received the office with indecent haste. He and the other bishops of the Reformed Faith only discovered the weakness of their position when the boy King, Edward, died, and was succeeded by his Catholic sister, Mary.

The Reign of Queen Mary.—The bishops had preached as the chief article of the new creed the supremacy of Cæsar, and now Cæsar was a devoted Papist. They could not in decency resist, nor did they. They were deprived of their Sees, but nothing worse befell them. There were so few Protestants in Ireland that it was not worth while, as in England, lighting the fires of martyrdom.

Besides, Mary, in her own way, was hardly less a stickler for the prerogatives of the Crown than her father, the Defender of the Faith. The arrangement come to was this. Ireland was erected by the Pope into a kingdom, and Mary, on her part, had an Act of Parliament passed repealing all enactments made against the Holy See since the twentieth year of her father's reign. This statute, however, expressly retained in the hands of the laity all ecclesiastical possessions that had been conveyed to them. Indeed, nothing was restored to the Catholic Church except the Roman ritual, and when Mary died the Church was materially and morally a heap of ruins.

In point of fact, in Mary's reign was begun that dreadful system of "plantations" by English colonists, which in years to come bore such bitter and poisonous fruit. The first

Plantation Act is that of 3 and 4 Philip and Mary, Chapters 1 and 2; confiscating the lands of Liex and Offally, and providing for their apportionment among settlers, chiefly English, who were expected to wage a war of extermination on the lawful occupants. The struggle thus begun was long and desperate. "The mere Irish" sank to the level of savage banditti, and after a series of tragedies, of which the "Massacre of Mullahmast" was perhaps the most terrible, were eventually wiped out of existence, their ancient tribeland being named King's County and Queen's County, in honour of their most Catholic Majesties, Philip and Mary.

This atrocious Act of Philip and Mary empowered Royal Commissioners to declare the tribe lands shirelands. The consequence of this was to feudalise the territory, and to convert at a blow the mass of the land-owning tribesmen into mere tenants-at-will, if not something worse. It justly alarmed the whole people, constituting as it did a precedent of universal robbery and extermination.

Reign of Queen Elizabeth.—Three great Irish wars are among the memorabilia of the "Virgin Queen." The first was waged against Shane O'Neil, or John the Proud, Chief of Ulster; the second, against the Earl of Desmond; and the third against Hugh O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone. Each of these deadly conflicts had its root in the dread inspired among the native chiefs and tribesmen by the English policy of feudalisation and plantation. For sufficient reasons the clansmen declined to permit their chiefs to become feudal barons, because they well knew that that meant for themselves tenancy-at-will, rack-rent, and eviction. It was their ancient right to elect their chiefs from the fittest of the ruling family, and they exercised it without regard to royal patents of nobility. To act otherwise was to sacrifice their own birthright, and that of their posterity. To surrender their common rights in the soil they well knew signified the loss of the essential elements of personal independence and public freedom.

Tribal patriotism it is hard for modern politicians to understand, but it was patriotism all the same. In these Elizabethan wars, it is true, the element of religion came in, but it was an afterthought, and not a primary motive.

Rome and the Catholic powers of Europe, towards which the struggling Irish looked for aid, hardly mistook the true character of the appeals from time to time made to them; otherwise it is inconceivable that their response should, at all times, have been so half-hearted and ineffectual.

Shane O'Neil—At all events, John the Proud would assuredly have made a strange Defender of the Faith—stranger even than the first recipient of that title. He was the legitimate son of Con O'Neil (created Earl of Tyrone by Henry the Eighth), and duly elected Tanist of the tribe in his father's lifetime. Old Con, for some reason best known to himself, induced Henry to put a certain Matthew O'Neil, reputed to be Con's son, into the Tyrone patent of nobility as Baron of Dungannon and heir to the Earldom. The Baron was really, there can be little or no doubt, the son of a blacksmith in Dundalk, without a drop of O'Neil blood in his veins; but, as he frankly observed, Con O'Neil "being a gentleman, never denied any child that was sworn to him, and he had plenty of them."

The Baron and Shane O'Neil were naturally, in these circumstances, sworn foes, and the Baron had the worst of it. He was murdered, or, as Shane himself contended, slain in fair fight, through Shane's instrumentality. In consequence, John the Proud, on his father's death, was able to take up the chieftaincy of the North in earnest and almost without opposition.

He was a vigorous and by no means unintelligent ruler. He subdued the former native tributaries of the O'Neils, and defied and oftener than once decisively defeated the forces of the Pale.

His personal morality was indefensible. He took prisoner the Chief of the O'Donnells, whose wife, sister to the Earl of Argyll, became his mistress, and bore him several children. The horror of this transaction was heightened by the fact that the lady, an accomplished woman for her time, was the step-mother of O'Donnell's daughter, Shane's wife. Shane must be judged, however, by the licentious code of his own day rather than by a later standard.

The "Virgin Queen," for example, had no reason to cast stones at her semi-civilised foe. In the thirteenth year of

ner reign she took out, so to speak, a licence for unlimited personal profligacy by Act of Parliament! Statute 13 Eliz., chap. 1, sec. 2, secured the Crown to any "natural issue" she might have by anybody, and made it high treason to challenge the succession of such offspring to the throne!

As it was, Shane was personally a favourite with "Good Queen Bess," and unmistakeably touched her susceptible virgin heart when he paid his celebrated visit to the Court of London, attended by his large-limbed and picturesque-looking galloglasses. Shane's enormous muscularity, his magnificent, unkempt locks, his garish saffron-coloured shirt, his formidable broad-bladed battle-axe, and, above all, his undaunted bearing and evident astuteness, filled the minds of the courtiers with mingled admiration and amusement. The wits proclaimed him—

"Shane O'Neil, Lord of the North of Ireland,
Cousin of St. Patrick, Friend of the Queen of England;
Enemy of all the world besides."

Shane returned home with the title of "Captain of Tyrone," the dignity of Earl being reserved for the yet more distinguished Hugh O'Neil, grandson of the Dundalk blacksmith. When he got home, the "Captain" was rallied by his friends for having made his peace with the Queen. "Yes," replied the unabashed chief, "in her own bed-chamber."

But he did not long, nay, he could not, remain at peace with the authorities of the Pale, who hungered and thirsted after his destruction and the plantation of his territory. Three distinct attempts were abortively made by the Deputy—once, at least, with the full privity of the Queen—to murder him by dagger and poison-cup; but he was not to perish in that way.

The battle which decided his fate was one fought with his old enemies, the O'Donnells, near Lifford. There his army was completely routed. At his wits' end, he took the desperate resolve of seeking refuge among the warlike Scots of Antrim, whom, to please Elizabeth, he had, in an evil hour, grievously and ungratefully injured. He was received with apparent cordiality; but at a subsequent banquet, where the wine flowed freely, high words arose, and he and his followers

were hacked to pieces by the broadswords of his hosts. These had oftener than once been Shane's right arm in war, and his treacherous slaughter of their compatriots was not to be forgiven.

The exultation of the Government over the fall of the last genuine Celtic Irish leader was unbounded. The cost to England of retaining Ireland had become intolerable. For a dozen years at least there had been an annual Irish deficit of £23,179, which, in the then meagre currency, had to be wrung from the English people.

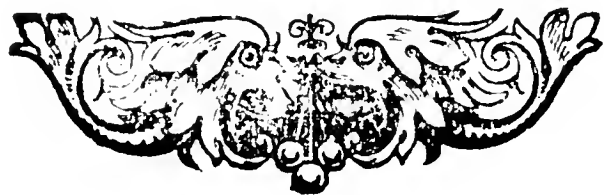
Queen Elizabeth and the Pope.—In 1569, Pope Pius the Fifth, after serious deliberation, excommunicated and, so far as lay in his power, deposed Queen Elizabeth. That royal Virgin never was a Protestant except in name. She hovered between Catholicism and sheer Paganism. During her sister Mary's reign, when suspected of leaning towards the Reformed Faith, she had loudly called upon the earth to open and swallow her if she were not a devotee of the Holy Roman See. But being conceived out of wedlock, her title to the throne was a purely parliamentary title, and she had no confidence in the support of the Catholic population, who naturally looked to her beautiful cousin, the Queen of Scots, as the legitimate heir to the throne. She became a nominal Protestant sorely against her will, and thereby compelled the Pope against his will to play a decided part. The counter Reformation, of which the indefatigable Society of Jesus was the mainspring, was now busily at work, and waverers were everywhere constrained to take sides.

Sir James Fitzmaurice.—Now that the Queen was excommunicated, Catholics must render obedience either to Cæsar or to God. Even Shane O'Neil, in his last extremity, appealed to the Catholic Powers for aid. Henceforward, therefore, the Celto-Irish party put forward more and more the religious aspect of their quarrel with the alien English Government. It was distinctly in the rôle of Champion of the Church that Sir James Fitz-Maurice, the next great antagonist of England, played his part. Sir Henry Sidney, the Lord Deputy, prototype of the Earl of Strafford, had arbitrarily seized the Earl of Desmond on the plea of turbulency,

and conveyed him to London, where, to save his life, he was compelled to surrender the whole of his ancestral estates to the Crown. An audacious adventurer, named Sir Peter Carew, aggravated this high-handed proceeding by claiming a vast neighbouring territory for "plantation" purposes, south of a line drawn between Limerick and Cork. Carew's claim, which had lapsed, if ever it had any validity, for about three centuries at least, was utterly preposterous, but the Deputy and Council supported him in his blood-stained efforts to dispossess the native population.

The above-mentioned Sir James Fitz-Maurice, the Earl of Desmond's cousin, flew to arms, and was joined by several members of the rival house of Ormond. For two years Fitz-Maurice resolutely defied the forces of the Crown in the Galtee Hills. He then marched into Ulster, burnt Athlone, helped the two sons of Lord Clanricarde, the Mac-an-Earlas, to waste Galway, and ultimately returned in triumph to Tipperary.

Eventually, however, he was constrained to come to terms with Sir John Perrot, (reputedly a son of Henry the Eighth's,) the President of Munster—the provinces had now been divided into military presidencies—kissed that worthy knight's sword in token of submission, and sailed away to the continent to solicit from the Catholic Powers men and the munitions of war to combat the forces of the heretic Queen. In due course he returned to initiate the great Desmond Rebellion, which ended in the first extensive English plantation of Ireland—"the Plantation of Munster."



CHAPTER X.

Massacres and "Plantations" by the "Virgin Queen" and the "British Solomon."

"True liberty only exists where there is cheerful obedience to wise and just laws."—BACON.

"When Government and the People quarrel, Government is generally in the wrong."—BURKE.

"It is only by making the ruling few uneasy that the oppressed many can obtain justice."—BENTHAM.

"Unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of nations."—J. A. GARFIELD.

"The land question is the bottom question. Man is a land animal."—HENRY GEORGE.

"This will be the manner of the king that shall reign over you:—

"He will take the tenth of your seed and of your vineyards and give them to his officers and to his servants.

"And he will take your fields and your vineyards and your olive-yards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants.

"And ye shall cry out in that day because of your king which ye shall have chosen you; and the Lord will not hear you in that day."—SAMUEL.

"That which the palmer-worm hath left the locust hath eaten; and that which the locust hath left the canker-worm hath eaten; and that which the canker-worm hath left the caterpillar hath eaten."—JOEL.

"Whereas it has been long known and declared that the poor have no right to the property of the rich, I wish it also to be known and declared that the rich have no right to the property of the poor."—RUSKIN.

"The English law of real property is the most unmitigated nonsense ever put together by the perverted ingenuity of man."—POLLOCK.

"There should be but one tax, and that upon land."—VON HUMBOLDT.

"All the old abuses of society, universal and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity, and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he teaches, that there is rottenness when he appears. He is a carrion-crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid. Fear for ages has boded and gibbered over governments and property. The obscene bird is not there if nothing. He indicates great wrongs that must be revised."—EMERSON.

The Desmond Rebellion.—Queen Elizabeth's second great Irish war, the Desmond Rebellion, was not long suspended by the withdrawal of Sir James FitzMaurice, the Earl's highly capable and heroic cousin, to the Continent. There he unweariedly solicited aid from the Catholic Powers, and, in 1578, he was enabled to return to Ireland with an insignificant force of Italians and Spaniards. He landed at Dingle, accompanied by Dr. Nicholas Saunders, the devoted Papal legate, and bearing a banner specially consecrated by Pope Gregory XIII.

Presently he was joined by two brothers of the Earl, John and James Fitzgerald; but Desmond himself hesitated, and wrecked the cause. The gallant Sir James, the only master-mind in the movement, perished in an obscure encounter at "Barrington's-bridge," a spot six miles east of Limerick. His assailants were Theobald and Ulick Burke, relatives of his own, with whom he was trying to expostulate when a fatal shot struck him. He did not, however, at once drop from the saddle, but dashing into the thick of the fight, cleft the head of Theobald Burke to the chin, and mortally wounded his brother. Their retainers fled, but in a few hours FitzMaurice was himself a dead man. Of him might it well be said as of the Douglas in the famous ballad of "Chevy Chase:"—

"For sure a more undaunted knight
Mischance did never take."

At last, when it was too late, Desmond himself was compelled to take the field, literally in defence of the "ashes of his fathers and the temples of his gods." His relentless foes ruthlessly wasted his lands up to the walls of his stronghold, Askeaton, burning down the neighbouring abbey, and defacing the tombs of generations of Desmond Geraldines.

The war which followed abounded with unspeakable horrors. Sir William Pelham, the Deputy, and Ormond, the hereditary foe of the Desmonds, vied with each other in every conceivable atrocity. "We passed through the rebel countries," writes Pelham, "in two companies, burning with fire all habitations, and executing the people wherever we found them."

For the year 1580, Ormond thus summarises his services:

—"slain 88 captains and leaders, with 800 notorious traitors and malefactors, and above 4,000 other people." Whoever should hope for pardon must deserve it by murdering their relations. Accordingly sackfuls of heads were brought daily into camp.

In a letter to Philip of Spain, Desmond explained that "every town, castle, village, farmhouse, belonging to him or his people, had been destroyed, and not a roof left standing in Munster to shelter him."

Battle of Glenmalure.—Now, however, the Pale took alarm, and Lord Baltinglass and the O'Byrnes, led by the renowned Feagh McHugh, "the firebrand of the Mountains," betook themselves to the fastnesses of the Wicklow steeps. There, in the pass of Glenmalure, the new Deputy, Lord Gray de Wilton, attacked them, and paid the penalty of his rashness by suffering a crushing defeat. The circumstances of the conflict closely resembled those of the more famous Scottish battle of Killiecrankie:—

" Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain
Start to life with armed men !"

Cosby, the treacherous butcher of Mullaghmast, and Sir Peter Carew were among the slain. The Deputy and his staff escaped to Dublin by the swiftness of their steeds.

But the lack of preconcerted action made even this opportune victory of small account. Eight hundred auxiliary Spaniards and Italians had reached Smerwick, and occupied a dismantled fort, *Oilen-an-oir* (Gold Island), in the bay. Thither Gray furiously posted, and, along with Ormond, laid siege to the enemy. After three days' cannonade, the garrison were fain to surrender at discretion. Writing to the Queen, "from the camp before Smerwick," Gray observes:—"Morning came. I presented my forces in battaile before the forte. The colonel, with ten or twelve of his chief gentlemen, came trayling their ensigns rolled up, and presented them to me with their lives and the forte . . . I sent streighte certyn gentlemen to see their weopens and armoires laid down; then I sent in certeyne bandes, which streighte fell to execution. There were 600 slayne!"

Raleigh and Spenser in Ireland.—Three notable person-

ages took part in this seige—Sir Walter (Captain) Raleigh, Spenser the poet, and Hugh O'Neil, afterwards Earl of Tyrone. To the eternal disgrace of letters, Raleigh was the leading executioner of the disarmed foreigners; while Spenser, who looked on, coolly relates:—"The Spaniard did absolutely yield himself and the fort and all therein, and only asked mercy." But mercy "it was not thought good to show them. They were accordingly all slaughtered in cold blood, a few women and priests who were with them hanged, the officers being reserved for ransom. There was no other way but to make that end of them which was done."

To add to the infamy of this act, if that were possible, the Irish annalists declare, and probably correctly, that the garrison were promised their lives. The splendid mental endowments of the leading men of the Elizabethan era only served to render them greater criminals than their fellows. Instead of softening their hearts, their rare gifts and accomplishments seem only to have helped to harden them.

English Atrocities.—Presently both Munster and the Pale were at the Deputy's feet, and, as Sir Henry Sydney said of his administration, "Down they went at every corner!" At Kildimo, after the capture of a castle, 150 women and children were butchered. In the Pale nineteen of the most prominent men were tried, convicted, and hanged. Saunders, the Papal Nuncio, died of exposure in winter. Desmond's two brothers, James and John, were successfully cut off, and eventually the wretched Earl himself, after enduring innumerable hardships, was hunted down in the Slievnish Mountains and decapitated. The Queen was at great pains to have the head properly exposed on London-bridge.

The bloody deeds, done in this deliberately provoked rebellion, harrow the soul and make us ready to renounce with loathing the very name of Englishman. A few well-authenticated and not too sickening illustrations will suffice:—"After Desmond's death, great companies of the provincials, men, women, and children, were often forced into castles and other houses, which were then set on fire; and if any of them attempted to escape from the flames, they were shot or stabbed by the soldiers who guarded them. It was a

diversion to these monsters to take up infants on the points of their spears and whirl them about in their agony, apologizing for their cruelty by saying that 'if they suffered them to live to grow up they would become Popish rebels.' Many of their women were found hanging on trees, with their children at their breasts, strangled with their mother's hair."—*Hist. Review, Curry*.

"They performed that service effectually, and brought the rebels to so low a condition that they saw three children eating the entrails of their dead mother, upon whose flesh they had fed many days, and roasted it by a slow fire."—*Cox*.

"Touching my manner of proceeding, it is thus: I give the rebels no breath to relieve themselves; but by one of your" ('Good Queen Bess's') "garrisons or the other they be continually hunted. I keep them from their harvest, and have taken great preys of cattle from them, by which it seemeth the poor people that lived upon labour and fed by their milch-cows are so distressed, as they follow their goods and offer themselves, with their wives and children, rather to be slain by the army than to suffer the famine that now beginneth to pinch them."—*Deputy Sir William Pelham*.

"They" (the "mere" Irish) "were not only driven to eat horses, dogs, and dead carrions, but also did devour the carcasses of dead men, whereof there be sundry examples—namely, one in the county of Cork, where, when a malefactor was executed and his body left upon the gallows, certain poor people did secretly come, took him down, and did eat him; likewise in the Bay of Smeerewecke there happened to be a ship there lost through foul weather, and all the men being drowned were then cast on land. The common people, who had a long time lived on limpits, orwads, and such shell-fish as they could find, and which were now spent, as soon as they saw these bodies, they took them up and most greedily did eat and devour them: and, not long after, death and famine did consume them. The land itself, which before these wars was populous, well inhabited, and rich in all the good blessings of God, is now become waste and barren, yielding no fruits, the pastures no cattle, the air no birds. the seas (though full of fish) to them yielding nothing. Finally, every way the curse of God (man?) was so great

and the land so barren of man and beast, that whosoever did travel from the one end to the other of all Munster, even from Waterford to the head of Smeerewecke, which is about six score miles, he would not meet any man, woman, or child, saving in towns and cities; nor yet see any beast but the very wolves, the foxes, and other like ravening beasts. Many of them lay dead, being famished, and the residue gone elsewhere."—*Hollinshead*.

"Notwithstanding that the same (Munster) was a most rich and plentiful country, full of corn and cattle, yet ere one year and a-half they were brought to such wretchedness as that any stony heart would rue the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glens they came creeping forth on their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death; they spoke like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat the dead carrions, happy when they could find them; yea, and one another soon after; insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves, and if they found a plot of watercresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time; yet not able to continue these withal; that in short space there was none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country suddenly left void of man and beast."—*Spenser*.

Sharing the Spoil.—At this time the whole population of Ireland had been reduced, by famine and the sword, to some 600,000 souls, about one-eighth that of England. Writing from Cork, in 1582, the Deputy St. Leger observes:—"This country (Munster) is so ruined, that it is well near unpeopled by the murders and spoils done by the traitors on the one side, and by the killing and spoil done by the soldiers on the other side, together with the great mortality in town and country, which is such as the like hath never been seen. There has died by famine only not so few as 30,000 in this province in less than half-a-year, besides others that are hanged and killed."

Having thus made a desert and called it peace, now was the time for the murderers to divide the booty. Deputy Sir John Perrot accordingly convoked a Parliament, which promptly confiscated the lands of Desmond, Baltinglass, and one hundred and forty of their estated followers. In Munster alone 574,628 acres were forfeited to the Crown.

The inalienable rights of the tribesmen in the soil were completely ignored.

Throughout England proclamation was made inviting "younger brothers of good families" to undertake—they were known as "Undertakers"—the "plantation" of Munster. Each planter was to receive so many acres on condition of settling so many English families thereon—"none of the native Irish to be admitted" among the tenantry. In Limerick and Kerry the quit-rent to the Crown was to be threepence per acre, and in Cork and Waterford twopence—in all, £23,000 per annum.

About fifty Undertakers received assignments, the largest being made to prominent actors in the war; but nearly one-half of the confiscated territory was eventually restored to such of the original holders as were able to secure pardons. This leniency, this deviation from "thorough," combined with the fact that English tenants could not be found in sufficient numbers to risk their lives in a neighbourhood which soon swarmed with dispossessed "Robin Hoods," in a short time changed the entire character of the Plantation. In order that the soil might not lie untilled, the Undertakers, in spite of their covenants, were obliged to admit the native Irish as tenants-at-will. The latter multiplied, and the former relatively dwindled. In a word, the Munster native extirpation project was a total failure.*

Tyrone's Rebellion and the Plantation of Ulster.—We must now leave the South and turn to the North of Ireland, between which, though their interests were the same, there was at all times singularly little concerted action.

Sir Thomas Smith, Secretary of State, or, rather his natural son Thomas, and Walter Devereux, the first Earl of Essex, had both essayed to "plant" a portion of Ulster possessed by the Antrim Scots and the O'Neils. Essex, a man of the most exemplary—shall I say Pecksniffian?—piety, stained his name by deeds of abominable treachery and almost fiendish cruelty, but obtained hardly a foothold in the long run. Ulster, now the most Anglicised of the four provinces, had for centuries been the impregnable refuge of

* For list of original planters in Munster, see Appendix A.

the Celt. It was an everlasting eyesore to the greedy vultures at Dublin Castle, and it was not long before they contrived to drive Hugh O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, as they had driven Gerald Fitzgerald, sixteenth Earl of Desmond, into rebellion.

Hugh O'Neil's father, Matthew O'Neil, Baron of Dungannon, as has been said, was the son of a Dundalk blacksmith. Con O'Neil, first Earl of Tyrone, subsequently married the said Matthew's mother, and secured to him in remainder the Earldom of Tyrone. That Hugh was not an O'Neil at all was well enough understood at the Court of London; but it was thought profoundly politic to keep a "Queen's O'Neil" as well as an "Irish O'Neil" in the field, so as to weaken the authority and paralyze the power of the legitimist *Ard-Ris* of Ireland.

However, by a strange freak of fortune, it came to pass that the obscure smith's grandson became the most distinguished man who ever bore the name of O'Neil. Educated at the English Court, he excelled in every accomplishment, civil and military. He was a favourite with Queen Elizabeth, and when he returned to his native Tyrone, he had every inducement to persevere in his allegiance had that been possible. But it was not possible.

The Privy Council at Dublin never did believe in the "dulce ways" and "politic drifts" recommended by Henry VIII. Robbery by violence was their one grand recourse then, as now.

Being an English courtier by training, Hugh O'Neil was better able than any one of the previous champions of the Irish cause to foresee latent peril and to provide against it. Some Irish historians have professed to discover in Hugh O'Neil's career evidence of a profound patriotism. But the proofs, to say the least, do not lie on the surface. That he was a very able and, for his time, an honourable man, there is almost no dispute. But his brilliant victories in the field were won in the cause of self-preservation rather than in the vindication of Irish nationality. He was another Desmond without a trace of that ill-starred Chief's vacillation and incapacity.

Hugh O'Neil's brother-in-law, Hugh O'Donnell, or Red

Hugh, had been shamelessly decoyed on board a Government vessel by order of Deputy Sir John Perrot, and rigorously immured for years, as a hostage, in Dublin Castle. He eventually contrived to escape, and reached his paternal home in Ulster after suffering the severest privations. His just resentment was abiding, and The O'Neil not unnaturally shared it. Moreover, Red Hugh, who became chief of the O'Donnells, was second only to the Earl of Tyrone in ability and influence, and the ties of such a friendship were not to be undervalued on their own account.

Deputy Sir William Fitzwilliam, from motives of pure avarice, had alarmed every chief in Ulster for his personal safety. Sir Owen McToole and Sir John O'Doherty he had flung into the prison-cells of Dublin Castle because they *could* not reveal to him treasure alleged to have been secreted by survivors of the Spanish Armada. Hugh McMahon, Chief of Monaghan, he tried by court-martial and executed for the forcible collection of certain rents two years before. The jurors were private soldiers. McMahon's lands were divided between Sir Henry Bagnall, a small group of English officers, and a few Dublin lawyers. Such high-handed acts created universal alarm throughout the North of Ireland. All eyes were, therefore, turned towards the Earl of Tyrone for light and leading, nor, as will be seen, were they turned in vain.

The Earl of Tyrone, who eventually became "The O'Neil," on the death of the aged Chief, Turlough Luinagh O'Neil, was by far the most powerful native leader that had appeared in Ireland for centuries. He was shrewd, politic, and skilful. He fully appreciated the might of England, and had little faith in aid from Spain. Nevertheless, with his eyes open to the probable consequences of the step, he was at last compelled to follow the example of the rebellious Desmond, whose rising he had helped to suppress.

He did his utmost to extend his influence all over Ireland, and his efforts were crowned with a very large measure of success. The kindred O'Neils and O'Donnells were, of course, the backbone of the insurrection; but the patriotic league, which was formed, soon embraced the McGuires of Fermanagh, the McMahons of Monaghan, the

O'Rorkes of Brefny, the McGuinnesses of Down, the Scots of Clandeboy, and the tribes of the North generally. In Connaught, Burkes, O'Dowds, O'Kellys, McDermots, and O'Connors of Sligo rallied to the banner of The O'Neil. In Meath there were not lacking "degenerate English"—Nugents and others—to take the field, aided by the O'Byrnes of Glenmalure and remnants of the tribes of wasted Leix and Offaly. Tyrone, moreover, appealed for succour to the Pope and the Catholic princes of Europe.

Battle of Beal-an-athy-buy.—Hostilities were not long delayed. Tyrone seized the fort of the Blackwater, commanding the passage into his own territory, while O'Donnell successfully raided the English settlements in Connaught. Much desultory fighting ensued, with varying success. In a subsequent struggle for possession of the Blackwater stronghold, between Tyrone and Lord Deputy Burgh, the latter was mortally wounded, and Tyrone's deadly enemy, the Lord-Marshal Bagnal, took the command in the North. O'Neil, on the death of his wife, O'Donnell's sister, had made a sort of runaway match with Bagnal's sister, and both men in consequence entertained for each other the bitterest personal animosity.

Bagnal advanced to within two miles of Armagh, where he found his foe entrenched on the banks of the rivulet Callan. The forces on either side were about equal in number, but the advantage in equipments and discipline naturally lay with the English. Nevertheless, the latter were completely routed (1598) and Bagnal slain. O'Neil's generalship was admirable, and resulted in a victory, of which Camden says:—"It was glorious for the rebels and of special advantage; for hereby they got both arms and provisions, and Tyrone's name was cried up all over Ireland as the author of their liberty."

The English left on the field of Beal-an-atha-buy (Mouth of the Yellow Ford) 23 officers, 1,700 rank and file, and nearly the whole of their artillery and baggage.

The moral effects of this signal triumph were very great. From Malin Head to Cape Clear the revolt became general. The English possessions dwindled down to Dublin and a few other walled towns and military fortresses.

The Essex Campaign.—In London the magnitude of the disaster was fully recognised, and for once Queen Elizabeth forgot parsimony, and equipped a splendid avenging force of 20,000 infantry and 1,300 horse, regardless of expense. These she entrusted to her youthful, Quixotic favourite, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, with instructions to invade Tyrone, the heart of the insurrection, from the south-eastern approaches of Newry and Dundalk, while the formidable English fleet should make descents in the enemy's rear in the North.

The plan was as good as could have been devised, but the Earl, for some unaccountable reason, bent his steps in the direction of Limerick, and frittered away time, stores, and troops in storming and garrisoning unimportant fortresses in the South and South-West. When he eventually directed his march towards Ulster, his effective forces had been reduced to 8,000, and 2,000 more had to be despatched from England.

No sooner did the two generals come within striking distance on the banks of the Lagan than O'Neil demanded a parley. This was granted, and the Earls met at a ford of the stream in personal conference. What passed will never be known, but there is every reason to believe that treason was hatched. The announcement of the Queen's death must have been constantly expected by Essex, and it may well be that some wild project of mutual self-interest was agreed on between the two ambitious nobles, who were old acquaintances.

At all events, the upshot of the business was that Essex assented to an armistice, and undertook to lay Tyrone's by no means palatable terms of submission before his royal mistress. Elizabeth was furious, and declared that "to trust this traitor (Tyrone) upon oath is to trust a devil upon his religion." The unfortunate Essex returned to London without leave of absence, to end his romantic career on the scaffold.

Essex's successor in command was Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy. He was a cast-iron man, without a spark of chivalry in his nature. He knew nothing of war but its terrors. He preferred famine to the sword, as a more

effective means of subjugation. In Ulster were now re-enacted all the horrors of the Desmond campaign related in the last chapter.

Spanish Aid.—Gradually the brilliant promises of the earlier period of the rising were falsified one by one, and the end of the movement was within measurable distance, when the re-inspiring news of the arrival at Kinsale of fifty Spanish ships, with ample stores and over three thousand auxiliaries on board, reached the despairing Earl of Tyrone. But the intelligence had reached Mountjoy also, and he was nearer to what now became the inevitable scene of action. Every available English soldier was hurried south to beleaguer the dangerous foreigner. This was effectually done, and when Tyrone and O'Donnell reached Kinsale they found the town completely invested. They proceeded to besiege the besiegers, and but for the impatience of the Spanish commander, Don Juan d'Aguilar, who vehemently urged the Irish to attack the English lines, it might have gone hard with the royal army. As it was, a surprise was reluctantly attempted, with the most disastrous results. Twelve hundred of Tyrone's men, it is stated, were slain.

The Spanish garrison thereupon surrendered on honourable terms, and were accompanied, on their homeward voyage, by O'Donnell, who went to beg further aid from Philip III. The gallant chief was unwearied in his solicitations, but the many hardships of imprisonment and of war had shattered his health beyond recovery. He sickened and died at Simancas in September, 1602, at the early age of twenty-nine, leaving behind him a name of high, not to say highest, honour in his country's annals.

The fall of Kinsale did not quite finish the war in Kerry. Dunboy Castle, standing on a projecting headland in Bantry Bay, was defended by a garrison of 143 combatants, with unparalleled desperation. They perished to a man; Mageoghegan, their commander, sorely wounded, making a desperate effort with dying hand to blow up the magazine.

The retreat of O'Sullivan Beare from the wilds of Glengariffe to Leitrim recalls the exploit of Xenophon with his Ten Thousand Greeks. One thousand souls, all told, started—

four hundred soldiers, and six hundred women, children, and sutlers. They' literally fought the whole way, and when they finally reached a place of safety, there survived only eighteen fighting men, sixteen sutlers, and one woman.

As for Tyrone, he made his way back to Ulster as best he could with what slender remains of his army he could collect by the way. He was followed by Mountjoy, who, eventually, after committing many unspeakable atrocities, hemmed him closely round in his last great fastness at the extremity of Lough Erne.

More English Atrocities.—The O'Neil had now the sense to perceive that the country was exhausted, and that further resistance was next to impossible.

In a letter to Cecil, Elizabeth's chief adviser, Mountjoy had claimed, "by the grace of God, as near as he could, to have utterly wasted the country of Tyrone." In another dispatch he says:—"We found everywhere men dead of famine, insomuch that O'Hagan protested to us that between Tullaghoge and Toome there lay unburied 1,000 dead, and that, since our first drawing this year to the Blackwater, there were about 3,000 starved in Tyrone."

And these appalling boasts—for boasts they really are—are fully corroborated by Fynes Moryson, the historian, the Deputy's secretary. Says he:—"Because I have often made mention formerly of our destroying the rebel's corn, and using all means to famish them; let me now by two or three examples, show the miserable estate to which they were thereby reduced." He then relates how Sir Arthur Chichester, Sir Richard Morrison, and other commanders in Ulster, beheld "a most horrible spectacle of three children (whereof the oldest was not above ten years old) all eating and gnawing with their teeth the entrails of their dead mother, upon whose flesh they had fed twenty days past." And he adds:—"No spectacle was more frequent in the ditches of towns, and especially in wasted countries, than to see multitudes of these poor people dead, with their mouths all coloured green, by eating nettles, docks, and all things they could rend up above ground."

Another example of Moryson's "unspeakable extremities" will suffice, and more than suffice, most readers. "Some old

women about Newry used to make a fire in the fields, and divers little children, driving out the cattle in the cold mornings, and coming thither to warm themselves, were by these women surprised, killed, and eaten; which was at last discovered by a great girl breaking from them by the strength of her body: and Captain Trevor, sending out soldiers to know the truth, they found the children's skulls and bones, and apprehended the old women, who were executed for the fact."

The English, or rather their rulers, ascribe to themselves great clemency and goodness of heart. They are, in point of fact, the most cruel and brutal, in the treatment of the weak and unfortunate, of all the nations—savage, barbarous, or civilised—of which the human race has preserved any record. They may not be wantonly inhuman, but the prospect of gain or of undisguised plunder has been sufficient at all times to make them raven like wild beasts.

The Munster atrocities, as was seen, were promptly followed up by "plantations." Those of Ulster, barely glanced at above, had, of course, the same sequel and the same cause—the old Anglo-Norman earth-hunger. Tyrone came to honourable terms with Mountjoy, while the odious "Virgin Queen," to the last more a tigress at heart than a woman, was in her death-agony. He was ostensibly reinstated, as Earl of Tyrone, by "the British Solomon," James Stuart, King of Scots, while Rory O'Donnell, the new chief of Red Hugh's sept, was created Lord Tyrconnel. But their lands, or rather their tribesmen's lands, had from the first been marked out for prey, and the division of the spoil was not long delayed. The "Adventurers" got clamorous, and, to escape a false charge of conspiracy deliberately trumped up against them, the Earls fled to the Continent. Forfeiture of their estates followed as a matter of course.

CHAPTER XI.

Rule of "Thorough."

"I do not believe with the Rochefoucaulds and Montaignes that fourteen out of fifteen men are rogues, I believe a great abatement from that proportion may be made in favour of general honesty. But I have always found that rogues would be uppermost, and I do not know that the proportion is too strong for the higher orders, and for those who, rising above the multitude, always contrive to nestle themselves into the places of power and profit."—JEFFERSON

"I am convinced that those societies (as the Indians) which live without government, enjoy in their general mass an infinitely greater degree of happiness than those who live under the European Governments. Among the former, public opinion is in the place of law, and restrains morals as powerfully as laws ever did anywhere. Among the latter, under pretence of government, they have divided their nations into two classes—wolves and sheep. I do not exaggerate. This is a true picture of Europe (Ireland)."—IBID.

"There is no Government, however restricted in its power, that may not, by abuse, under pretext of exercise of its constitutional authority, drive its unhappy subjects to desperation."—JOHN RANDOLPH.

"It is a delusion to suppose that because a Government is representative it must therefore be free."—IBID.

"When a Government ceases to answer the purposes for which it was created, submission on the part of the people is no longer a question of obligation and duty, but simply a question of prudence."—BUCKLE.

"Government being constituted for the common benefit, the doctrine of non-resistance against arbitrary power and oppression is absurd, slavish and destructive of the good and happiness of mankind."—CONSTITUTION OF TENNESSEE.

"Would anyone dare to say that, after having established the laws of property, justice, and liberty, there was nothing yet to do for the most numerous class of the citizens? What do your laws of property, they might say, concern us? We own nothing. Your laws of justice? We have nothing to defend. Your laws of liberty? If we do not labour, to-morrow we shall die."—NECKER.

"The offences of man are not so much the vices of the individual offender as of the state of society into which he is thrown."—BUCKLE.

"The only possible way to make people good is to create the requisite materialistic conditions, and, therefore, the most stupid of blunders, the most infernal of cruelties, is punishment."—PAINE.

"A single change of principles is of more importance to the fortune of empires than the loss or gain of a battle."—JOHN LAW of Lauriston.

The flight to the Continent of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel (1607), to avoid the judicial murder which they so well knew awaited them, at last gave the ravenous crew of "undertakers" and "servitors" (civil and military officers in the late war) their longed-for opportunity. "How did I labour," exclaimed one of the latter, in the bitterness of hope deferred, "for that knave's (Tyrone's) destruction! I adventured perils by sea and land; went near to starving; ate horseflesh in Munster; and all to quell that man, who now smileth in peace at those who did hazard their lives to destroy him!" Six counties of Ulster; Tyrone, Derry, Donegal, Fermanagh, Armagh, and Cavan were forfeited to the Crown, without the slightest regard to the rights of inferior chiefs, or those of the tribesmen.

In an ejectment suit (*McBrien v. O'Callahan*) in the Dublin Court of Queen's Bench, it was held that both Tanistry and Gavelkind were "lewd and damnable customs," a momentous judicial decision which substituted for the ancient Brehonic system of Irish customary law the far more "damnable" yoke of English feudalism. Henceforth the cultivators of the soil lost the status of tribal owners and became mere tenants-at-will.

Plantation of Ulster.—"Orders and Conditions for the Planters" were speedily promulgated by the British Solomon. They were, in brief, these:—Out of 2,836,837 acres (Irish measure) four-fifths were "lean" land, while 511,465 were "fat." The natives were remorselessly driven off the "fat," and to some were assigned reservations, American-Indian fashion, on the "lean." The "fat" was distributed thus:—

| | | | | | Acres. |
|-------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|--------|
| 50 English Undertakers | ... | ... | ... | ... | 81,500 |
| 59 Scottish Undertakers | ... | ... | ... | ... | 81,000 |
| 60 Servitors | ... | ... | ... | ... | 49,914 |
| 286 Meritorious Natives | ... | ... | ... | ... | 52,279 |

| | | | | | |
|----------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|--------|
| London Guilds | ... | ... | ... | ... | 61,437 |
| Trinity College, Dublin | ... | ... | ... | ... | 9,600 |
| Bishops, and Deans, and Chapters | ... | ... | ... | ... | 77,666 |
| Glebes for Parochial Clergy | ... | ... | ... | ... | 19,268 |
| Free Schools | ... | ... | ... | ... | 2,700 |
| Corporate Towns and Forts | ... | ... | ... | ... | 47,101 |
| Several persons as Abbey Land | ... | ... | ... | ... | 21,552 |
| Restored to individual Irishmen | ... | ... | ... | ... | 7,448 |

511,465

Elizabeth's Munster Plantation had been a failure, chiefly by reason of the vastness of the estates created. In Ulster this blunder was avoided, and guarantees taken that genuine English and Scottish Protestant cultivators should occupy all the "fat portions of the soil." Grants were restricted to sections of 2,000, 1,500, and 1,000 acres, freehold, at quit-rents of 1½d., 2d., and 2½d. per acre. The 2,000 acre "undertaker," for example, was bound under a penalty of £400, within four years, to build a "bawn" or fortified house, and within five years "to plant" on his estate four fee-farmers (120 acres each), six leaseholders (100 acres each), and eight families of workmen, skilled and unskilled. For the purpose of defence, the houses were so grouped together as to form the nuclei of villages and towns, and good store of arms was provided.*

In a word, the Ulster Plantation was a hostile military colony, supported by an alien Government; and it is this notable scheme of the British Solomon that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain vie with each other in striving to revivify and perpetuate to-day.

"Ulster Tenant Right."—But from the first the success of the project, though far greater than in the case of the Munster Plantation, was limited. The English and Scottish tenants frequently failed to obtain from the undertakers the twenty-one year's leases to which they were entitled by the "Orders and Conditions." For this and other reasons, of which the impossibility of procuring adequate imported labour was the chief, they frequently sold their improvements and remainders of leases to natives, and returned home. The planters and the

* For list of Original Planters of Ulster see Appendix B.

Government alike, perforce, winked at this practice, and thus arose the equitable custom of "Ulster Tenant Right," which has been the key-note of so much recent agrarian legislation.

The Plantation of Leinster.—Having thus more or less successfully "planted" Ulster, James next turned his attention to Leinster and Connaught. A small rebellion in either province would have best served his turn, but that at the moment was not to be had. Howbeit, his legal advisers were equal to the occasion.

"A Commission to inquire into Defective Titles" was let loose on Leinster, and a set of unspeakable miscreants, known as "Discoverers," encouraged to spy out technical flaws in titles to land. Grants, made by Plantagenet princes, were "resumed" by the Crown on the ground that the natives had either driven out the lawful heirs of the original grantees, *three hundred years before*, or that the latter had forfeited their estates by violating one or other of the punitive statutes affecting absentees. A clerical error or any inaccurate term in a patent was enough to invalidate it. And the arduous labours of the "Discoverers," in the Record Offices of Dublin and London, were energetically stimulated by the law courts. Intractable, that is to say conscientious, jurors and witnesses were alike dragged before the Court of Castle Chamber (the Irish Star Chamber), and fined, imprisoned, pilloried, and branded without mercy.

In Wicklow certain refractory witnesses were tried for treason by court-martial and executed. One, Archer, was placed on a red-hot gridiron, over a charcoal fire, till he offered to testify anything and everything the Crown lawyers desired. In this way in Wicklow alone 66,000 acres were "found by inquisition to be vested in the Crown," and 385,000 more in Leitrim, Longford, the Meaths, and King's County and Queen's County.

The King and the "Discoverers," for the most part, divided the plunder arising from surrenders and re-grants, as well as from fresh "undertakings," between them; yet were they not satisfied. "The wisest fool in Christendom," as the Duc de Sully aptly called James, was anxiously balancing in his mind which of two patent methods of squeezing

Connaught offered the better prospect, when his death happily gave the inhabitants a brief respite.

Agrarian Outrages.—These began with the plantations of Ulster and Leinster. The bogs and barren wastes of the "lean" land to which the Celts had been relegated seemed to have a perversely demoralising influence on Irish character. The natives would, from time to time, revisit their former pleasant haunts, and, in defiance of "law and order," assassinate men, maim cattle, and burn crops. They were in turn stalked and shot like deer by the colonists, but, alas! to little purpose. As Sir John Davis, complains:—"They remained in their passions discontented, being grieved to leave their possessions to strangers, which they had so long after their manner enjoyed."

James's Irish Parliament Summoned (1613).—This was a most unexpected event. Twenty-seven years had elapsed since the last dissolution, but it was felt by James and his advisers that it was not safe to rule for ever by royal proclamations and warrants. But how to make sure of a Protestant majority in the House of Commons was the puzzle. Down to James's accession, according to the Abbé Mageoghegan, there were not more than sixty adherents of the new faith in all Ireland. In these circumstances, therefore, it was necessary to make the most of the recent plantations.

Accordingly, forty new boroughs, each returning two members, were arbitrarily formed. In most cases these were the merest hamlets, or even military "block-houses;" but they served their turn. A spirited contest ensued, the Roman Catholic majority clearly perceiving that the thin end of "Protestant Ascendancy" was being inserted into the body politic. As was to be expected, the Government won—won by a majority of twenty-four in a House of 232 members, in which there were 125 Protestants, 101 Catholic "recusants," and six absents.

Of the forty-four members of the Upper House, nineteen were bishops—Protestant bishops, of course—while of the temporal lords five were Protestants and three under age.

The "recusants" made a spirited protest against the manifest illegality of the sham borough returns. They even

raised a large fund, and sent a deputation to London to petition the "British Solomon" on the subject—the first instance on record of the levy of an Irish "political rent."

The reception of the delegates was not flattering; it was grotesque. "What is it to you," incoherently stormed Solomon, "whether I make many or few boroughs? The more the merrier; the fewer the better cheer." And he wound up by demanding of them if they wished to "have the kingdom of Ireland like the Kingdom of Heaven?"

The upshot, however, was a compromise. Thirteen of the returns were cancelled, and the House set to work. The Ulster forfeitures were confirmed. The King's title was loyally acknowledged. The Kilkenny and other statutes imposing race distinctions were abolished. Finally, Ireland generally was declared to be fully entitled to share in all the privileges, and, alas! all the perils of English law.

Martyrdom.—Giraldus Cambrensis, in his day, reproached the Irish Church with its total lack of martyrs. The Protestant Reformation speedily removed that stigma. Nevertheless, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., the laity remained comparatively unmolested, chiefly by reason of the fact that, as they were nearly all Catholics, the persecutors did not know well where to begin.

But from the first the clergy were marked out for destruction. Priest and traitor were treated as synonymous terms. In 1578 O'Hely, Bishop of Killala, was executed at Killmallock. In 1582 O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel, was burned at the stake in Dublin. In 1585 Creagh, Archbishop of Armagh, perished in the Tower of London. In 1593 McGauran, Creagh's successor, was slain in the act of ministering to the wounded on the battle-field at Tulske, and in 1603 McEgan, Bishop of Ross, while similarly engaged, perished in Carbery. In 1611 Conor O'Devany, Bishop of Down, an octogenarian, suffered martyrdom at Dublin with unshaken firmness. Of the inferior clergy, it may simply be added, that their sufferings were untold.

Catholic Education Prohibited. — In James's time, only one notable seat of learning, St. Nicholas College, Galway, remained to the Catholics. It is said to have sheltered no fewer than 1,300 scholars. Its

head, John Lynch, a courageous priest, would not give up his faith, and it was therefore peremptorily closed. Well-to-do Catholics then began to send their children to Continental schools; but this practice also was soon rudely checked. In 1610, Chichester, the Lord-Deputy, by decree, imposed rigorous penalties of fine and imprisonment on all Irish parents who should not recall their sons within a year.

In fine, the Government left no stone unturned in order to embitter the quarrel of race by adding to that flame, which had burned with such fierceness so long, the fuel of religious hate.

Squeezing Connaught.—When Charles I., "the Blessed Martyr," came to the throne, he found the Irish exchequer empty. His father, notwithstanding his nefarious system of "plunder," was never able to balance expenditure and income, the annual deficit of the Irish administration generally amounting to £16,000 per annum. Charles's first care, therefore, was to increase the revenue by any means, legitimate or illegitimate.

Connaught, unlike the other three provinces, had not yet been "planted," though some progress had been made in the way of fleecing it. In the times of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, the chiefs, native and Norman alike, had made surrenders of the tribal lands—which were not theirs to surrender—and received feudal re-grants, rarely confirmed by patents. James I., for a consideration of £3,000—multiply by ten for present currency—undertook to have new instruments of re-grant made out. This was done, but the Chancery officials neglected to enrol them. This convenient omission it was then announced was incurable. All the lands of Connaught had in consequence reverted to the Crown! In these circumstances the threatened landlords tendered a bribe of £10,000 (£100,000) if they might thus be spared the miseries of plantation.

"The Graces."—To cap this offer, a General Assembly of leading Catholics, "with several Protestants of rank," held at Dublin in 1628, resolved to petition King Charles for a general redress of grievances. They voluntarily offered him, by the mouths of their deputies, £120,000, payable in three yearly instalments, if he would grant them certain royal

“graces.” These were all most reasonable, the chief being that sixty years’ possession should constitute a good title to land; that the Connaught titles should be enrolled and legalised without more to do; that Catholics should simply be asked to take an oath of civil allegiance and not the oath of supremacy; that the Irish Star Chamber’s jurisdiction should be restricted; that soldiers should not be employed in levying taxes; that felons should not be allowed to swear away the liberty of reputable subjects, and that an Irish Parliament should be summoned to confirm these and the other “graces.”

The Blessed Martyr formally conceded the graces, and was promptly paid the first instalment (£40,000) of his coveted £120,000. Falkland, the Lord-Deputy, the subsequent ingeminator of “Peace! peace!” in the Civil War, according to agreement, summoned an Irish Parliament, but the royal martyr had never intended that it should give legal effect to his concessions. In issuing the writs care was perfidiously taken to violate Poynings’ Act in two essential particulars. The elections, therefore, were pronounced void, and no new writs were issued.

“**Black Tom.**”—Thereupon the humane Falkland, all too good and honourable for such a service, was recalled, and Sir Thomas Wentworth, the express incarnation of tyranny, took his place. He had promised to make Charles “the most absolute prince in Christendom,” and he did his best to make good his word. “That great conspirator,” says Goldwin Smith, “clearly regarded the dependent kingdom as a fulcrum on which he might rest the lever that should heave the foundations of English liberty from their place.” And he might have succeeded in his fell purpose but for the fortunate feebleness of the Blessed Martyr, who, like all the Stuarts, was ever ready “to sacrifice friends for the fear of enemies.”

The Lord-Deputyship of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford—“Black Tom,” as the Irish called him—was what might fairly have been expected from the man. His first care was thoroughly to cow the Irish Council. His second was dexterously to pack a Parliament by returning Catholics and Protestants in such even numbers that a handful of his

own creatures could always, on a vote, turn the balance either way.

In the first session, subsidies to the Crown were to be voted; in the second, the promised royal graces were to be legalized. On this understanding, six subsidies of £45,000 each were fraudulently obtained, followed by the speedy announcement that the two chief graces, the barring of Crown claims to land by sixty years' possession and the legalizing of the Connaught titles, would not be granted! And these achievements, be it noted, gave the royal Martyr "a great deal of contentment."

The way was thus cleared for planting Connaught as Ulster, Munster, and Leinster had been planted. Wentworth himself accompanied the "Commissioners on Defective Titles" unto the devoted province, and, needless to say, it was promptly *discovered* that all the titles were bad. Consequently to the Martyr belonged the whole territory!

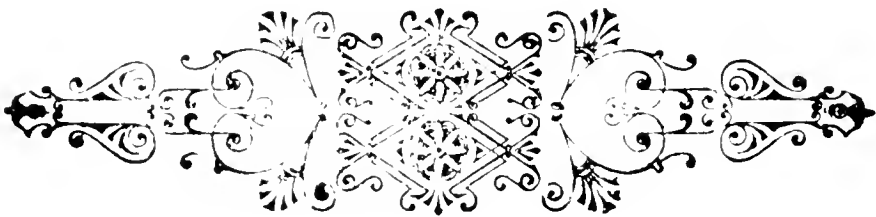
The grand jury of Galway however declined to find the required verdict. The jurors were each fined £4,000, and the empanelling sheriff £1,000. The latter being a poor man, in default of payment, was put in prison, where he died. The opposing counsel were disbarred. A commission of four shillings in the pound on the first year's rent of every estate escheated to the crown was awarded to the presiding judges, with such good effect that, as Strafford boasted, they "intend it with a care and diligence such as if it were their own private concern."

Among Wentworth's arbitrary acts was one of great imprudence. He found occasion to fine the London Livery Companies for their Derry estates £70,000, an injury which the corporation of the great city was not slow to avenge when the conflict began in earnest between King and Parliament.

Wentworth had actually succeeded in securing surpluses of £60,000 per annum. He had equipped a force of 8,000 foot and 1,000 horse to make war on the Scots, who had gallantly defied his master, Charles, and invaded England. But the tyrant's doom was on him. He was recalled to aid the struggling Martyr to face the implacable Long Parliament, which had now met. Pym had told him, when years

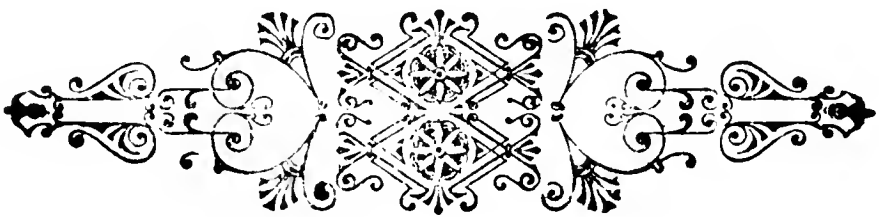
before he shamelessly betrayed the popular cause, "Though you have left us, I will never leave you while your head is on your shoulders;" and he was as good as his word.

No sooner was the odious subverter of liberty impeached than witnesses of his tyranny seemed to start from the ground. Once bell the cat, and the rest is easy. In the long catalogue of his offences one of the counts was "that jurors who gave their verdicts according to their consciences were censured in the Castle Chamber in great fines, sometimes pilloried, with loss of ears and bored through the tongue; and sometimes marked in the forehead with other infamous punishments." Sir John Clotworthy, an Ulster Presbyterian, whose wife had been persecuted by the High Commission Court, was one of the Viceroy's sternest accusers. The case was clear. When the great conspirator's head fell, men breathed freely once more.



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form the groundwork of the so-called history of this period, is hopeless in the extreme; yet some attempt must be made.

And first it will be generally conceded that, if England and Scotland had good cause to rise in arms against intolerable tyranny, Ireland's wrongs were unspeakably greater. The Irish people, as has been seen, had drained the cup of human misery to the very dregs. No conceivable outrage had been spared them. Why, then, should they alone hug their chains, when freedom seemed to be within their grasp?

The Royalist Earl of Castlehaven, an eye-witness, assigns five reasons for the rising of 1641, which may well have appeared sufficient to the insurgents. First, the Irish were "seldom or never treated like natural or free-born subjects;" secondly, "six whole counties in Ulster were escheated to the Crown, and little or nothing restored to the natives;" thirdly, "in Strafford's time the Crown laid claim to the counties of Roscommon, Mayo, Galway, and Cork, with some parts of Tipperary, Limerick, Wicklow, and others;" fourthly, "great severities were used against the Roman Catholics in England, and both Houses of (the Irish) Parliament solicited by several petitions out of Ireland to have those of that kingdom treated with the like rigour"; and fifthly, "they saw how the Scots, by pretending grievances and taking up arms to get them redressed, had not only gained divers privileges and immunities, but got £300,000 for their visit (to England), besides £850 a-day for several months together." So much for Erin at home.

Erin in Exile.—But now there was, besides, an Erin in exile to be reckoned with. The several "plantations" of the island had driven thousands of Irishmen in their despair to take service under Continental flags. The exiles had won renown on many a stricken field and choked with their bodies many a deadly breach. James I. had actually licensed and encouraged enlistment in the Spanish ranks, and these in consequence swarmed with enterprising officers who wished for nothing so much as an opportunity to shed their blood in their own loved country's quarrel. Accordingly, the rising of 1641 was projected abroad, but matured in Ireland chiefly by Roger O'Moore, Sir Phelim O'Neil, Richard Plunket, O'Byrne of

Wicklow, Lord Maguire, Hugh Macmahon, the Bishop of Clogher, and others.

The Rising.—Their plans were well laid, and the secret admirably kept almost to the very last moment. On the night of October 22nd, 1641, Dublin Castle, with all its military stores, would infallibly have been captured but for information given to the Lords Justices, by one Owen O'Connolly, henchman to the rabid Puritan, Sir John Clotworthy, to whom Macmahon, with inconceivable folly, had been unduly garrulous.

As it was, in the North, Sir Phelim O'Neil and his lieutenants successfully seized on most of the towns and forts of Ulster. This achieved, Sir Phelim issued a proclamation from Dungannon, setting forth the "true intent and meaning of the rising." Rebellion against the King was not the aim, "nor hurt to any of his subjects, English or Scottish, but only for the defence and liberty of ourselves and the Irish natives of this kingdom." This was on the 24th, and on the 25th Sir O'Connor Magennis wrote from Newry to the military authorities in Down:—"We are for our lives and liberties. We desire no blood to be shed; but if you mean to shed our blood, be sure we shall be as ready as you for that purpose." In regard to the Ulster Scots, who, out of 120,000 Protestants, numbered 100,000, it was specially proclaimed that no Scotsman should be molested in body, goods, or lands. The Scots were to write on the lintels of their doors that they were Scotsmen, and so escape all harm. They were addressed as "our honourable friends, the gentlemen of the never conquered Scottish nation."

This being so, the too common calumny that Roman Catholicism in 1641 contrived a sudden and treacherous massacre of English and Scottish Protestants cannot be upheld for a moment. That there were many deplorable excesses committed on both sides, more particularly on that of the English, is undoubted. But of cruel religious fanaticism the English Puritans and the Scottish Presbyterians had almost the monopoly. When the sainted Protestant Bishop Bedell died, his diocese being at the time entirely in possession of the "rebels," the Irish army buried him with military honours, and joined in the prayer over his grave, *Requiescat*

in pace ultimus Anglorum. It is, moreover, recorded that among the mourners was a Catholic priest who exclaimed with fervour, "Would to God my soul were with Bedell!"

Sir Phelim O'Neil.—On the memory of Sir Phelim O'Neil has fallen the odium of most of the reputed massacres, and it is certain that his own conscience was not quite at ease on the subject. In his last moments he declared that "the several outrages committed by his officers and soldiers in that war, *contrary to his intention*, then pressed his conscience very much." His Puritan judges proffered him life, liberty, and estate, and the offer was even renewed at the foot of the gallows, if he would say that he had held a commission from King Charles; but he indignantly put the temptation from him, and died with manly fortitude for his country's cause.

Owen Roe O'Neil.—Sir Phelim had previously been superseded in command in July, 1642, by his kinsman, the magnificent Owen Roe O'Neil—both were scions of the house of Tyrone—a distinguished officer in the Spanish service, who at once set his face like flint against every form of outrage on non-combatants or cruelty to prisoners. He told Phelim's brutalized rabble—brutalized by unheard of alien oppression—that he would rather join the English and fight against the Irish than have any complicity in acts of barbarity, however great the provocation. Some of the dwellings of proved offenders he burned to the ground by way of punishment, and in a short time the army of the North was a model of every soldierly virtue. The revolt spread in every direction, but "Popish massacres" were at an end, although those of the Protestants went as briskly forward as ever.

Massacres and Marvels.—As to the number of Protestants who perished directly, the Rev. Fernando Warner, an Anglican clergyman, who made a most careful examination of all the authentic data, sets them down at 2,109! Well might Sir William Petty, the leviathan "undertaker," exclaim, "As for the bloodshed in the contest, God best knows who did occasion it!" God knew, and Sir William, without any assumption of omniscience, knew full well. It was the policy of the Lords Justices Parsons and Borlase, and the whole herd of "undertakers," to extend the area of the insurrection and exaggerate its horrors in every way, in order

that the inevitable confiscations might be as nearly as possible universal. They ran up the Popish murders to 40,000, 50,000, 150,000, 200,000, and even 300,000,—that is to say, to considerably more than the whole Protestant population of Ireland.

The evidence of the massacres, subsequently taken, and still extant, is such as no judicial mind can accept for a moment. It is mostly hearsay, and abounds in marvels. For example, it was deposed that the “rebels” drowned one hundred and eighty Protestants in the Bann at Portnadowan Bridge, and that a *noyade* of some sort did actually take place there seems certain on other and better grounds than lying Froude’s “eternal witness of blood,” preserved in Trinity College archives. Widow Catherine Cooke, for one, swore to this drowning, and also as follows:—“And that, *about nine days afterwards she saw a vision or spirit in the shape of a man, that appeared in that river in the place of the drowning, bolt upright, breast-high, with hands lifted up, and stood in that posture there until the latter end of Lent next following.*”

Elizabeth Price, of Armagh, “went unto the bridge aforesaid, *about twilight in the evening. Then and there on a sudden appeared a vision or spirit, assuming the shape of a woman, waist-high, upright in the water, repeating the word ‘Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!’*; whereat this deponent and the rest, being put into an amazement and affright, walked from the place.”

The Catholic Confederacy.—In October, 1642, the clergy were instrumental in calling together at Kilkenny a great National Convention, consisting of over two hundred Roman Catholic deputies from towns and counties, the Catholic episcopate, and fourteen Catholic lay peers. This assembly chose a supreme council or provisional government, of which Lord Mountgarret was president. The members were twenty-four in number, elected by the Convention, six from each province. This executive was endowed with the most ample powers, administrative and judicial.

Owen Roe O’Neil was confirmed in his command in Ulster and Colonel Preston in Leinster. To Gerald Barry was assigned the captaincy of Munster, and to Sir John Burke that of Connaught.

Meanwhile Lords Justices Parsons and Borlase, while professing to act for the King, were really intriguing for

Parliament. Two notorious Parliamentarian agents, Reynolds and Godwin, they had made members of the Irish Privy Council when Charles suddenly took a decided step. He removed Parsons from office, and ordered both him and Privy Councillors Temple, Meredith, and Loftus to be indicted for high treason. Thereupon Reynolds and Godwin fled back to England, and the King's path was clear to treat with the "rebels." This was accordingly done. Hostilities were suspended (September 15, 1643) for twelve months, the Confederates stipulating to furnish the Royalists not merely with a subsidy of £30,000, but with an Irish force to serve the King in Scotland.

The truce, or rather treaty between the Catholic Confederates and the Royalists, concluded at Segginstown in Kildare, in the autumn of 1643, lasted till 1645. It was then disrupted by the fiery zeal of the Papal Nuncio, Rinucini, Archbishop of Fermo; but from the first the "cessation" was hard to observe. In Ulster, the Scots, under Monro, who were equally against King and Confederates, took the Solemn League and Covenant on their knees, in the church of Carrickfergus, and prepared for hostilities with both.

Shortly after the commencement of the rising the Scottish garrison of Carrickfergus had one night ruthlessly murdered thirty families on Island, or rather Peninsula, Magee, under circumstances of unforgivable barbarity. By this act they had, in a measure, dissolved the ancient bond of union with the Irish, and thus added a fresh element of discord to the chaos of parties. Alexander M'Donnell, better known in history as *Colkitto* (the left-handed), with three thousand men, was despatched, by the Confederates, to Scotland to succour the celebrated Marquis of Montrose in his brilliant Royalist campaign in the Highlands. Under "the gallant Graham" the force performed prodigies of valour and miracles of endurance that have rarely if ever been surpassed in the most arduous warfare.

As for Charles, he desired nothing better than to employ Irish troops to crush his English rebels; but the Confederates, naturally enough, stood out for terms to which the bitter opposition of the Protestant Royalists made it hazardous for him to accede. In proportion, moreover, as the King's

affairs became desperate in England, the demands of the Irish rose. At first a free Irish Parliament, freedom of worship, and an Act of Oblivion were asked for. Eventually, the readjustment of the plantation lands by an Irish Parliament, and the recovery for Catholic use of all unoccupied churches were claimed, and, by secret treaty with Lord Glamorgan on behalf of the King, granted. The Confederates, on their part, promised an army 10,000 strong to fight for the King in England or Scotland, together with a subsidy for three years of two-thirds of the revenues of the Church.

A copy of this treaty was found on the body of the Archbishop of Tuam, slain in battle before Sligo, and despatched to London. The Blessed Martyr got out of the dilemma, in so far as he could, by what his father, the British Solomon, called "kingcraft"—that is to say, by the hardest possible lying. He was "amazed that any man's folly and presumption should carry him to such a degree of abusing our trust!" Glamorgan, who had been collusively arrested by Viceroy Ormonde for treason, himself professed amazement in order to save his royal master's credit; but the time had now come when it was impossible longer to keep up appearances.

Nuncio Rinucini.—Rinucini had but one idea, to reinstate the Roman Catholic faith in all its pristine privileges. He cared neither for King nor Viceroy, and openly strove to stimulate the growth of a national party in the councils of the Confederacy. And he succeeded so well that the "Moderates" or Ormondists in the General Assembly, which met at Kilkenny in January, 1646, no longer hesitated to conclude a peace of thirty articles with the Viceroy in the highest degree distasteful to the Nuncio and his supporters. In so far as religion was concerned it was merely provided (Article I.) "that the professors of the Roman Catholic religion in this kingdom of Ireland be not bound to take the oath of supremacy expressed in the Second of Queen Elizabeth." All the same, the treaty was one of superlative importance, for Article VI., in 1646, anticipated fully the demand for home rule in 1888. It ran "that the independency of the Parliament of Ireland on the kingdom of England shall be decided by declaration of both

Houses, agreeable to the laws of the kingdom of Ireland."

Against this peace the Nuncio induced nine of the bishops to sign a protest, and as for the King, it came too late to be of any service to him. He was now in the hands of the Scots, who sold him to the English for what he would fetch—the most rational thing they could do with him. He had put them to great expense by his tyranny, and the opportunity had come to reimburse themselves.

Battle of Benburb.—In June of this year (1646) was fought the battle of Benburb between Owen Roe O'Neil and the Scottish Covenanting General, Monro, in which the latter was beaten, with heavy loss. O'Neil's strategy was admirable, and the conduct of his troops that of veteran legionaries. Three thousand Scots and English were left dead on the field. Lord Montgomery and twenty-one officers were taken prisoners; while abundant guns, tents, provisions, and thirty-six standards were the spoils of the victors. Monro himself, who was no craven, fled precipitately from the field, leaving hat, sword, and cloak behind him. He escaped to Lisburn, where he wrote:—"The Lord of Hosts hath rubbed shame on our faces till once we be humbled."

The Nuncio was transported with this victory. He excommunicated the Commissioners who negotiated the treaty, he imprisoned the Supreme Council of the Confederacy, and himself became the President of a new Ultramontane Council. With united forces, O'Neil and Preston, who joined the Rinucinists from the South, threatened Dublin. Ormonde was now desperate. He was devoted to the King; but he was a Protestant, and the Butlers had ever been faithful to the English interest. He determined to hand over Dublin to the Parliament of England, and himself to join the Royalist refugees at Versailles. This he accordingly did on July 28, 1647.

Roundhead Jones.—Colonel Michael Jones, an officer of great distinction, now commanded for the Parliament in Dublin. He boldly marched out from the city, and encountered Preston—from whom O'Neil had separated his force, the Moderate and the Ultramontane not being able to agree—and defeated him at Dungan Hill, with the loss of five thousand men and all his guns and baggage.

In the South, Lord Inchiquin—"Panther Inchiquin"—who always fought on the side of promotion, without the least regard to principle, completely routed the Confederate troops under Lord Taffe at Knocknanop, near Mallow. Consequently, the cause of Parliament began unexpectedly to brighten.

But an almost incredible transformation scene was at hand. The victorious "Panther" suddenly changed sides. He came to terms with Preston and the Moderate Catholics, who coalesced with the Royalist Protestants of Munster. Inchiquin and Preston then marched against O'Neil's camp at Maryborough. This was strange enough, but the combination was faced by one still more astonishing. O'Neil and the Nuncio formed a coalition with Colonel Michael Jones and his Roundheads!

Such was the singular posture of affairs when news of the King's execution reached Ireland, where Ormonde was once more acting in the name of royalty. The Viceroy lost no time in proclaiming Charles II., to whom now adhered the Scots of Ulster. Before this formidable Royalist combination of Moderate Catholics, chiefly of the old Pale, Protestant Royalists of Munster, and Covenanting Scots of the Northern Province, the insignificant forces of Parliament necessarily recoiled. With the exception of Derry, the Northern fortresses successively fell, and Ormonde laid siege to Dublin.

Rout at Rathmines.—This step Ormonde had good cause to rue. From his camp at Rathmines he sent a detachment of 1,500 men to surprise the garrison; but the vigilant Jones was not to be caught napping. He gave battle to his Confederate assailants, drove them in on their camp, and routed them, with the loss of 4,000 men. Ormonde hastily withdrew to Kilkenny, where the eventual adhesion of O'Neil to the Royalist cause in some measure consoled him for the disaster at Rathmines. Puritan and Ultramontane had found it impossible to hunt together in leash.

Oliver and his Ironsides.—But now appeared on the distracted scene an actor of a different character and a more terrible purpose than had ever visited the shores of Erin. On the 15th of August, 1649 Oliver Cromwell reached Dublin with a picked army of 8,000 foot, 4,000 horse,

and an unusually powerful train of artillery. Among his officers were names of imperishable renown, Blake, Ireton, Ludlow, Monck, Jones, Waller, Sankey, Hardress, and his by no means incapable second son, Henry Cromwell.

"We are come," announced this unparalleled compound of craft, cruelty, cant, courage, and capacity, "to ask an account of the innocent blood that hath been shed, and to endeavour to bring to an account all who by appearing in arms shall justify the same." His first endeavour was made at Drogheda, on which his batteries began to play on Monday, September 9th. The fortifications were regarded by the Royalists as almost impregnable, and it was defended by a gallant garrison of 3,000 men, commanded by Sir Arthur Aston, an officer of high repute.

Extracts from Cromwell's own despatch to the Speaker of the English House of Commons will, perhaps, best recount the sequel:—

"Sir,—It has pleased God to bless our endeavours at Drogheda. After battering, we stormed it. The enemy was about 3,000 strong in the town.

"I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives, and those that did are in safe custody for the Barbadoes.

"This hath been a marvellous great mercy. The enemy not being willing to put an issue upon a field of battle, had put into this garrison almost all their prime soldiers, being about 3,000 horse and foot, under the command of their best officers, Sir Arthur Aston being made Governor. There were some seven or eight regiments, Ormonde's being one, under the command of Sir Edward Verney. I do not believe neither, do I hear, that any officer escaped with his life, save only one lieutenant.

"I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom, indeed, the praise of this mercy belongs. For instruments they were very inconsiderable to the work throughout.

"O. CROMWELL."

Cromwell having thus done his part of the business, it remained for Parliament to show becoming gratitude to the God of pity for such "a marvellous great mercy." The following is extracted from the Journal of the House of Commons:—

"1649. October 2nd. This day the House received despatches from the Lord Lieutenant Cromwell, dated Dublin, September 17th, giving an account of the taking of Drogheda. For this important success of the Parliament's

forces in Ireland the House appointed a thanksgiving day to be held on 1st November ensuing throughout the nation. They likewise ordered that a declaration should be prepared and sent into the several counties, signifying the grounds for setting apart that day of public thanksgiving. A letter of thanks was also voted to be sent to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and to be communicated to the officers there, in which notice was to be taken that the House did approve of the execution done at Drogheda, as an act both of justice to them and mercy to others who may be warned by it."

But Oliver's despatches revealed only a very small part of this "marvellous great mercy." There is the best evidence to show that the massacre raged for five days, and extended indiscriminately to the young and old of both sexes, in spite of a distinct promise of quarter. Carte and Clarendon were both contemporaries, and their testimony is not to be lightly set aside.

Carte's Account of the "Great Mercy."—Says Carte:—"All the officers and soldiers of Cromwell's army promised quarter to such as would lay down their arms and performed it as long as the place held out, which encouraged others to yield. But when they had once all in their power, and feared no hurt that could be done them, Cromwell being told by Jones that he had now all the flower of the Irish army in his hands, gave orders that no quarter should be given. So that his soldiers were forced, many of them, against their will to kill their prisoners. The brave Sir A. Aston, Sir Edward Verney, the Colonels Warren, Fleming and Byrne were killed in cold blood; and indeed all the officers except some few of the least consideration that escaped by miracle. The Marquis of Ormonde, in his letters to the King and Lord Byron, says that on this occasion Cromwell exceeded himself and anything he had ever heard of in breach of faith and bloody inhumanity, and that the cruelties exercised there for five days after the town was taken would make as many pictures of inhumanity as the 'Book of Martyrs' or the 'Relation of Amboyna.'"

Clarendon's Account.—Lord Clarendon is almost equally explicit:—"The whole army having entered the town, they exercised all manner of cruelty, and put every man that

related to the garrison and all the citizens who were Irish, man, woman, and child, to the sword; and there being three or four officers of name and of good family, who had found some way, by the humanity of some soldiers of the enemy, to conceal themselves for four or five days, being afterwards discovered, they were butchered in cold blood."

One of Cromwell's officers, Thomas Wood, was brother to Anthony Wood, the Oxford historiographer, and Anthony in his diary gives us a vivid glimpse of an incident in his belligerent brother's achievements on this memorable occasion. A multitude of helpless women had taken refuge in the crypts of St. Peter's Church, where they were all ferreted out and ruthlessly butchered. Anthony relates how Thomas found in the vaults under the choir "the flower and choicest of the women and ladies belonging to the town, amongst whom a most handsome virgin arrayed in costly and gorgeous apparel kneeled down to him with tears and prayers to save her life." The Cromwellian saint was moved to compassion, and took her out of the church, "with the intention to put her over the works to shift for herself." But while he was thus humanely engaged a soldier plunged his sword into the fair creature's body, and Mr. Wood, "seeing her gasping, took away her money, jewels, &c., and flung her down over the works!"

Another interesting episode of the assault related by the good Anthony is this: "When they were to make their way up to the lofts and galleries of the church, and up to the tower where the enemy had fled, each of the assailants would take up a child and use it as a buckler of defence when they ascended the steps, to keep themselves from being shot or brained."

Such details are mere samples of the general horrors of Cromwell's proceedings in Ireland. If they are apparently needlessly enlarged on now, it is merely to save the gentle reader sickening repetition.

CHAPTER XIII.

The "Act of Settlement" and the "Blessed Restoration."

"I have no sympathy with a policy which improves a country by getting rid of its people. It is a policy of despair. It is like the theory of Dr. Sangrado, of Gil Blas fame, for the curing of disease by blood-letting, the life of the body. I cannot accept the policy of making a solitude and calling it political economy. I am entirely against pressing people out of their own country."—SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

"Neither is the population to be reckoned only by the number, for a smaller number that spend *more* and earn *less* do wear out an estate sooner than a great number that live lower and gather more."—BACON.

"The sword of extermination had passed over the land, and the soldier sat down to banquet on the hereditary possessions of the natives."—O'CURRY.

"Among the many acts of baseness branding the English character in their blundering pretence of governing Ireland, not the least was the practice of confiscating the land, which by real law belonged to the people, and giving it not to honest resident cultivators, which might have been a polite sort of theft, but to cliques of greedy and grasping oligarchs, who did nothing for the country they had appropriated, but suck its blood in the name of land-rent, and squander its wealth under the name of fashion and pleasure in London."—JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

"The Russian Government has been called despotism, tempered by assassination. In Ireland landlordism has been tempered by assassination. Every circumstance combined in that country to exasperate the relations between landlord and tenant. The landlords were for the most part aliens in blood and religion. They represented conquest and confiscation, and they had gone on from generation to generation with an indifference for the welfare of the people, which would not have been tolerated in England or Scotland."—FROUDE.

"How shall I translate this word (tenant-at-will)? Shall I say *serfs*? No; in feudal times the condition of the serfs was to be attached to the soil, and in no wise to be driven off it. A vassal of those times would be a lord compared with the *tenant-at-will* of Ireland, to whom the law affords no protection. Why not call him the 'hunt-off-able' (*Wegjagdbare*)? There is even here a difference, which lessens the analogy, for the Game laws prevent the hunting of hares, stags, and does during certain seasons of the year, while tenants-at-will are lawful game the whole year round. And if one of them was disposed to defend his farm—whilst the fox and

the badger are disposed to defend their cover—that would be termed ‘rebellion.’”—F. VON RAUMER.

“Woe to the land on whose judgment seat a stranger sits, at whose gate a stranger watches.”—HOLY WRIT.

“With desolation is the land laid desolate, for there is none that thinketh in their hearts.”—IBID.

Sack of Wexford.—Reeking from the shambles of Drogheda, Cromwell and the Puritan army next laid siege to Wexford. The place was well fortified, and would, doubtless, have been stoutly defended, but for the base treachery of Captain James Stafford, the governor of the castle, whom Cromwell succeeded in corrupting. As it was, another ghastly massacre followed, to the cry of “Jesus and no quarter!” A determined but unavailing rally was made by the garrison in the market-place, which was filled with carcasses. Three hundred of the citizens, in an attempt to reach the opposite side of the harbour in boats, were drowned. Cromwell’s dispatch on the occasion to the Speaker of the House of Commons is sufficiently characteristic. He had purposed saving Wexford, but unfortunately “God would not have it so.” As for himself, humble instrument as he was in the hand of Omnipotence, he had “thought it not good nor just to restrain off the soldiers from their right of pillage, nor from doing of execution upon the enemy.” For “this other mercy,” to be sure, he adds, “we pray God may have all the glory.” The massacred Cromwell reckons at only two thousand, but in recommending Parliament to send over godly Protestants to occupy the town he gives the significant assurance that “of the former inhabitants, not one in twenty could be found to challenge any property in their own houses.”

At this unpropitious moment died Owen Roe O’Neil, the victor of Benburb, the only Irish commander capable of meeting Oliver Cromwell in the field on something like equal terms. In the Spanish service he had brilliantly defended Arras against three Marshals of France—De Chatillon, De Chaulnes, and De la Meilleraye—and even his bitterest foes admitted his conspicuous humanity, fidelity of purpose, and general elevation of character.

Kilkenny succumbed to the arms of Cromwell chiefly by

reason of a frightful pestilence which reduced the garrison from 1,200 men to 400.

Clonmel was next assailed, but there, as Oliver phrased it, he "had like to bring his noble to a ninepence." The garrison, commanded by Hugh Duv O'Neil, Owen's cousin, made the most desperate resistance, and finally, under cover of darkness, after completely exhausting their ammunition, withdrew to Waterford. Before Clonmel the Republican army, by pestilence and the sword, lost upwards of 2,000 men.

Cromwell's presence was now urgently needed in England. He accordingly sailed from Youghal on May 29th, 1650, after a campaign of nine months unmatched for atrocity even in the bloodstained annals of Ireland. He was not permitted to complete the subjugation of the island, but he left able and willing hands behind him for the purpose.

Deputy Ireton.—Of these, his son-in-law, the morose and inexorable Ireton, was the chief. His influence with Cromwell was great, and it was always exerted in favour of rigour. He captured Waterford after a gallant resistance, which compelled him reluctantly to concede to the garrison, on surrender, all the honours of war. The "Tories," or Irish guerillas, he hunted down with much energy, and in the beginning of 1651 he was in a position to invest Limerick. By October 27, plague and treachery together had done their work. The town surrendered, and as many as could be found out of twenty-four persons exempted from quarter by the articles of capitulation were hanged. Among them was Turlough O'Brien, the heroic Bishop of Emly, who, addressing Ireton, solemnly summoned him, within a few days, to appear before the tribunal of God to account for his many bloody deeds. Eight days after Ireton caught the plague, and (*Hibernica Dominicana*) died, "raging and raving of this unfortunate prelate, whose unjust condemnation he imagined hurried on his death."

The command-in-chief then devolved on General Edmund Ludlow, a sincere and inflexible Republican, who proceeded to aid the execrable monster, Sir Charles Coote, in the reduction of Ireland's last important stronghold, Galway. It capitulated in May, 1652, and the long eleven years' war was at an end. Viceroy Ormonde had already once more

quitted the island. He was now followed by his deputy, Lord Clanricarde, who was permitted to transport himself to the Continent with 3,000 of his followers.

Effects of the War.—According to Sir William Petty, founder of the Lansdowne family, an “Undertaker” no less able than unprincipled, there perished by the sword, by plague, and artificially produced famine, 616,000 souls out of an entire population of 1,466,000. Of these, 504,000 were of Irish and 112,000 of English extraction. This is held by competent authorities to be an under-estimate of the havoc, but, in any case, a clear third of the inhabitants had been swept away. Live stock, valued at the beginning of the year at £4,000,000 had sunk to £500,000. It became necessary to import cattle from Wales. Colonel Lawrence, who was himself an efficient officer of the “Jesus and no quarter” party, in his *Interest of Ireland*, thus depicts the awful miseries of the time :—

“About the year 1652 and 1653, the plague and famine had so swept away whole counties that a man might travel twenty and thirty miles and not see a living creature, either man, beast, or bird, they being either all dead or had quit those desolate places. Our soldiers would tell stories of the place where they saw a smoke, it was so rare to see either smoke by day, or fire or candle by night. And when we did meet with two or three poor cabins, none but very aged men with women and children, and those like the prophet might have complained, ‘We are become as a bottle in the smoke, our skin is black like an oven because of the terrible famine.’ I have seen these miserable creatures plucking stinking carrion out of a ditch, black and rotten, and been credibly informed that they digged corpses out of the grave to eat. But the most tragical story I ever heard was from an officer commanding a party of horse, who, hunting for Tories in a dark night, discovered a light, which they supposed to be a fire, which the Tories generally made in those waste countries to dress their provisions and warm themselves; but drawing near, they found it a ruined cabin, and besetting it round, some of them did alight, and peeping at the window, where they saw a great fire of wood, and a company of miserable old women and children sitting round about it,

and betwixt them and the fire a dead corpse lay broiling, which as the fire roasted, they cut off collops and ate."

Deportation of "Rebels."—The war over, various methods of rooting out the Irish race were tried, with more or less success. "Cromwell (*Dalrymple, Mem. of Great Britain*), in order to get free of his enemies, did not scruple to transport 40,000 Irish from their own country, to fill all the armies of Europe with complaints of his cruelty and admiration of their own valour." But the question how to provide for the wives and children of the gallant exiles remained. Press-gangs were formed to scour the country in quest of defenceless women and children, to be shipped chiefly for the West Indies. Over 60,000 Irish slaves, it is credibly asserted, were made in this way. In Secretary Thurloe's correspondence a lurid light is thrown on this nefarious business. After the conquest of Jamaica in 1655, the Protector, in order to people it, proposed to transport "a stock of Irish girls and Irish young men" to the island. At first young women only were wanted. "The Castle made reply;"—"Although we must use force in taking them up, yet it being so much for their own good, and likely to be of so great advantage to the public, it is not in the least doubted that you may have such a number of them as you shall think fit." It was indispensable "for their own good" that they should "not be past breeding." In other words, they were destined to be the slave-mistresses of their brutal planter-masters.

Again, Henry Cromwell, as Lord Lieutenant, writes:—"I think it might be like advantage to your affairs there (Jamaica) and ours here (Dublin) if you should think fit to send 1,500 or 2,000 young boys of twelve or fourteen years to the place afore-mentioned. We could well spare them, and they would be of use to you. And who knows, it might have been a means to make them Englishmen—I mean, rather Christians." Thurloe responds: "The Committee of the Council have voted two thousand girls, and as many youths, to be taken for that purpose."

Religious Persecution.—In 1652 the persecution of Irish Papists was undertaken in grim earnest. It was resolved to exterminate the priesthood. With this object a proclamation was published at Dublin, signed by Charles

Fleetwood, Edmund Ludlow, and John Jones, Commissioners for the Parliament of England, enforcing in Ireland the penalties of the 27th Elizabeth, in all their diabolical rigour. By this Act (*Curry's Review*) "every Romish priest so found was deemed guilty of rebellion, and sentenced to be hanged until he was half dead; then to have his head taken off, and his body cut in quarters; his bowels to be drawn out and burned, and his head fixed upon a pole in some public place."

Again (Curry):—"The punishment of those who entertained a priest was by the same Act confiscation of their goods and chattels, and the ignominious death of the gallows. This edict was renewed the same year, with the additional cruelty of making even the private exercise of the Roman Catholic religion a capital crime; and again repeated in 1657, with the same penalty of confiscation and death to all those who, knowing where a priest was hid, did not make discovery to the Government.

"The same price (five pounds) was set by these Commissioners on the head of a Romish priest as on that of a wolf, the number of which latter was then very considerable in Ireland; and although the profession or character of a Romish priest could not, one would think, be so clearly ascertained as the species of a wolf, by the mere inspection of their heads thus severed from their bodies, yet the bare asseveration of the beheaders was, in both cases, equally credited and rewarded by these Commissioners."

During the brief period of the Protectorate "three-bishops and three hundred ecclesiastics" were cruelly done to death. Not a prelate was left in the whole island to bless, ordain, or confirm. The Catholic faith seemed on the brink of absolute destruction. Well might "a contemporary writer and eye-witness" (Morrison's *Threnodia*) exclaim: "Neither the Israelites were more cruelly persecuted by Pharaoh, nor the innocent infants by Herod, nor the Christians by Nero, or any other of the Pagan tyrants, than were the Roman Catholics of Ireland, at that fatal juncture, by the savage Commissioners." From generals let us next descend to a few authentic particulars, taken from *Morrisoni Threnodia Hiberno-Catholica*.

Protestant Atrocities.—"I do not here enumerate," says Morrison, "any person slain in battle, although he might have fallen in the cause of his religion, nor do I give the tenth part of the persons of quality who were murdered, but only the most illustrious, being chiefly those who were received into allegiance by the Protestants, after the amnesty had been made and actually entered on; a treachery which barbarians and infidels themselves would abhor and deem detestable.

"1. Lord Hugh MacMahon, the chief of his illustrious race, a brave and noble military leader, was, after two years' imprisonment in London, half hanged, and, ere life was extinct, quartered; his head was then placed on an iron spike on London-bridge to feed the ravenous fowls of the air; his four quarters were placed over four of the gates of London.

"2. Cornelius Maguire, Lord Viscount Inniskillen, a most devout and holy man, sole companion in captivity of the aforesaid Hugh MacMahon, underwent the same butchery about two months after the execution of MacMahon.

"3. The illustrious Felix O'Neill (captured by Protestant device) was half hanged in Dublin, A.D. 1652, and, while yet alive, was quartered. His head was stuck upon a great spike at the western gate of Dublin, and his quarters were kent to be stuck on spikes in four different parts of the kingdom.

"4. Henry O'Neill, son of Eugene O'Neill, taken prisoner in battle, and notwithstanding plighted faith, slaughtered in Ulster, A.D. 1651.

"5. Thaddæus O'Connor (Sligo), from the royal race of the last and most powerful monarchs of Ireland, a man of great goodness and innocence, hung in the town of Boyle, in Connaught.

"6. Constantius O'Ruairk, taken prisoner in battle, murdered in 1652, notwithstanding plighted faith.

"7. Theobald De Burgo, Lord Viscount Mayo, after truce had been made with all such persons in the kingdom as were actually in arms against the Protestants, and a general amnesty promised, was shot in Galway in 1651.

"8. Charles O'Dowd, of a most high and noble race, hanged 1651.

“9. The illustrious Donat O'Brien, descended of the royal race of the O'Briens, a most generous man, and of surpassing hospitality. After the Protestants had plighted to him their faith, and given him safe conduct in order that he might become their tributary, an attack being made one day by the Protestants against the Catholics, he (O'Brien), relying on his having been received into their friendship, approached, when a certain Protestant knight shot him through the body. Unsatisfied with this cruelty, when the venerable old man (then aged about sixty four years) had entered a hut, half dead, that he might, in penitence, commend himself to God, a soldier followed, set fire to the hut, and burned this noble old man, in Thomond, A.D. 1651.

“10. James O'Brien, of illustrious lineage, a maternal nephew of the aforesaid Donatus O'Brien, a youth of high hopes and prospects, was murdered at Nenagh by the Ormonds. They cut his head off, and sent it to his uterine brother, Moriarty O'Brien, then their prisoner.

“11. Bernard O'Brien, of the same noble family, a youth of equally fair prospects, was hanged in 1651.

“12. Daniel O'Brien, first cousin of the said Bernard, was hanged, and his head cut off at Nenagh, 1651.

“13. The illustrious Colonel John O'Kennedy, a man of the utmost integrity, was slain by the swords of the Protestants, after their faith had been pledged to him in battle. His head was then cut off, and fastened on a spike in the town of Nenagh, A.D. 1651.

“14. James O'Kennedy, son of the aforesaid illustrious gentleman, a youth of great hopes, being deluded with a similar pledge of good faith, was hanged in Nenagh, A.D. 1651.

“15. The illustrious Sir Patrick Purcell, Vice-General of all Munster, noble-hearted and a most accomplished warrior (renowned for his services in Germany against Sweden and France, under Ferdinand III. of Augustan memory), was hanged after the taking of Limerick, his head cut off and exposed on a stake over the southern gate (called John's Gate) of the city of Limerick, A.D. 1651.

“16. The illustrious and most generous Sir Godfrey Barron, a sincere Catholic, of the highest fidelity, and of

singular eloquence, who had been deputed by the confederated Catholics of Ireland as their envoy to his Most Christian Majesty, was also hanged at Limerick.

"17. The noble Sir Godfrey Galway was likewise hanged at Limerick, 1651.

"18. The noble Thomas Stritch, Mayor of Limerick and alderman, was, with the like cruelty, hanged at the same time with the rest. His head was then cut off and fastened to the city gate.

"19. The noble Dominicus Fanning, ex-Mayor of Limerick and alderman, a well known man, and of the highest integrity, who had been of great service to the Confederated Catholics, and had laudably conferred much benefit on the kingdom, as well as on the city, was hanged at Limerick, along with the rest, A.D. 1651. His head was cut off and affixed to the gate.

"20. Daniel O'Higgins, medical doctor, a wise and pious man, was hanged at the same time at Limerick, A.D. 1651.

"21. The illustrious and Right Reverend Terence O'Brien, Bishop of Raphoe (of whom I have already spoken), was hanged at the same time, and his head cut off. He went gloriously to heaven, A.D. 1651.

"22. The illustrious John O'Connor, Lord of Kerry and Iracht, on account of his adhesion to the Catholic party, and his efforts to draw to it not only his personal followers, but all with whom he had friendship, was, after having been seized upon by stratagem by the Protestants, brought to Tralee in that country, and there half hanged and then beheaded, A. D. 1652.

"23. The illustrious Lord Edward Butler, son of Lord Mountgarret, an innocent man, who had never taken arms, was hanged at Dublin after the truce had been commenced, and amnesty promised throughout the whole kingdom, A. D. 1652.

"24. The illustrious and Reverend Bernard Fitzpatrick, priest, and descended from the illustrious lineage of the Barons of Ossory, who, flying for refuge from the fury of the Protestants to a cave, was pursued by them; who there cut off the head of this most holy man, who was equally renowned throughout the kingdom for his life, his doctrine,

and his lineage. They affixed his head to a spike over the town gate, to be meat for the fowls of the air, and left his flesh to be devoured by the beasts of the field."

Division of the Plunder.—Ireland being now, to all intents, a *tabula rasa*, the English Parliament lost no time in "settling" it. It was accordingly resolved by the Act of Settlement (August 12th, 1652):—1st, that all Romanist ecclesiastics and Royalist landowners should forfeit both life and estate; 2nd, that all Royalist commissioned officers should be banished, and two-thirds of their property confiscated, the remaining third being set apart for the support of their families; 3rd, that those who—although they had never borne arms against Parliament—had not manifested a "constant good affection" towards it, should be offered two-thirds of the value of their estates in Connaught; and 4th, that "mercy and pardon, both as to life and estate," should be extended to all "husbandmen, ploughmen, labourers, artificers, and others of the inferior sort not possessed of lands or goods exceeding the value of £10."

As for the rest—peer and commoner, gentle and simple, squire and burgess—they were told to transport themselves to mere subsistence allotments in barren Connaught by May 1st, 1654, on penalty of death at sight, be they man, woman, or child. Once across the Shannon, which was lined with forts, they were, on no pretext whatever, to approach within four miles of the river or two of the sea-shore.

"To Hell or Connaught!" was the expressive phrase which has crystallised for ever the barbarous policy of the Puritan Parliament of England towards the Sister Island.

The transplantation beyond the Shannon of all the Irish and old Anglo-Irish population of Ulster, Leinster, and Munster, with the exception of an indispensable remnant of hewers of wood and drawers of water, was not accomplished without unspeakable sufferings. Even the remorseless Republican Commissioners were fain to grant to the banished a brief respite beyond the day of doom.

The first batch of the exiles was relegated to "the Burren," in North Clare, a district so desolate that one of the transporter Commissioners emphatically declared that it did not possess "water enough to drown a man, trees enough to hang

a man, or earth enough to bury a man." Rather than face the hardships of such a lot many resolutely turned back to encounter almost certain death. Slowly, however, the inhuman work was accomplished. Family group after group, with their scanty household and other effects, straggled across the Shannon, the sick and infirm being carried in litters. Among the victims was a grandson of the poet Spenser. Roads were then almost non-existent, and when at last the miserable beings did reach their destination it was only to be shamelessly robbed by the agents of the Government appointed to set out their allotments. The Coles, Bingham, Kings, Gores, and Lloyds would do nothing except for money, or, more generally, land bribes. In this way they contrived to appropriate many thousands of acres of the Connaught reservation, and to fill to the brim the cup of woe of the allottees.

Nor was banishment the fate of the landholding class alone. The enterprising merchants—nearly all of English origin—of such chartered towns as Cork, Waterford, Kilkenny, and Galway were likewise expelled from their busy marts. They carried their enterprise to Ostend, Rochelle, and Cadiz, and even to distant Mexico. Their destiny closely resembled that of the French Huguenots after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Meanwhile, Dr. William Petty, Physician to the Forces, had been busy surveying Ireland for purposes of confiscation. The surface of the country he estimated at 10,500,000 Irish acres (an Irish acre is 7,840 square yards; an English 4,840). Of these 3,000,000 acres were waste, or "unprofitable." The remaining 7,500,000 were, previous to the rising of 1641, held thus: by the Church, 300,000 acres; by the Protestant planters settled by Elizabeth and James, 2,000,000, and by the Roman Catholics, 5,200,000.

Under the Cromwellian settlement, the Government reserved for itself the Church lands, and confiscated the 5,200,000 acres held by Paptists and sequestered Protestants. The latter immense area was almost wholly divided between the Puritan soldiery in lieu of arrears of pay and among the "adventurers" who had contributed to the military chest,

The claims of the "adventurers" were satisfied first by a lottery held at Grocers' Hall, London, in 1653. For the protection of the unwarlike speculators, they were distributed in alternate baronies with the soldier settlers.

The regiments next drew lots for localities, and similarly each man received his own section of the soil by ballot. By the end of 1655 the last regiment had been disbanded, and the Protestant occupation of the three fair provinces was pronounced complete. Cromwell, if Clarendon is to be believed, "had reserved for himself the whole province of Tipperary as a demesne for the State in which no adventurer or soldier should demand his lot to be assigned, and no doubt intended both the State and it for making great his own family.

And yet the Confiscators were not happy. They were afflicted, they complained, by "three burdensome beasts—the first a wolf, the second a priest, and the third a Tory," that gave them no peace. Moreover, they scandalously failed to "extirpate the heathen," whose daughters, the children of their own Papist labourers, they began to marry, in so much that their offspring in less than forty years were in many instances unable to speak a word of English! Human nature triumphed.

"We owe allegiance to the State; but deeper, truer, more
To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirits core;
Our country claims our fealty; we grant it so, but then
Before man made us citizens great Nature made us men."

The "Blessed Restoration."—On September 3rd, 1658, his "fortunate day," died Oliver Cromwell, and, after a brief period of distraction, Charles the Second, our Merry Monarch, "enjoyed his own again." In Ireland the Restoration was mainly the work of the two most consummate scoundrels in the country—Broghill, President of Munster, and Coote, President of Connaught.

Broghill, son of the infamous, upstart Earl of Cork, had been one of the Protector's most intimate confidants. He was cruel, treacherous, and generally unprincipled beyond measure, so much so that he even distanced the odious Coote in the race of villany. He was the Monck of Ireland, a character to which the unblushing renegade laid claim by producing a letter from Coote, in which the latter acknow-

ledged that the first suggestion of a Royalist Restoration had come from him (Broghill).

In any case, Charles acted on the cynical advice of Clarendon, "Make much of your enemies, for your friends will do you no harm," and richly rewarded both malefactors. Broghill was made Earl of Orrery, and Coote Earl of Mountrath, while "the estates of the Irish, who had fought for the King, and followed his fortunes in exile, were confirmed to drummers and sergeants who had conducted his father to the scaffold."

The Catholics and "delinquent" Protestants who had had to choose between "Hell and Connaught" naturally looked to enjoy *their* own again on the restoration of the monarchy, but their hopes were doomed to sore disappointment. During the Protectorate thirty Irish members had sat at Westminster, Oliver being an Anti-Home Ruler of the most approved pattern. He was the real author of administrative centralisation, in whose gigantic footsteps the petty Salisburys and Balfours of to-day essay to tread. In May, 1661, however, an Irish Parliament assembled, after an interval of nearly twenty years, and the persecuted people flattered themselves that the alien yoke would at last be removed from their necks.

They were speedily undeceived by the composition of the Houses, which were packed with "undertakers," "adventurers," and Puritan fanatics from boroughs exclusively Protestant. The Ascendancy Party, or Protestant Interest, in the Commons numbered 259 representatives to a solitary Catholic; in the Lords, seventy-two Protestants faced twenty-one Catholic peers.

The Bill of Settlement.—The great business of this Parliament was to pass a "Bill of Settlement," confirming generally the claims of the "New Interest"—that is to say, the Cromwellian confiscators. It passed both Houses, the Upper with much difficulty.

However, not to incense the Catholics too much, it was resolved to appear to do justice. Accordingly, a Court of Claims was set up to try individual cases of gross hardship. From its precincts were repelled all who had joined "the rebels" before '48, all who had clung to the party of Nuncio

Rinucini after the split of the Confederates, and all who had accepted lands in Connaught. Nevertheless, there was a throng of applicants, and out of some two hundred cases heard by the commissioners within the first three months of the court's existence only nineteen were quashed. The others were pronounced valid, and restoration of estates was decreed.

The "New Interest" was furious, and threatened to appeal to the God of Battles. This had the desired effect. By the "Black Act" the Court of Claims was summarily closed within the year, three thousand entered suits remaining unheard. Thus was "settled" for a time the land question, after twenty-one years of ceaseless and bloody turmoil.

In 1675, fifteen years after the Restoration, the Roman Catholics possessed 2,500,000 acres, or just one-third of what had been theirs before the rising of 1641.



CHAPTER XIV.

The Jacobite Campaign in Ireland.

"Did the mass of men know the actual selfishness and injustice of their rulers not a government would stand a year; the world would ferment with revolution."—THEODORE PARKER.

"The greatest of all injustice is that which goes under the name of law; and of all sorts of tyranny, the forcing of the letter of the law against equity is the most insupportable."—L'ESTRANGE.

"I cannot countenance the reverence paid by the people to those who oppress, grind them down, and scourge them. I hope the day will come when they will throw off the burden by which they are oppressed by the aristocracy, and stand forth, the bravest, the freest, and the most virtuous people on the face of the earth."—JOHN BRIGHT.

"The power of kings and magistrates was, and is, originally the people's and by them conferred, in trust only, to be employed to the common peace and benefit, with liberty, therefore, and right remaining in them to resume to themselves, if it be abused, or to dispose of it by any alteration as they shall judge most conducing to the public good."—MILTON.

"It is useless to govern Ireland by laws made in England. The Irish could be easily and happily governed by laws made at home."—EARL OF CARLISLE (Viceroy, 1790).

"A great empire and little minds go ill together."—BURKE.

"Inequality is the source of all revolutions, for no compensation can make up for inequality."—ARISTOTLE.

"The best state of human nature is that in which, while no one is poor, no one desires to be richer, nor has any reason to fear being thrust back by the efforts of others to push themselves forward."—J. S. MILL.

"The law does not create right; right must dictate the law."—LAVELEYE.

"No mortal cares twopence for any king, except through compulsion; and society is not a ship of war. Its government cannot always be a press-gang. The 'divine right' of squires is equal to the divine right of kings, and not superior. A word has made them, and a word can unmake them."—CARLYLE.

Restraints on Irish Trade.—These began in earnest, in 1663, in the reign of the Merry Monarch, when the word "Ireland" was first omitted from the Navigation Act, and

the prospects of her colonial trade were annihilated, in order that wealthy England might have one poor competitor the less. In a subsequent measure (1666) the importation of Irish cattle into England itself was explicitly declared "a publick and common nuisance," while traffic in Hibernian beef, pork, bacon, butter, and cheese was strictly forbidden, as tending to lower rent. In debating the Bill, the English House of Commons displayed, as Leland justly observes, "a violent and almost unaccountable rage of oppression." The Lord-Leiutenant of Ireland, seconded by some Irish graziers, had audaciously proposed to send a gift of 15,000 bullocks to the sufferers by the Great Fire of London. This proceeding, outwardly so innocuous, was held to conceal the cloven foot beyond cavil. The Lords objected to the words "common nuisance," and substituted "detriment and mischief." Ashley, a member of the Cabal Ministry, recommended "felony and præmunire," while Clarendon sarcastically suggested that the offence should be stamped as "adultery." Several duels were about to be fought over this momentous question of definition, when King Charles opportunely intervened, and succeeded in restoring "nuisance" to the preamble. It was a hundred years before Irish cattle were readmitted into England by 32 Geo. II., c. 11.

The Titus Oates Imposture.—The last victim of the unspeakable scoundrel Oates—who, "like Judas, would have done anything for thirty shillings," was the sainted Roman Catholic Primate of Ireland, Dr. Oliver Plunkett, whose murder has left a stain on the ermine of English justice which never can be washed out. He was absolutely and notoriously guiltless of any offence. In 1680 he was lodged in Newgate, London, where, "for six months, no Christian came near him, nor did he know how things stood in the world." At his trial Jeffreys prosecuted, and Duffy and McMoyer, two friars whom the Primate had been constrained to degrade by reason of their vices, were the chief witnesses against him. "If I had been in Ireland," he declared, "I would have put myself on my trial to-morrow, without any witnesses, before any Protestant jury that knew them (the friars) and me." He was allowed no benefit of counsel. After sentence, the Earl of Essex, who had been Lord

Leutenant, implored King Charles for a pardon, inasmuch as "what they (the witnesses) swore could not possibly be true." For once the hardened royal wretch was deeply moved. "Why did you not declare this, then, at the trial?" he bitterly demanded. "I dare pardon nobody. His blood be upon your head, and not upon mine." Like another Pontius Pilate, he washed his hands.

The blameless Archbishop was duly drawn through the City, half hanged, cut down, his bowels burned before his face, and his limbs quartered. Oates's perjuries were rewarded with a pension of £1,200 a-year.

Persecution of the Presbyterians.—At the Restoration, the population of Ireland numbered 1,100,000 souls—800,000 Catholics, and 300,000 Protestants. The latter were made up of 100,000 Anglicans, 100,000 Presbyterians, and 100,000 Independents, Anabaptists, and Quakers. Bramhall, Archbishop of Armagh, "the Irish Laud," as Cromwell called him, was now Primate, supported by no fewer than three more archbishops, and eighteen bishops. The clergy were, moreover, for the most part pluralists and sinecurists. To draw £1,000 a-year for ministering to imaginary congregations was nothing uncommon. But one spiritual function they were not slack to discharge. While conniving generally at Catholic worship, they persecuted the Presbyterians with great rigour. They got a galling Act of Uniformity passed, which deprived every one of the right to teach, preach, or administer the sacrament of the Supper, who did not avowedly accept the Prayer Book, and declare it unlawful, in any circumstances, to bear arms against the King or to take the oath of the Solemn League and Covenant. Of seventy Presbyterian ministers in Ulster only eight accepted the bishops' terms, and were ordained. The rest were ejected from their livings, and many of them imprisoned. Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down and afterwards of Dromore, "the special jewel of Anglicanism," married to an illegitimate daughter of the "Blessed Martyr" himself, at one diocesan visitation emptied thirty-six pulpits. Pastors and congregations were ruthlessly dispersed. Some sold their effects and returned to Scotland. Others crossed the Atlantic and threw in their lot with the Puritan colonists who continued to be

recruited from the north of Ireland for a century. Of all the men who rallied round the standard of American independence the Ulster Scots were the most active and resolute.

Accession of James II.—In 1685 Charles II. died. He was succeeded by his Catholic brother, James II., “the man who threw away three kingdoms for a mass.” James was fifty-two years of age, and without legitimate male issue; otherwise it is unlikely he would ever have been permitted to become king. His two daughters by his first wife, Mary and Anne, were Protestants, and married to Protestants, and that the former would, in due course, come quietly to the throne was taken for granted. What, then, was the dismay of the “Protestant interest” when, in June, 1688, Mary of Modena, James’s second wife, gave birth to a son, afterwards known as the Pretender, or “James III.” This event confounded all calculations, and was the speedy harbinger of revolution. In November, 1688, William, Prince of Orange, landed, with 15,000 troops, at Torbay, in Devonshire; and, by the end of December, James, deserted by nearly all his captains, except the inflexible Claverhouse, was a fugitive in France, soliciting the protection of Louis XIV.

In Catholic Ireland, James’s Government had naturally been popular. Religious equality, the key-note of the King’s policy, whatever may have been his ulterior intentions, of necessity sounded gratefully in the ears of much enduring “Papists,” and even of Presbyterians. Sir Richard Talbot, a most zealous if not over-reputable Catholic, had been created Earl of Tyrconnel and Commander-in-Chief. Under his auspices the troops were almost exclusively officered by Catholics; and Monmouth’s rebellion eventually afforded an excuse for disarming the Protestant militia altogether. Roman Catholic sheriffs, justices of the peace, Judges of the Superior Courts, and Privy Councillors were appointed without stint, though, perhaps, not out of proportion to the numerical superiority of the Catholic population. The urban charters were rigorously revised, and the corporations reconstructed on a Catholic basis. To crown all, Tyrconnel was made Lord-Lieutenant, being the first Roman Catholic Governor of Ireland since the Reformation.

Tyrconnel's appointment was almost universally taken by the Protestants as a declaration of war on the "New Interest," and many hundreds of them fled to England. Others loopholed the walls of their country houses, and prepared for a siege. In the north, Enniskillen and Derry closed their gates against James's forces, and in the latter town the Prince of Orange was proclaimed King on 20th February, 1689. The Williamites mustered in strength behind Lough Foyle.

Tyrconnel, on his part, was not inactive. He raised forty-eight regiments of brave, if ill-equipped, regulars, thirty thousand strong, and many thousands of guerillas, or "raparees," so called from the "rapary," or half pike, with which they were chiefly armed. Half of this force was engaged in the arduous task of investing Derry when James, at the earnest solicitation of Tyrconnel, landed in person at Kinsale, 12th March, 1689. By Louis he was well supplied with gold, arms, and ammunition, and twelve hundred Irish exiles and one hundred French officers stepped on shore with him. Among the former were the gallant Sarsfield, John and Anthony Hamilton, and Simon and Henry Luttrell; among the latter De Rosen, Marmont, Persignan, and Boiseleau.

On April 9th James appeared before the stubborn walls of Derry, but his royal presence had none of the magical influence on the besieged which he fondly expected. No satisfactory terms of surrender could be agreed on. The King, therefore, returned to Dublin, leaving Lieutenant-General Richard Hamilton to try to starve the town into submission.

The Irish Parliament of 1689.—Meanwhile, James summoned a Parliament, which met on 7th May. Its composition was as remarkable as its legislative Acts. Out of ninety Protestant peers, spiritual and temporal, only twelve took their seats. In these circumstances James made six new creations, and reversed fifteen attainders. Altogether, an attendance of forty-one peers was secured. To the Commons, 232 members were returned, of whom only six were Protestants. Almost all were the disinherited descendants of those on whom "the curse of Cromwell" had fallen.

The Acts of this truly Home Rule Parliament have met with absurd censure at the hands of most English historians. To me the more questionable among them appear perfectly natural; while most of them were eminently enlightened and commendable. This is all the more surprising when the composition of this Catholic legislature is considered. But as Grattan justly observed:—"Though Papists, they were not slaves; they wrung a constitution from King James before they accompanied him to the field." They established by successive enactments the legislative, judicial, religious, and commercial freedom of Ireland. That is to say, Poynings' Act was repealed; judicial appeals to England were forbidden; "liberty of conscience" was decreed; tithes were made payable to priest or pastor, according to the creed of the payer; trade was unfettered. The Acts of Settlement were annulled, and the Cromwellian forfeitures reversed, *bonâ fide* holders by purchase being compensated out of the estates of attainted Williamites. Over 2,000 adherents of the Prince of Orange were struck at by an Act of Attainder: but as they were in most cases the same persons as were affected by the repeal of the Acts of Settlement, little can in justice be said against such a measure in time of war. What the Protestant minority would have done in similar circumstances no man can doubt for a moment.

The Campaigns of 1689 and 1690.—The siege of Derry has been pronounced by competent authority "the most memorable in British annals." The narrative reads like a page cut out of Josephus' "History of the Jews" in their direst extremity. The relief by water came not an hour too soon to arrest the famine which was raging within the shattered walls. The bombardment had lasted for three months, and in that period some 12,000 of the inhabitants had succumbed to the sword, disease, and famine. The losses of the besiegers were likewise very heavy, and their failure to capture the town was enough of itself to turn the tide of war.

Hardly less heroic was the defence of Enniskillen. The garrison was strong and confident, and on the very day that

Derry was relieved the Enniskilleners did not hesitate to give battle to General Justin MacCarthy, Lord Mountcashel, whom they defeated at Newton-Butler, with the loss of 2,000 slain and 400 prisoners. Five hundred fugitives, who plunged into Lough Erne, perished, with the exception of one man.

The disaster of Newton-Butler was owing to no incapacity on the part of Mountcashel, who was a most distinguished commander. Fearing to be outflanked on the right, he gave the order to the dragoons, "Right face!" This was unfortunately repeated by his subordinate officers in the form "Right about face!" The infantry, thereupon supposing that the cavalry were retreating, were panic-stricken, and fell into irretrievable confusion.

William of Orange in Ireland.—In June, 1690, the Prince of Orange landed at Carrickfergus to conduct the war in person. The Duke of Schomberg had preceded him the previous August with a considerable force of Dutch, Huguenot, and English troops. These, by reason chiefly of the ravages of dysentery, had been reduced to comparative impotency; but William's arrival gave a new aspect to affairs. At Belfast, the "Dutch Deliverer's" muster was over 40,000 men of many nations—Swiss, Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, Prussians, Dutch, Huguenot-French, English, Scots, Scots-Irish. James advanced to Dundalk with, it is said, only 23,000 men, and on the morning of July 1st uncle and nephew faced each other from opposite banks of the legendary Boyne. William swam his horse across the river, and throughout the day displayed a personal fearlessness bordering on temerity. For a mile of its course the Boyne was choked with the masses of Williamite troops struggling to cross. In the centre fell the veteran Duke of Schomberg, in his eighty-second year, leading his command with all the ardour of youth. On both sides the utmost intrepidity was exhibited. Though almost without the support of artillery, the Irish, horse and foot, with splendid courage, charged William's veterans no fewer than ten times after the latter had made good their footing on the southern bank of the stream. They retreated at last, after seven hours' fighting, through the pass of Duleek, the Irish

horse and the French infantry bringing up the rear, and effectually checking pursuit. The French lost six men (!), and the Irish over a thousand. William's forces suffered proportionately; but seldom have the moral effects of victory been so great. On the Continent it was held that William, at Boyne Water, had conquered Louis as well as James.

As for the latter, his conduct was beyond measure imbecile, and contemptible. His errors of judgment were simply astounding; and when mischief came of them he blamed anybody and everybody for the consequences but himself. "If your Majesty had a hundred kingdoms," De Rosen told him, "you would lose them all." Like the immortal "Johnny Cope" of Scottish song, he was the first to bear to Dublin "the news o' his ain defeat." "Madame," shrieked the ungrateful wretch to Lady Tyrconnel, "your countrymen have run away!" "If they have, sire," cuttingly retorted the undaunted dame, "your Majesty seems to have won the race!" At Edinburgh the same royal poltroon had repeatedly feasted his eyes on the exquisite torture of the "boot," to which the heroic Covenanters were subjected. He had stood by unmoved when the most obdurate of his councillors had sickened and fled in horror from the torture-chamber. Now it was James's turn ignominiously to fly from Dublin to Waterford, and from Waterford to Versailles.

"And he—he turns and flies.
Shame to those cruel eyes
Which bore to look on torture,
But dared not look on war!"

Defence of Limerick.—The Irish forces now concentrated behind the line of the Shannon, where many gallant deeds were done before the inevitable end came. Limerick and Athlone were the chief rallying centres of the Jacobites. The fortifications of the former town were so weak that Lausan, the French ambassador, declared they "might be taken with roasted apples." He accordingly set off for the convenient haven of Galway, and left Limerick and Patrick Sarsfield to win imperishable renown. Sarsfield was now the soul of the war, and assuredly no more stainless knight ever championed a cause. William, reinforced by General

Douglas, who had failed in an assault on Athlone, sat down before Limerick. His powerful siege-train, which had not yet come up, was seven miles in the rear, on the road between Cashel and Limerick. It got no further. Sarsfield, with his dragoons, effected a complete midnight surprise. The guards were cut down, and the guns, with two exceptions, blown to atoms. The roar of the explosion startled both besiegers and besieged. Next day Sarsfield was back at his post without the loss of a single trooper.

Before long, however, a fresh siege-train of thirty-six guns and four mortars was brought from Waterford, and red-hot shot was rained on the stubborn stronghold. A great breach was made in the wall near St. John's Gate, and through the gap a powerful storming party forced its way. Soon the carnage became terrible, the very women, according to William's chaplain, Story, hurling stones and broken bottles in the faces of the assailants, to whom they "stood nearer than to their own men." After four hours' murderous conflict the besiegers were hopelessly worsted. They left in the breach 800 dead and 1,200 wounded, 30 officers being among the fallen. Four days later, William raised the siege, and sailed for England.

The Campaign of 1691.—The close of the deadly struggle was now at hand. Ginkell, the best of the Dutch officers, now commanded for William, while the vain but capable Frenchman, St. Ruth, led the Irish with Sarsfield, now Earl of Lucan, second in command. Having, contrary to all expectations, forded the Shannon and captured Athlone, Ginkell slowly followed St. Ruth to the field of Aughrim, where the latter had determined to stake all on the hazard of a battle. As at the Boyne, the Irish were inferior in artillery and numbers, but they were stout of heart, and their ground had been most skilfully chosen. All day long attack after attack was brilliantly repulsed, and St. Ruth was confident as man could be of victory. "*Le jour est à nous, mes enfants !*" (the day is ours, my boys) he ecstatically exclaimed. But destiny had decreed otherwise. In the very nick of victory, as he believed, a cannon-ball carried off his head, and immediately all was dismay and confusion. Sarsfield, who knew nothing of his

chief's plans—they were unfortunately at variance—was unable to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Four thousand Catholics and three thousand Protestants dead and wounded, littered this exceptionally hard-fought field. For miles round the naked bodies of the slain whitened the ground. To an eye-witness they appeared like immense flocks of sheep.

The Treaty of Limerick.—Again, Sarsfield, relieved of the presence of unworthy rivals, stood forth as Ireland's national hero. Limerick yet remained to the lost cause, and for six weeks he successfully defended it against Ginkell's most strenuous efforts. At last, however, even he recognised the futility of further bloodshed, and what history will for ever brand as the "*Broken Treaty of Limerick*" was drawn up and duly signed. Lord Scravenmore, Generals Mackay, Talmash, and Ginkell, and Lords Justices Porter and Coningsby, signed for King William; while Sarsfield, Viscount Galmoy, Sir Toby Butler, and Colonels Purcel, Cusack, Dillon, and Brown acted as procurators for the Irish People.

The articles were thirty-two in number—thirteen civil and nineteen military. The latter provided that the gallant garrison of Limerick should march out with all the honours of war, "colours flying, drums beating, and matches lighting." The soldiers were to have their choice of joining the standard of King Louis or the standard of King William. To Ginkell's deep chagrin, only about 1,000 of these redoubtable troops entered the English service, whereas more than 20,000 of them, under different leaders—among them Sarsfield, Wauchop, and D'Usson—sought the hospitable shores of France, to return no more. There they won deathless fame.

"Then went they forth to foreign lands,
Like bent and broken men,
Who leave their dearest hopes behind,
And may not turn again.

"What mattered it that men should vaunt,
And loud and fondly swear
That higher feats of chivalry
Were never wrought elsewhere?

"They bore within their minds the grief
Which time can never heal ;
The dark unutterable woe
Which only exiles feel."

This fratricidal war cost more than 100,000 lives, and helped to lay the foundation of our great Un-national Debt : while the infamous breach by England of the civil articles of the Treaty of Limerick, by which the conflict was brought to a close, has been the source of untold misery.

It is almost maddening to reflect that the ink of the treaty was scarcely dry when ample succours arrived from France. But Sarsfield was the soul of honour. He revered his plighted word, and sailed sadly away to LA BELLE FRANCE.

"Now a' is done that man can do
And a' is done in vain ;
My love, my native land, Adieu !
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

"He turned him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
And gave his bridle-reins a shake,
With "Adieu ! for ever more, my dear,
Adieu ! for ever more !"

"The sodger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main,
But I ha'e parted from my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again."



CHAPTER XV.

The Penal Code.

"I must do it (the Penal Code) justice; it was a complete system, full of coherence and consistency, well digested and well composed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."—BURKE.

"By robbery and murder, men may, for a time, appropriate wealth already produced by their weaker brethren; but, under such treatment, the sources of it must soon be exhausted. Producers cease to labour and to save when exposed to barbarous rapacity. No human skill therefore can render a nation permanently rich by neglecting industry and prosecuting conquest and plunder."—GEORGE COMBE.

"The nation is only the sum total of all the individuals that compose it; and the progress of wealth is illusory if obtained at the price of the general misery."—SISMONDI.

"The delivery of a people into the subjection of a foreign power is a change of the legislators and therefore a dissolution of government. The legislature acts against the trust reposed in it when it makes an arbitrary disposal of the lives and fortunes of the country."—LOCKE.

"The treason of the Ministers against the liberties of the people is infinitely worse than the rebellion of the people against the Ministers."—GRATTAN.

"If the people do not voluntarily submit, a state of war exists."—BURLIEMACHI.

"I would rather see Ireland wholly separated from the Crown of England than kept in subjection by force; unwilling subjects are little better than enemies."—CHARLES JAMES FOX.

"The power of King, Lords and Commons is not an arbitrary power. They are the trustees and not the owners of the estate. The fee simple is in us; they cannot alienate, they cannot waste. The power of the legislature is limited—not only by the general rules of natural justice and the welfare of the community, but by the forms and principles of our particular constitution."—JUNIUS.

"Nation is a moral essence, and not a geographical expression or denomination of the nomenclator."—BURKE.

"Patriotism is of no religion; Christianity belongs exclusively to no sect."—CURRAN.

"The only true secret of assisting the poor is to make them agents in bettering their own condition."—ARCHBISHOP SUMNER.

"'In all labour there is profit,' says Solomon. What is the science [of political economy but a dull sermon on this text?]"—SAMUEL LAING.

"Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom."—CARLYLE.

Th Exiles.—With the departure of the noble Sarsfield and his gallant companions-in-arms for the battlefields of Continental Europe, a death-like stupor settled down on unhappy Ireland. The island was literally unmanned, and no wonder. Between the years 1691 and 1745, the Abbé Macgeoghegan computes that no fewer than 450,000 Irishmen laid down their lives in the service of France alone. The record of their doughty deeds might fill volumes. Everywhere except in their own country was their valour ungrudgingly acknowledged and their fidelity handsomely rewarded. "I have heard some great warriors say," observes Edmund Spenser, the author of the "Faery Queen," "that in all the services which they had seen abroad in foreign countries, they never saw a more comely man than the Irishman, nor that cometh on more bravely to his charge." So also thought the Catholic princes of Europe.

To Spain Ireland gave many *grandeos*—among others Lacy, Lawless, O'Reilly, and Wogan. In the Peninsular War cropped up such names of Spanish generals as O'Donnell, Blake, Sarsfield; while in South America an O'Donju (O'Donoghue) has figured as Viceroy of Mexico, an O'Higgins as Captain-General of Chili, and an O'Donnell as Captain-General of Cuba.

In Austria two Lacys were generals and Aulic Councillors. Of three Limerick Brownes two became generals and one a field-marshal. Of the Carlow Kavanaghs five reached the rank of general; while the Nugents, of Meath, have supplied two field-marshals and several ambassadors and Aulic Councillors.

But France, naturally enough, profited most by the genius and valour of Ireland's exiled sons. In Turenne's campaigns along the Rhone Irish regiments bore a distinguished part. Under Catinat they were pitted against the forces of Prince

Eugene in Savoy. At Straffardo, Justin McCarthy, Lord Mountcashel, their commander, was mortally wounded. At Marsiglia they slew Duke Schomberg, son of the veteran marshal who fell at the Boyne. At Namur, Enghien, and Landen they were conspicuously foremost in the fight. In the last-named engagement Field-Marshal Sarsfield fell in the pursuit. Pressing his hand on the wound, it dripped with blood. "O that this were for Ireland!" sighed the hero, with his latest breath.

At Cremona, Blenheim, Ramilies, Almanza, alike in victory and defeat, the Irish Brigade maintained its reputation for unswerving gallantry. At Ramilies, O'Brien, Lord Clare, was slain.

But the crowning achievement of the exiles was rendered to France at Fontenoy, where the resistless charge of seven Irish regiments to the cry, "Remember Limerick!" mainly helped to convert imminent defeat into unlooked-for victory.

Like lions leaping at a fold when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang.
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore;
Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore.
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered,
fled—

The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track,
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won.

Well might King George of England bitterly exclaim,
"Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects!"
And yet more appropriately might Bourbon Louis present
the relics of the brigade with a flag inscribed :—

"1692—1792.

Semper et Ubique Fidelis."

Confiscations.—As was to be expected, the war which closed with the Treaty of Limerick had confiscation as its sequel. Nearly all the poor remnant of Catholic estates which had been spared by the Acts of Settlement was now forfeited. There were 3,921 persons outlawed, while 1,060,792 Irish acres were vested in the Crown. The latter William royally distributed, chiefly among his Dutch and

other foreign favourites. Keppel, Earl of Albemarle, received 108,633 acres; Bentinck, son of the Duke of Portland, 135,820 acres; Ginkell, Earl of Athlone, 26,480 acres; Ruvigny, Earl of Galway, 36,148; and his old mistress, Elizabeth Villiers, Countess of Orkney, 95,649 acres, being lands conferred on James at the "Blessed Restoration."

To the "Dutch Deliverer's" deep chagrin, however, the House of Commons, in its anger, subsequently passed a sweeping Resumption Bill, and caused the whole of the grants to be knocked down to the highest bidder. As for the rights of the "Papists," solemnly guaranteed by the Treaty of Limerick, neither King nor Commons troubled themselves in the least.

The Broken Treaty of Limerick.—Among the civil articles of this celebrated treaty, No. I. guaranteed to Catholics, "Such privileges in the exercise of their religion as are consistent with the laws of Ireland or as they enjoyed in the reign of Charles II. . . . their Majesties (William and Mary) endeavouring to procure the said Roman Catholics such further security in that particular as may preserve them from *any disturbance* on account of their said religion."

No. IX. explicitly relieved Romanists from the odious oath of supremacy and substituted the following simple form of allegiance:—"I, A.B., do solemnly promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to their Majesties, William and Mary, so help me God." And, as if to make assurance doubly sure, it was added: "The oath to be administered to such Roman Catholics as submit to their Majesties' government shall be the oath aforesaid and no other."

No. X. stipulated that "no person who shall hereafter break these articles or any of them, shall thereby cause any other person to forfeit or lose the benefit of them."

The treaty was signed on October 3rd, 1691, and fully confirmed by royal letters patent, issued from Westminster, 24th February, 1692. It remains to be seen whether Punic or Protestant faith was the worse. The very Sunday after the Lords Justices returned to Dublin, with the ink of their signatures to the terms of pacification, hardly dry, they attended divine service at Christ's Church. Dopping,

Bishop of Meath, was the preacher, and he solemnly denounced "the sin of keeping faith with Papists." This, to say the least, was a promising beginning.

War on Religion.—In 1692 the Irish Parliament met, inflamed with every evil passion. It joyfully proceeded to exact from its few Catholic members forms of oath (framed by the English Parliament) which they could not possibly take. The unfortunate "Papists" were asked to affirm that there is "no transubstantiation of the elements in the Lord's Supper," and that "the sacrifice of the mass is damnable and idolatrous." Accordingly, from 1692 to 1800, when it was swallowed up in the British legislature, not a single Catholic member, peer or commoner, set foot in the Parliament of Ireland.

In 1695, a Papist-purged Parliament brought in "A Bill for the Confirmation (!) of Articles made at the Surrender of Limerick, or *so much of them as may consist with the safety and welfare of his Majesty's subjects.*" Suffice it to say that hardly anything in the Treaty was found to consist with "the safety and welfare" of the "Protestant interest," which put away from it with proper loathing the Dopping "sin of keeping faith with Papists."

The reign of the "Good Queen Anne," begun in 1702, was of evil omen indeed to Irish Papists. In 1703 an Act was passed "for discouraging the further growth of Popery," by which it was provided that if the son of an estated Papist became a Protestant, the title at once vested in the son, the parent being converted into a mere tenant for life. It was likewise decreed that no Papist was fit to be the guardian of his own Protestant-professing child, however young, and that no Papist should be permitted to buy real estate, hold a lease for lives, or succeed to the properties of Protestant relations.

Priest-hunting.—Within the seven years succeeding the Treaty of Limerick, violence or threats of violence had driven over 2,000 of the clergy into exile, and against the remnant, of little more than half that number, the most stringent measures were now (1709) taken. For the "*discovery*" of an archbishop, bishop, or vicar-general a reward of £50 (the old figure was £10) was offered. The price of a simple priest or

friar was raised from £5 to £20. Even a Popish school-master or usher's apprehension was now valued at £10.

As samples of the business transactions effected at the old or unimproved tariff, the following entries may be found instructive:—

“To Thomas Gregson, Evan Powell, and Samuel Ally, being three soldiers in Colonel Abbott's dragoons, for arresting a Popish priest named Donagh Haggerty, five pounds, the money to be divided between them.

“To Arthur Spinner, Robert Pearce, and John Bruen, five pounds, to be divided among them for bringing before Lord Chief Justice Pepys one Popish priest named Edwin Dinn.

“To Lieutenant Edward Wood twenty-five pounds for five priests and friars, apprehended by him—namely, Thomas McKernan, Turlough O'Gowan, Hugh McGowan, Torlogh FitzSimmons, who, on examination, confessed themselves to be priests and friars.

“To Sergeant Humphrey Gibbs and to Corporal Thomas Hill ten pounds for apprehending two Popish priests—namely, Maurice Prendergast and Edward Fahy, who were secured in the gaol of Waterford, and afterwards were transported to foreign parts.”

Under the stimulus of enhanced blood-money, priest-discovery was soon practically taken out of the hands of clumsy soldier amateurs, and became the regular business of a body of professional “priest-catchers,” at the head of whom stood a Portuguese Jew named Garcia. This expert, by feigning to be himself a priest, frequently tracked the shyest clerical game to their lairs, and reaped his reward. But he and his fraternity were boycotted, and sometimes stoned, even by the Protestants, and the Government had in consequence to bestir itself to maintain “law and order.” It was accordingly decreed that “informing against Papists was an honourable service to the Government,” and that persons in authority who did not exert themselves to bring unregistered or non-juring clerics to condign punishment “were betrayers of the liberties of the kingdom.” “O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!”

In 1723 the “Protestant interest” at last overshot the

mark by a proposal of almost incredible barbarity. The English Privy Council was seriously asked to sanction the heads of a Bill "further to prevent the growth of Popery," one of which had for its object the *castration* of every Catholic priest arrested in Ireland. The Viceroy and his advisers were rebuked for their brutality, and from that moment the position of the priesthood, at first almost insensibly, began to improve. It is not a little remarkable that while the English Privy Council was ready to deprive any number of priests of their heads it drew the line at their organs of generation.

War on Education.—According to the Penal Statutes, anyone sending a child abroad to be educated in the Catholic faith forfeited the whole of his estate, real or personal. Suspected contraveners of the law were bound in recognisances of not less than £200 to clear themselves of this offence at Quarter Sessions when called on. If convicted, the common informer and the Crown divided the forfeit between them. To teach pupils in a private house subjected the offender to a fine of £20, or three months' imprisonment. School had to be kept under the open canopy of heaven in the friendly shelter of ditch and hedge-row.

"Still crouching 'neath the sheltering hedge, or stretched on mountain fern

The teacher and his pupils met feloniously to learn."

War on Marriage.—A Protestant woman marrying a Papist forfeited her real estate to the next Protestant heir. A Protestant man marrying a Papist woman was *ipso facto* made liable to all the disabilities of a Papist. Any person giving in marriage in such circumstances might be imprisoned for a year, and fined £20.

War on Commerce.—In 1660 Irish trade and commerce were first vigorously assailed. It was forbidden (1663) to trade in Irish-built ships with any portion of the King's territories. In 1666 it was decreed that all colonial produce must first pay duty *in England* before importation into Ireland would be permitted.

After the complete extinction of the Irish cattle trade, already noticed, in the reign of Charles II., the persecuted farmers took to wool growing, and a promising start in

woollen manufactures was made. Enough! The English manufacturers were seized with alarm, and the abject Irish parliament was commanded forthwith to strangle the new industry. This it did accordingly by imposing a prohibitive export duty on all native woollen fabrics. In 1698 King William III. replying to expostulatory addresses from both Houses of the English Parliament promised that *he would do all that in him lay to discourage the woollen manufacture in Ireland.*

The home market alone remained, and to stimulate that an Act was passed in 1733, imposing a penalty of £5 on executors who should neglect to have corpses buried in woollen shrouds!

What were the results of this most selfish and criminal legislation? First, an immense smuggling trade in wool and salted meat sprang up with the Continent. Secondly, tillage lands were changed into sheepwalks with phenomenal rapidity. In many instances populous communities of husbandmen were replaced by handfuls of herdsmen. The manufacturers and their skilled workers fled to America or the Continent of Europe, while the displaced tillers of the soil roamed the country in shoals, begging their bread in a state of squalor, nakedness, and want, hideous to behold.

Swift's "Modest Proposal." Dean Swift has drawn a picture of that appalling wretchedness, which exceeds in bitter irony, concentrated despair, and surpassing genius, anything of the kind ever depicted by mortal man. "I know nothing like it," says M. Taine, "in any literature;" and the eminent Frenchman is right. It is called by its great and unhappy author:—

"A Modest Proposal for preventing the Children of the Poor People in Ireland from becoming a Burden on their Parents or Country, and for making them Beneficial to the Public." Here, substantially, is the "Proposal:"—

"It is a melancholy object to those who walk through this great town, or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads, and cabin-doors crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags, and importuning every passenger for an alms. . . . I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of children . . . is, in the present deplorable state of the kingdom, a very great additional grievance; and, therefore, whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these children sound, easy members of the Commonwealth, would deserve so well of the public, as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation. . . .

I shall now, therefore, humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection. I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child, well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled ; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassée or a ragout. I do, therefore, offer it to public consideration, that of the hundred and twenty thousand children already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for breed, whereof only one-fourth part to be males ; . . . that the remaining hundred thousand may, at a year old, be offered in sale to the persons of quality and fortune through the kingdom ; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends, and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarters will make a reasonable dish. and seasoned with a little pepper or salt, will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter. I have reckoned upon a medium that a child just born will weigh twelve pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, will increase to twenty-eight pounds.

" I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, labourers, and four-fifths of the farmers), to be about two shillings per annum, rags included ; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give ten shillings for the carcass of a good fat child, which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat.

" Those who are more thrifty (as I confess the times require), may flay the carcass, the skin of which, artificially dressed, will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

" As to our City of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for that purpose in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers, we may be assured will not be wanting, although I rather recommend buying the children alive than dressing them hot from the knife, as we do roasting pigs.

" I think the advantages by the proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest importance. For first, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the number of Papists. with whom we are yearly over-run, being the principal breeders of the nation, as well as our most dangerous enemies.

" . . . Thirdly, whereas the maintenance of a hundred thousand children from two years old and upwards cannot be computed at less than ten shillings a-piece per annum, the nation's stock will be thereby increased fifty thousand pounds per annum, beside the profit of a new dish introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom, who have any refinement of taste, and the money will circulate among ourselves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture. . . . Sixthly, this would be a great inducement to marriage. which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards, or enforced by laws and penalties. It would increase the care and tenderness of mothers toward their children, when they were sure of a settlement for life to the poor babes, provided in some sort by the public, to their annual profit or

expense. . . . Many other advantages might be enumerated, for instance, the addition of some thousand carcasses of barrelled beef; the propagation of swine's flesh, and the improvement in the art of making good bacon. . . . But this, and many others, I omit, being studious of brevity,

"Some persons of desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of poor people who are aged, diseased, or maimed; and I have been desired to employ my thoughts, what course may be taken to ease the nation of so grievous an encumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter; because it is very well known that they are every day dying and rotting by cold and famine, filth and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young labourers, they are now in almost as hopeful a condition; they cannot get work, and consequently pine away for want of nourishment, to a degree that, if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labour, they have not strength to perform it; and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evils to come.

"I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavouring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the public good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child bearing

The Penal Laws.—Miss Cusack(Student's History) has thus, with admirable succinctness, summarised the "Penal Laws."

1. The Catholic peers were deprived of their right to sit in parliament.
2. Catholic gentlemen were forbidden to be elected as members of parliament.
3. Catholics were denied the liberty of voting, and were excluded from all offices of trust; and, indeed, from all remunerative employment, however insignificant.
4. They were fined £60 a-month for absence from the Protestant form of worship.
5. They were forbidden to travel five miles from their houses, to keep arms, to maintain suits at law, or to be guardians or executors.
6. Any four justices of the peace could, without further trial, banish any man for life if he refused to attend the Protestant service.
7. Any two justices of the peace could call any man over sixteen before them; and, if he refused to abjure the Catholic religion, they could bestow his property on the next of kin.
8. No Catholic could employ a Catholic schoolmaster to educate his children; and if he sent his child abroad for education, he was subject to a fine of £100, and the child could not inherit any property, either in England or Ireland.
9. Any Catholic priest who came to the country should be hanged.
10. Any Protestant suspecting any other Protestant of holding property in trust for any Catholic might file a bill against the suspected trustee, and take the estate or property from him.

11. Any Protestant seeing a Catholic tenant-at-will on a farm, which in his opinion yielded one-third more than the yearly rent, might enter on that farm, and, by simply swearing to the fact, take possession.

12. Any Protestant might take away the horse of a Catholic, no matter how valuable, by simply paying him £5.

13. Horses and waggons belonging to Catholics were in all cases seized for the use of the militia.

14. Any Catholic gentleman's child who became a Protestant could at once take possession of [the title to] his father's property.

The Famine of 1740.—Dean Swift, in his “Modest Proposal,” written in 1729, had the assurance of a “very skilful computer,” that “above one-half of the souls in the kingdom supported themselves by begging and thieving.” This may have been an exaggeration, but in about ten years’ time it is certain gaunt famine was stalking abroad in the land unchecked. The mortality is computed, at a venture, to have reached the awful total of 400,000 out of a population of only 1,500,000.

In a contemporary pamphlet entitled “The Groans of Ireland,” an eye-witness observes:—“Having been absent from this country some years, on my return to it last summer (1740) I found it the most miserable scene of distress that I ever read of in history. Want and misery on every face, the rich unable to relieve the poor, the roads spread with dead and dying bodies, mankind the colour of the docks and nettles which they fed on; two or three, sometimes more, on a car, going to the grave, for want of bearers to carry them, and many buried only in the fields and ditches where they perished. The universal scarcity was followed by fluxes and malignant fevers, which swept off multitudes of all sorts, so that whole villages were laid waste.”

Such a catastrophe, by thinning down “over-population,” ought, according to Malthusian tenets, to have beneficially lessened the strain on the subsistence of the survivors. But it was not so. Absenteeism steadily increased till at last a clear third of the whole rental of the country was annually drained out of it. Immense areas were leased to “middlemen,” who let them to persons, who sub-let them to others to such an extent that six profit-mongers would at times intervene between the actual cultivator and the actual landlord. The tenant made all the improvements, and these

he naturally took care to minimize to the utmost, lest agent or middleman should raise the rent.

To crown all, about the middle of the century there came a grievous murrain, which destroyed English cattle so effectually that the Legislature at Westminster at once readmitted Irish stock, meat, butter, and cheese into the markets of England. This sudden change of policy extinguished the fires on many thousand hearths by the same process from which the Scottish crofters have suffered so grievously. A grazing mania seized the landlords. Eviction followed eviction. Common lands were forcibly enclosed. The people in consequence were at once ruthlessly deprived of food and shelter.

Whiteboys, Oakboys, Steelboys, Peep-o'-Day Boys.—These were the legitimate offspring of Protestant "law and order." For the first time (1761) agrarian injustice began to be met by secret oath-bound associations. The Whiteboys, so called because in their midnight raids they wore white shirts over their clothes, had their origin in the south of Ireland. They pulled down fences, dug up pasturage, houghed cattle, and generally—sometimes with great barbarity—exerted themselves to enforce the Tillage Acts. Desperate men, their acts were not such as to meet with the approval of arm-chair moralists.

The Oakboys and Steelboys were Ulster and mostly Protestant organizations. The former, who adorned their hats with oak-leaves, had for their chief object the suppression of compulsory unpaid road repairing; while the latter in a great measure corresponded to the Whiteboys of the South. The Peep-o'-Day boys were the precursors of the Orange Association.

The Protestant Oakboys alone secured redress of grievances. The old Highways Act was repealed and an equitable road-rate levied instead. As for the Whiteboys and Steelboys, gaol and gibbet were meted out to them with all imaginable vigour. "If," said Lord Chesterfield, "the military force had killed half as many lordlords, as it had Whiteboys, it would have contributed more effectually to restore quiet. Poverty, not Popery," he observed, "is the thing most to be feared." His lordship's viceroyalty was brief but wise. The only "dangerous Papist" he en-

countered, he said, was Miss Ambrose, the reigning Dublin belle.

Not so, thought the "Protestant interest." To its apprehensions was sacrificed by incredible judicial iniquity the life of Father Sheehy, the beloved priest of Clogheen, who, in defiance of an *alibi*, was capitally convicted on the evidence of a prostitute, a horse-thief, and a vagrant. "The judicial murder of Father Sheehy may (Goldwin Smith) be pronounced as foul as any of the assassinations committed in the courts of Scroggs or Jeffreys."

The Squire of the Period.—In his oft-quoted *Tour of Ireland*, Arthur Young draws a portrait of the insolent, licentious Protestant squire of this period, which will bear reproduction:—

"A landlord in Ireland can scarcely invent an order which a servant, labourer, or cottar dares to refuse to execute. Nothing satisfies him but unlimited submission. Disrespect, or anything tending towards sauciness, he may punish with his cane or his horsewhip with the most perfect security. A poor man would have his bones broken if he offered to lift a hand in his own defence. Knocking down is spoken of in this country in a manner that makes an Englishman stare. Landlords of consequence have assured me that many of their cottars would think themselves honoured by having their wives and daughters sent for to the bed of their master—a mark of slavery which proves the oppression under which such people must live. Nay, I have heard anecdotes of the lives of people being made free with, without any apprehension of the justice of a jury. . . . It must strike the most careless traveller to see whole strings of cars whipt into a ditch by a gentleman's footman to make way for his carriage; if they are overturned or broken in pieces no matter, it is taken in patience. Were they to complain they would perhaps be horsewhipped. The execution of the laws lies very much in the hands of the justices of the peace, many of whom are drawn from the most illiterate class of the kingdom. If a poor man lodges his complaint against a gentleman, or any animal that chooses to call itself a gentleman, and the justice issues a summons for his apprehension, it is a fixed affront, and he will infallibly be *called*

out. Where *manners* are in conspiracy against *law*, to whom are the oppressed people to have recourse? It is a fact that a poor man, having a contest with a gentleman, must—but I am talking nonsense. They know their situation too well to think of it; they can have no defence but by means of protection from one gentleman against another, who probably protects his vassal as he would the sheep he intends to eat.”

“**The Patriots.**”—The first of these men, whose influence on the destinies of Ireland, by tongue and pen, was ultimately destined from small beginnings to become so paramount, was William Molyneux, a distinguished man of science, and one of the representatives in Parliament of the University of Dublin. In 1698 the “*Ingenious Molyneux*” published “*The Case of Ireland being bound by Acts of Parliament made in England Stated.*” It was dedicated to William of Orange, and its tone was in the last degree moderate.

“The laws and liberties of England,” he argues, “were granted above five hundred years ago to the people of Ireland upon their submission to the Crown of England, with a design to keep them in the allegiance of the King of England. How consistent it may be with true policy to do that which the people of Ireland may think an invasion of their rights and liberties I do most humbly submit to the Parliament of England to consider. They are men of great wisdom, honour, and justice, and know how to prevent all future inconveniences. . . . The rights of parliament should be preserved sacred and inviolable wherever they are found. This kind of Government, once so universal all over Europe, is now almost vanished among the nations thereof. . . . We should not, therefore, make so light of that sort of legislature, and, as it were, abolish it in one kingdom of the three wherein it appears, but rather cherish and encourage it wherever we meet it.”

The English House of Commons thought otherwise. Mr. Molyneux’s treatise was pronounced of “dangerous tendency,” and ordered to be burned by the common hangman for “denying the authority of the King and Parliament of England to bind the kingdom and people of Ireland.”

That authority was vindicated somewhat later (1719) in

unmistakable terms. In the property suit *Sherloch v Annesley*, the judgment of the Irish Court of Exchequer in favour of Annesley was reversed by the Irish House of Lords. Thereupon Annesley appealed to the English House of Lords, which decided in his favour, and to leave no doubt on the minds of Irish legislators as to their absolute "subjection unto the imperial Crown of this realm," it was promptly decreed (6 Geo., c, 5), "That the King's Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal and Commons of Great Britian in Parliament assembled, had, hath, and of right ought to have, full power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to bind the people of Ireland."

By the same statute the appellate jurisdiction of the Irish House of Lords was expressly denied or taken away. Yet ten years did not pass by before a far more powerful Home Rule champion than Molyneux stood forth to vindicate the cause of Ireland's legislative independence. In his fourth Drapier letter, Swift, addressing Irishmen, tells them, "By the laws of God, of nature, of nations, and of your country, you are and ought to be as free a people as your brethren in England."

Wood's Halfpence.—Dean Swift was at once a High Churchman and a misanthrope, and doubts have been cast on the sincerity of his Irish patriotism. But about the solidity of the services he rendered to the cause of Ireland there can be no doubt whatever. He made the country everlastingly his debtor by a stroke of genius, which for the first time unified men of all parties, creeds, and interests. The occasion was in a measure whimsical, but one of deeper import would not have served his purpose half as well.

A certain William Wood, by a corrupt arrangement with the Duchess of Kendal, mistress of George I., obtained a patent for supplying Ireland with a copper coinage of halfpence and farthings, to the amount of £108,000. Sir Isaac Newton, then Master of the Mint, assayed specimens of Wood's coppers, and pronounced them conformable to the terms of the patent.

But this mattered nothing. The Drapier announced that the coin was so base that elevenpence would be lost in the

shilling; and everybody, rightly or wrongly, believed him. "Your newsletter says that an assay was made of the coin. How impudent and insupportable is this! Wood takes care to coin a dozen or two of halfpence of good metal, sends them to the Tower, and they are 'approved,' and these must answer all that he has already coined, or shall coin for the future. I have heard of a man who had a mind to sell his house, and therefore carried a piece of brick in his pocket, which he showed as a pattern to encourage purchasers; and this is directly the case in point with Mr. Wood's assay."

Swift then proceeded to draw a dismal picture of the state of the country after swindler Wood's copper should have driven all the silver and gold out of it. A lady going out shopping would require to take a waggon-load of the vile halfpence along with her! A landlord would require teams of horses to draw home his rents, and spacious vaults in which to stow them away! And worse and worse:—"It would ruin even our beggars; for when I give a beggar a halfpenny it will quench his thirst or go a good way to fill his belly; but the twelfth part of a halfpenny will do him no more service than if I should give him three pins out of my sleeve!"

These representations prevailed. A thrill of horror went through the whole framework of Irish society. The patent, was, perforce, withdrawn (1725), and the dean rose to a pitch of unprecedented popularity. For the first time in history had the Irish people, by purely constitutional agitation, completely worsted the alien Government by *cordial union on a false issue!*

It was only incidentally—nay, almost furtively—that Swift ventured to assign the true Home Rule ground of objection to the Wood patent:—

"Your paragraph relates further that Sir Isaac Newton reported an assay, taken at the Tower, of Wood's metal, by which it would appear that Wood had, in all respects, performed his contract. His contract! With whom? Was it with the Parliament or people of Ireland? Are not they to be the purchasers? But they detest, abhor, and reject it as corrupt, fraudulent, mingled with dirt and trash."

CHAPTER XVI.

"Eighty-Two" and "Ninety-Eight."

"The spirit of nationality is at once the bond and safeguard of kingdoms; it is something above laws and beyond thrones, the impalpable element, the inner life of States; but anti-nationality is the confusion and downfall of kingdoms; it is a blight and a mildew on the heritage of the people."—BURKE.

"To recognise the Irish nation—that is the one indispensable thing to keep in view. Ireland is a nation by every test that England is a nation. Ireland, I say, is quite a typical organism. The man who cannot see that has no eye for politics at all."—FREDERICK HARRISON.

"The principle I state, and mean to stand upon, is this, that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, body, land, and soul, up to the sun and down to the centre, is vested of right in the people of Ireland. The entire soil of a country belongs of right to the entire people. I will put Ireland in the van of the world and set her aloft in the blaze of the sun."—JAMES FINTAN LALOR.

"A landlord of straw can grind to powder a tenant of steel."—LORD CLARE.

"Sir! I love the Irish nation. There is not one feature more predominant than gratitude and sensibility to kindness. Change your system towards that country, and you will find them another sort of men. Let impartiality, justice, clemency, take the place of prejudice, oppression, and vengeance, and you will not want the aid of martial law."—CHARLES JAMES FOX.

"It is but too true that there are many whose whole scheme of freedom is made up of pride, perverseness and insolence. They feel themselves in a state of thralldom; they imagine their souls are cooped and cabined in, unless they have some men, or some body of men, dependent on their mercy. This desire of having someone below them descends to those who are the very lowest of all; and a Protestant cobbler, debased by his poverty, but exalted by his share of the ruling Church, feels a pride in knowing it is by his generosity alone that the peer whose footman's step he measures is able to keep his chaplain from a gaol."—BURKE.

"The elements of Irish nationality are growing confluent in our minds—such nationality as merits a good man's help and wakens a true man's ambition—as could stand against internal faction and foreign intrigue—as would make the Irish hearth happy and the Irish name illustrious. It must contain and represent the races of Ireland. It must not be Celtic, it must not be Saxon, it must be Irish."—THOMAS DAVIS.

"A voice from America shouted 'Liberty!' and every hill and valley of this rejoicing Ireland answered 'Liberty!'"—FLOOD.

"Every proposal for the advantage of Ireland was held a direct attack on the interests of England."—WOLFE TONE.

"Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy or discontent,
Being, end, aim, religion—*rent, rent, rent!*"—BYRON.

Corruption—The sting of Swift's inimitable *Drapier Letters* went home and greatly strengthened the hands of the little band of "Patriots" inside the House. And sore indeed was the need. The malversation of public moneys rose by leaps and bounds. In 1723 the Pension List was £30,000 per annum; in 1733 it was £69,000. In 1763 it had risen to £72,000 with an addition of £75,000 for the pay of the officers of ten regiments which were never raised. Thirteen years later, at the outbreak of the American War of Independence, the Pension List stood at £90,000—a charge exceeding that of the entire Civil Administration. Still, despite every effort, the enormity increased. In 1784 pensions entailed an expenditure of £86,000; in 1786 of £95,000; in 1788 of £97,600; and in 1790 of £100,800. "The system," said Grattan, without any of the rhetorical exaggeration which often marred his grandest utterances, "was a conspiracy against the laws of the land, and had established instead of a limited monarchy, a corrupt despotism."

King after king quartered his mistresses and his illegitimate progeny on the Irish establishment. Among the former may be noted Catherine Sedley, £5,000; the Duchess of Kendal, £3,000; the Countess of Leinster £2,000; Lady Darlington, £1,500; and Madame de Walmoden, £3,000.

At no time were aught but the paltriest sums awarded on the score of merit. Conspicuous demerit carried all before it. The royal Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester had pensions of £3,000 each, the Princess Augusta £5,000, and the Princess Amalie £1,000 for services rendered to the Irish people!

To the Duke of Brunswick were assigned £5,200; to the Countess of Yarmouth's representatives £4,000; to Lord Percy £3,000; to the Countess of Bellamont £1,500; to "Single Speech" Hamilton £2,500; to Lord Mayo £1,033;

and so on. Eventually the Irish Pension List exceeded the English in amount, not merely relatively but absolutely. In a word, the English Privy Council assumed the right of granting any pensions they pleased out of the revenues of Ireland, with the result that the ranks of the "Patriots" themselves were from time to time thinned and broken in a manner inexpressibly disheartening to the most sanguine and incorruptible.

On this honourable roll must be inscribed the name of Dr. Charles Lucas, who, though far inferior in talent and acquirement to Molyneux and Swift, yet faithfully watered the fair tree of national independence which they had planted. For assailing the constitution of Parliament and similar offences the House pronounced him "an enemy of his country," which he had to flee, in 1749, to escape arrest. Eventually he returned to renew the war on corruption in his *Freeman's Journal*, and to enter the Parliament of 1768, the first summoned under the Octennial Act.

Constitution of the Irish Parliament.—How any good could have come out of the unreformed Protestant Ascendancy Parliament of Ireland is a marvel. Previous to the passing of the Octennial Act it had sat during the life of the monarch, or till a dissolution. George the Second's reign lasted for thirty-three years, and so did his Irish Parliament.

The House of Commons consisted of 300 members; that is to say, sixty-four knights of thirty-two counties; fourteen citizens of seven cities; 220 burgesses of 110 boroughs; and two representatives of Dublin University. Of the boroughs eighty-six were "close," the property of a few wealthy peers and landlords, who sold them like any other marketable commodity. In many instances the voters did not exceed ten in number. In Bannow and Harristown there was not a single inhabitant. No fewer than 116 seats were at the disposal of twenty-five owners. These were generally let to the Government by the "patrons" for titles, pensions, and places. With difficulty could the regular Anti-Castle or Patriotic Party muster eighty votes. Yet out of this political Nazareth, into which no Catholic might enter, and for whose members no Catholic might vote, some good things did

undoubtedly come. Could there be a better commentary on the text, “ Corruption wins not more than honesty ? ”

Parliamentary and other Reforms.—The first of these that need be mentioned was the aforesaid Octennial Act, which the English Privy Council allowed after thrice rejecting an Irish Septennial Bill. Viceroy Townshend desired it for his own purposes, and hence the concession.

A hardly less important popular advantage was gained about the same time by the Irish Commons in regard to the control of the public purse. Notwithstanding Poynings’ Act, they successfully contested the claim set up by the Privy Council, whether English or Irish, to originate Money Bills. The Viceroy (Townshend) retaliated by indignantly proroguing Parliament. In a future session, in spite of wholesale corruption, he again failed in his object, chiefly through the exertions of the celebrated Henry Flood, who shortly afterwards, however, to the deep regret, and even scandal, of all good men, accepted the sinecure office of Vice-Treasurer, worth £3,500.

Henry Flood.—It is hard to account for this step on the part of one of Ireland’s greatest sons. He had not even the poor excuse of impecuniosity to plead. He was the son of the Chief Justice of the King’s Bench, and his professional income was large. He had troops of powerful friends. Perhaps he took office, like a Radical statesman of our own day, in order to “ permeate ” less liberal-minded colleagues ! Be that as it may, unlike that unlucky politician, he was not himself permanently “ permeated ” by them. After seven years of unendurable silence, he burst his official fetters, and once more essayed to lead the Patriots. But his old post was now occupied by Henry Grattan, morally, if not also intellectually, a greater man than himself. Not unnaturally, but deplorably, rivalry soon embittered the relations of these two gifted leaders. As a tactician, however, Flood, it seems to me, had clearer insight than Grattan, whose very goodness of heart disposed him, as will be seen, to excessive optimism.

Henry Grattan.—“ The highest attainments of human genius were within his reach, but he thought the noblest occupation of a man was to make other men happy and free ; and in that straight line he kept for fifty years, without one

side look, one yielding thought, one motive in his heart which might not have been laid open to the view of God and Man." Such is the testimony of Sydney Smith, the wittiest, the wisest, and the most humane Englishman that ever lifted pen on behalf of Ireland. And who that has studied Grattan's career, however superficially, or looked into his noble homely face, even on canvas, can form any other judgment? He entered the Irish House of Commons in 1775—Flood took his seat in 1759—and through every vicissitude of his country's fortunes he remained the devoted and unshaken advocate of her nationhood. His formula was true now as then: "The two countries, from their size must stand together—united *quoad* nature, distinct *quoad* legislation."

Eventually both Grattan and Flood found seats in the English Parliament, but the heart of neither was in the business. The pleasures of memory exceeded those of hope, and as Grattan finely said of Flood, he was "an oak of the forest too great and old to be transplanted."

Ireland and the American Revolution.—The attempt of Great Britain to tax the American Colonies, regardless of the representative principle in legislation was naturally watched in Ireland with the deepest interest. After eleven years of wordy warfare, the inevitable recourse was had to arms in 1775. In 1777 General Burgoyne surrendered a British army 6,000 strong at Saratoga, and in 1788 France acknowledged the independence of the revolted States, and declared war on "perfidious Albion." The effect on the Irish policy of the British Government was magical. In brief space fear wrung from it concessions which, so far as sense of justice or motive of humanity went, might have been withheld for ever. One after another the more monstrous of the penal laws vanished from the statute book. In 1788 Romanists were permitted to hold leases for 999 years. Their lands were made descendable and devisable like those of Protestants. Protestant heirs lost their peculiar privileges.

The Volunteers.—The country being now almost denuded of troops, and the coasts helplessly exposed to the ravages of the famous Scoto-American privateer, John Paul Jones, the Protestants demanded to be armed in self-defence, and the Government reluctantly complied with their request. Before

long 100,000 volunteers sprang to arms—a splendid force, no less formidable to the foreign invader than to the domestic tyrant.

Free Trade.—In October, 1779, Mr. Grattan moved an amendment to the Address in favour of “*free export and import*,” which words, at Flood’s instance, were changed to “free trade.” This amendment was carried, with a single dissentient, and served on the Viceroy, at the Castle, the Commons forming a procession, and passing through long lines of Volunteers, with the Duke of Leinster at their head. Two field-pieces, labelled “Free Trade or this,” were conspicuous in front of King William’s statue on College-green, where the Volunteers were reviewed on the “pious and immortal’s” birthday. In substance, Lord North’s Administration speedily yielded, prudently preferring “Free Trade” to “this.” By “free trade” was meant the exercise of such rights of commerce as Englishmen then enjoyed.

Home Rule.—The concession of free trade filled the Irish people with joy unspeakable, and the Castle party with corresponding dismay. Stimulated by the English Privy Council, the latter attempted to recover lost ground, and by reason of their superior numbers in the House they succeeded in beating the patriots on several important issues by two to one. This was not to be tolerated by brave men, well-armed, and conscious of their strength. The Ulster Volunteers determined to take the matter in hand, and to assert once and for all the legislative independence of Ireland.

The Convention of Dungannon.—This memorable assembly met in the church of Dungannon, on February, 15th, 1782. There were present 242 delegates, representing 143 Ulster corps. Colonel Irvine presided, and the following resolutions, subsequently endorsed by the Volunteers of the other provinces, were unanimously adopted:—

“1. That a citizen, by learning the use of arms, does not abandon any of his civil rights.

2. That the claim of any body of men other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this kingdom is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance.

3. That the powers exercised by the Privy Councils of both kingdoms, under colour or pretence of the law of Poynings, are unconstitutional and a grievance.

4. That the ports of Ireland are by right open to all foreign countries not at war with the King.

5. That a Mutiny Bill, not limited in point of duration from session to session, is unconstitutional.

6. That the independence of the judges is equally essential to the impartial administration of justice in Ireland as in England.

7. That it was their decided and unalterable determination to seek a redress of these grievances.

8. That the minority in Parliament who had supported their constitutional rights were entitled to thanks.

9. That they held the right of private judgment in matters of religion to be equally sacred in others as in themselves.

10. That therefore, as men and as Irishmen, as Christians and as Protestants, they rejoiced in the relaxation of the penal laws against their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects."

The Effects of the Convention of Dungannon.—The resolutions passed by the Delegates of the Irish Volunteers in the church at Dungannon soon bore the intended fruit. "On April 16th, 1782," says Lecky, "amid an outburst of almost unparalleled enthusiasm; the Declaration of Independence was brought forward. A large body of Volunteers were drawn up in front of the old Parliament House of Ireland. Far as the eye could stretch the morning sun glanced on their weapons and on their flags, and it was through their parted ranks that Grattan passed to move the emancipation of his country."

The gist of his amendment to the Address was:—"That the Crown of Ireland is an imperial Crown inseparably annexed to the Crown of Great Britain, on which connection the interests and happiness of both nations essentially depend; but that the kingdom of Ireland is a distinct kingdom, with a Parliament of her own—the sole Legislature thereof. That there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind this nation except the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland; nor any other Parliament which hath any authority or power of any sort whatever in this country save only the Parliament of Ireland."

The amendment was carried unanimously, and it was on this memorable occasion that Grattan used the oft-quoted, but, alas! too sanguine, words:—

" I am now to address a free people. Ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation. I have only to admire by what Heaven-directed steps you have proceeded until the whole faculty of the nation is braced up to the act of her own deliverance.

" I found Ireland on her knees; I watched over her with an eternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift ! Spirit of Molyneux ! Your genius has prevailed ! Ireland is now a nation ! In that new character I hail her ! and bowing to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua !* "

Lord North's disastrous Ministry was now at an end. America was lost, and England, exhausted by the struggle, was in no humour to resist the Irish ultimatum. Accordingly, it was promptly resolved by both Houses of the British Parliament to repeal 6th George I., entitled, " An Act for the better securing the Dependency of Ireland upon the Crown of Great Britain." When, therefore, the Irish Parliament reassembled, after a brief adjournment, on 27th May, Viceroy Portland announced that the Rockingham Administration had unconditionally acceded to Grattan's terms.

The intimation was received with unbounded gratitude. The Irish Legislature was now at liberty to annul Poynings' Law, and generally to enact whatever it pleased without any reference to the Privy Council of England. For the first time Ireland got the benefit of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, and judges were appointed during good behaviour instead of during the King's grace. On behalf of Ireland, it was confidently announced to the Viceroy that " no constitutional question any longer existed between the two countries." Fox and the English Whigs were equally satisfied that now Ireland's independence " was fixed and ascertained for ever."

" When Grattan rose, none dared oppose
The claim he made for freedom ;
They knew our swords, to back his words,
Were ready did he need them.
Then let us raise to Grattan's praise
A proud and joyous anthem ;
And wealth, and grace, and length of days,
May God in mercy grant him !

"Remember still through good and ill
 How vain were prayers and tears—
 How vain were words, till flashed the swords
 Of the Irish Volunteers.
 By arms we've got the rights we sought
 Through long and wretched years;
 Hurrah!—'tis done—our freedom's won!
 Hurrah for the Volunteers!"

The Act of Renunciation.—Serious differences now began to divide the two illustrious leaders, Grattan and Flood. Flood less impulsive and confiding than Grattan, was not satisfied with the simple repeal of 6th Geo. I. Alive to the habitual dishonesty and bad faith of British statesmen, he wisely demanded "express renunciation" of the claim to legislate for Ireland, and moved to bring in an Irish Bill of Rights, affirming "the sole and exclusive right of the Irish Parliament to make laws in all cases whatsoever, *external and internal.*" Grattan vehemently maintained the sufficiency of simple repeal, and both Irish Houses almost unanimously sided with him. The Volunteers, on the other hand, generally recognised the wisdom of Flood's contention, which subsequent events abundantly justified. This was the position of affairs when the English Parliament unexpectedly, in 1783, passed an explicit *Renunciation Act*, setting forth that "the right claimed by the people of Ireland, to be bound only by laws enacted by his Majesty and the Parliament of that kingdom, and to have all actions and suits at law and in equity instituted in that kingdom decided in his Majesty's courts therein finally and without appeal from thence, shall be and it is hereby declared to be established and ascertained for ever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable."

Parliamentary Reform.—On this vital subject likewise Flood and Grattan were curiously divided. Flood was a Radical reformer, so far as the Protestant population went; but there he drew the line. Grattan, on the other hand, while dreading Flood's "French principles" in parliamentary representation, was perfectly ready to admit qualified Catholics to all existing Protestant privileges.

In the autumn of 1783, however, a Reform Bill obtained the approval of a powerful Volunteer Convention, sitting in

the Rotunda, Dublin, and Flood lost no time in bringing it before Parliament. It was good, so far as it went, and Grattan did not oppose it. It extended the franchise to Protestant “freeholders,” (*i.e.*, be it noted leaseholders for life, or lives, whose holdings, after deducting rent charge, were of the annual value of forty shillings) it embraced adjacent populous places in “rotten boroughs;” it confined the voting to a single day; it deprived Crown pensioners of the right to sit; it subjected office-acceptors to re-election; it exacted a bribery oath from candidates-elect, and finally it made Parliaments triennial.

The corrupt Government majority put forth all its strength and this wholesome measure was defeated by a majority of 80 (157—77).

Intimidation by the Volunteers was the alleged ground of rejection. These, or rather their delegates, weakly accepted the rebuff, and the Convention adjourned *sine die*. In 1875 the regular army was increased to 15,000 men, and a sum of £20,000 was voted to clothe an anti-popular force, the “militia.” Grattan, it is lamentable to relate, among others, supported this fatal grant. The Volunteers, he complained, “had originally been the armed *property* of the kingdom; were they to become the armed *beggary*?” Truth to tell, he was alarmed at the spread of revolutionary ideas, and exerted his influence to extinguish the remnants of the once splendid force which, from the church at Dungannon, had dictated the terms of Irish independence to the Parliaments, both of Dublin and London. Yet no man realized more fully than Grattan the utility—nay, the necessity—of *force majeure*, when objects within the range of his own sympathies had to be compassed:—“Ireland is strength; she has acquired that strength by the weakness of Britain, for Ireland was saved when America was lost. When England conquered, Ireland was coerced; when she was defeated, Ireland was relieved; and when Charleston was taken, the Mutiny and Sugar Bills were altered. Have you not all of you, when you heard of a defeat, at the same instant condoled with England, and congratulated Ireland?”

The United Irishmen.—This famous association had for its founder Theobald Wolfe Tone, a young Protestant

barrister, a man of the highest integrity, liberality of sentiment, and executive talent. He was the true father of revolutionary Irish Nationalism or *Fenianism*, just as Grattan was the parent of Constitutional Home Rule or *Parnellism*. In October, 1791, Tone visited Belfast, and there and then started the 'Society of United Irishmen.' Presbyterian Ulster had steadily supported the revolt of the American colonists, and among its ultra-Protestant and Deistical population Republican principles were spreading fast.

At first, however, the bases of the *United Irishmen Society* were altogether constitutional. They were thus laid down:—

"1st. That the weight of English influence in this country is so great as to require a cordial union among all the people of Ireland, to maintain the balance which is essential to the preservation of our liberties and the extension of our commerce.

"2nd. That the sole constitutional mode by which this influence can be opposed is by a complete and radical reform of the representation of the people in Parliament.

"3rd. That no reform is just which does not include every Irishman of every religious persuasion."

Returning to Dublin, Tone, aided by the *Catholic Committee*, speedily founded a powerful branch of the society in the capital. The Hon. Simon Butler, a brother of Lord Montgarret, was elected chairman, and James Napper Tandy, a Protestant merchant of strong Republican principles and fervid eloquence, became secretary. Edmund Burke, then all-powerful in the counsels of the Government, was, however, insanely devoted to monarchy; so much so that Grattan, himself a monarchist, observed: "Burke was so fond of arbitrary power he could not sleep upon his pillow unless he thought the King had a right to take it from under him." Nevertheless, Burke was honestly friendly to Catholic emancipation, and for several years his influence, though remote, sufficed greatly to moderate the counsels of the Catholic Committee, of which John Keogh was the most prominent figure.

This committee, whose secretary was the Protestant Tone, ultimately gave birth to a Catholic Convention, which despatched a deputation to London to place in the hands of

King George III. personally a Catholic Petition of Rights. The delegates, who were accompanied by Burke, were "received very graciously." The upshot was a Catholic Relief Bill, introduced by the Chief Secretary, and vigorously supported by Grattan, Curran, and other patriots. It became law on the 9th April, 1793, and in a considerable degree alleviated the yoke of Protestant ascendancy. It opened to Catholics the universities, the professions, the jury-box, and the election-booth; but it removed neither their legislative nor their judicial disabilities.

To counterbalance, as it were, this unwonted official liberality the *Convention Act* was speedily passed, prohibiting the assemblage of popular representative delegations. In vain Grattan energetically protested: "If this Bill had been law, the independence of the Irish Parliament, the emancipation of the Catholics, and even the English Revolution of 1688 could never have taken place!" Grattan's following numbered twenty-seven all told! Characteristically enough, Major Wellesley, member for Trim, afterwards Duke of Wellington, was teller for the Bill—"the boldest step that ever yet was made to introduce military government."

Events of the greatest significance now come to be recorded. Taylor's Hall, the rendezvous of the United Irishmen in Dublin, was seized by the police and the organization suppressed. It became in consequence a *secret society*, bent on the erection of Ireland into an independent republic. Wolfe Tone was implicated in treasonable proceedings and exiled to America.

A yet more important event was the brief viceroyalty of Lord Fitzwilliam. On 4th January, 1795, he arrived in Dublin to put the copestone on the fabric of Catholic emancipation, as he himself imagined, and as Grattan, Burke, and all the best friends of Ireland had been induced firmly to believe. On 25th March he was recalled, having been shamelessly used, as a mere pawn on the chessboard of Pitt's unprincipled statecraft, to further that Minister's secretly formed design of suppressing the Irish Parliament altogether by incorporating it with that of Britain.

In the interval, Grattan, as leader of the Irish House, promoted a Bill completely emancipating the Roman Catholics

from every legislative and judicial disability ; but his efforts were wholly unavailing. As soon as 20,000 men had been voted for the navy, and £1,800,000 to meet the cost of the French war, all the Government dogs of pension and place were set to bay at the measure and its supporters. The Bill was rejected by 155 votes to 55.

In the sessions of 1796 and 1797 the current of reaction ran still more strongly, till at last, on a motion to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, only seven members in a house of 164 could be found to vote in the negative.

One more despairing effort to obtain reform, and the patriots ceased to struggle with the inevitable. Pitt's Government was resolute to force on an immature insurrection, and its efforts, as will be seen, were crowned with ample success. In May, 1797, Mr. George Ponsonby moved his customary proposals for the reform of Parliament. They were rejected by a majority of eighty-seven, in a house of 147 members.

In anticipation of this result, Grattan, after solemnly warning the venal herd of place-hunters and bigots what inevitable ruin they were bringing on the country and its dearly-bought constitution, concluded :—" We have offered you our measure—you will reject it ; we deprecate yours—you will persevere ; having no hopes left to persuade or dissuade, and having discharged our duty, we shall trouble you no more, and after this day shall not attend the House of Commons."

How sadly must Grattan, in the sombre shadow of coming events, have reflected on the vanity of his "*Esto perpetua*" invocation ! How deeply must he have mourned the premature disbandment of the valiant Volunteers, which the more sagacious Flood, gone to his rest at Kilkenny in 1791, had so strongly deprecated !

Grattan was a great and a noble-minded man, but one unvarying trait in the character of the English oligarchy he could never be made fully to appreciate. It is this : *Never since the Norman Conquest till now has that oligarchy hesitated to do wrong if it could accomplish it by force or fraud ; and never has it, and never will it, be induced to do right except at the mandate of superior force.*

The Insurrection of “’Ninety-eight.”—With the recall of the lamented Viceroy, Lord Fitzwilliam, in 1795, Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform both received their quietus, and a rising of the justly exasperated multitude became inevitable. Early in 1796, Mr. Arthur O’Connor, member for Philipstown, nephew of Lord Longueville, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, member for County Kildare, brother of the Duke of Leinster, joined the ranks of the United Irishmen. Both were men of honesty, talent and influence, and ready to make any sacrifice for their country’s cause. Fitzgerald had held a commission in the British army, from which he had been dismissed, along with Lord Semple, for attending a banquet of Englishmen in Paris, at which the toast of “a speedy abolition of all hereditary and feudal distinctions!” had been drunk.

In May the two friends crossed over to the Continent to solicit succour from the French Republican Directory; but they were not the first in the field. Wolfe Tone, the tireless, had, according to promise, reached Paris from America in February, and had already well-nigh persuaded Carnot, grandfather of the present President of the French Republic, known in the tragic story of the Revolution as “the Organizer of Victory,” to attempt the liberation of Ireland from the yoke of perfidious Albion. The brilliant young General Hoche was devoted to Tone, and impatient to win renown on Irish soil.

In these circumstances obstacles disappeared with celerity, and on December 16th a powerful French fleet of forty-three sail, carrying 15,000 picked troops and an abundant supply of field and seige guns, and other munitions of war, bore off, without molestation, for the coast of Munster. Unfortunately, the elements, “England’s only unsubsidized allies,” stood the tyrant Power in good stead. A furious tempest drove the invaders’ vessels back to Rochelle and Brest, and Erin, “England’s back door,” remained unopened. But for the winds and the waves it is hard to see how it could have been possible at the time to prevent Ireland from becoming a republic under the protection of France.

A subsequent attempt, made by the fleet of the Batavian Republic, ended in the great naval disaster of Camperdown.

Martial Law.—Thoroughly alarmed at the prospect of a

renewed attempt at invasion by the Directory, the Government now handed over all the more disaffected districts of Ireland to the tender mercies of an incomparably brutalized soldiery. Orange yeomanry and English militia regiments, as full of cruel fanaticism as destitute of the very elements of military discipline, revelled in every conceivable form of rapine and outrage.

To extort confessions recourse was had to "half-hanging," "pitch-capping," and "picketing." The half-hanged wretch underwent all the horrors of strangulation, but was cut down while some breath still remained in his body. "Pitch-capping" was, if possible, still more inhuman. Hot pitch was poured on the victim's head. There having cooled, it was allowed, to form a "cap." The cap was then violently torn off, bringing with it hair, scalp, and all. "Picketing" was an exquisitely painful form of torture. "Pickets," or stakes with sharp points uppermost, were driven into the ground, and on these the suspect was compelled to stand, resting the whole weight of his body on his bare soles.

In vain did Lord Moira, in the English House of Lords, bewail such horrors and predict their consequences. "These," said he, "were not particular acts of cruelty, exercised by men abusing the power committed to them, but they formed a part of our system. They were notorious, and no person could say who would be the next victim of this oppression and cruelty which he saw others endure. . . . He had known a man in order to extort confession of a supposed crime, or that of some of his neighbours, 'picketed' till he actually fainted, 'picketed' a second time till he fainted again, and as soon as he came to himself 'picketed' a third time until he fainted once more, and all upon mere suspicion!"

"Scotch Beasts."—In December, 1797, the veteran Sir Ralph Abercromby—"that soul of honour, that star of England's glory"—became commander-in-chief. He was horrified at Castle policy, and still more so at the licence of the soldiery. Writing in confidence to his son he declared:—"The abuses of all kinds I found here can scarcely be believed or enumerated."

In February, 1798, the General issued an order of the

most stringent character, in which he pronounced “ the army in a state of licentiousness which must render it formidable to everyone but the enemy ; ” and added : “ It becomes necessary to recur and most pointedly to attend to the standing orders of the kingdom, which, at the same time that they direct military assistance to be given at the requisition of the civil magistrate, positively forbid the troops to act (but in case of attack) without his presence and authority ; and the most positive orders are to be given to officers commanding for this purpose. ”

This order maddened the Castle Caucus beyond measure. Their object was to drive the people into rebellion, and here was the most illustrious officer in the British army actually bent on thwarting their design ! It was seriously proposed to impeach Sir Ralph in the Irish House of Commons ; but of this the junto thought better. As it was, they denounced him a “ sulky mule ” and a “ Scotch beast, ” and finally drove him to resignation.

Another “ Scotch beast, ” who subsequently won immortal laurels at Corunna, was likewise engaged in this abominable service. When the rebellion was at its height in Wicklow, Sir John Moore declared that “ moderate treatment by the generals, and the preventing of the troops from pillaging and molesting the people, would soon restore tranquillity ; the latter would certainly be quiet if the yeomanry would behave with tolerable decency, and not seek to gratify their ill-humour and revenge on the poor. ” The whole soul of the gallant Scot revolted against the infamies of his calling. He, too, ultimately tendered his resignation. His conscience was on the side of the insurgents, and he did not hesitate to announce to all whom it might concern :—“ *If I were an Irishman I would be a rebel.* ”

The Spy System.—But, in the words of the infamous Castlereagh, still more damnable “ means had to be taken to make it (the insurrection) explode. ” A horde of abandoned spies was let loose upon the people. Among the most execrable of these were Reynolds, a landlord : Captain Armstrong ; Colonel Magin ; McNally, a barrister ; McGucken, a solicitor ; and Hughes, a bookseller. The records of these scoundrels are diabolical beyond all belief.

Reynolds, who betrayed the United Irishmen Executive Committee, fourteen strong, and all men of mark, in Oliver Bond's house in Dublin, received the following wages of iniquity :—

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------|
| Pension for 37 years at £920..... | £34,040 |
| Gratuities at different times | 5,500 |
| Consulship at Lisbon..... | 5,600 |
| Consulship in Iceland..... | 600 |

£45,740.

Colonel Magin, of Saintfield, shared all the secret counsels of the leaders of the United Society for a whole year and a half and as regularly betrayed them through intermediaries to Castlereagh. McNally, their counsel, had a secret life-pension of £300 a year from the Government. McGucken, their solicitor, received at various times £1,400 for espionage. Hughes was in some respects the basest villain of the set. The insurgent leaders feed him well to arrange for the defence of many prisoners. He was all the while in the pay of the Castle !

By such means nearly every leader of note was arrested before any actual rising took place. Arthur O'Connor was seized at Margate. Thomas Addis Emmett, Samuel Neilson, Sampson, a barrister; the brothers Sheares, barristers; and Dr. McNevin were likewise captured. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, on his hiding-place in Thomas Street being entered, defended himself with desperate bravery. He was shot in the shoulder, and died in duance. He was a good officer, and the military plans and combinations revealed by his papers proved how great a loss to the insurgent cause was his sad, untimely fate. "He was (Madden) about five feet seven inches in height, had a very interesting countenance, beautiful arched eyebrows, fine gray eyes, handsome nose, high forehead, and thick, dark-coloured hair—was as playful and humble as a child, as mild and timid as a lady; and, when necessary, as brave as a lion. Peace to his name !" In his *Memoirs of the Whig Party* Lord Holland pays decided tribute to the "rebellious Geraldine's" worth :—"More than twenty years have passed away, many of my opinions are softened, my predilections for some men are weakened, my prejudices against others removed ; but my

approbation of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's actions remains unaltered and unshaken. His country was bleeding under one of the hardest tyrannies that our times have witnessed. He who thinks that a man can be even excused in such circumstances by any other consideration than that of despair from opposing by force a pretended government, seems to me to sanction a principle which would ensure impunity to the greatest of all human delinquents, or at least to those who produce the greatest misery among mankind.”

The Rising.—The rising had been timed for May 23rd, and it took place accordingly. But intelligent direction there was none. All the leaders of mark were in prison or in flight over sea. Hence it came to pass that the rebellion assumed not a few of the odious features of a purposeless *jacquerie*. Many gallant deeds were nevertheless achieved by the insurgents—deeds of sheer daring unmatched by any on the part of Government troops. As heroic, extemporized leaders of men who unexpectedly found themselves leaderless, Father Michael Murphy, Father John Murphy, and Father Philip Roche could scarcely have been surpassed.

In Wexford, where the licence of the soldiers had been most unbridled, the insurrection was naturally the most obstinate and prolonged. At Oulart-hill, Father John Murphy, having defeated the military, took possession successively of Ferns, Enniscorthy, and Wexford. A desperate attack on New Ross was less successful. The disappointment of the infuriated multitude was hideously marked by the massacre at Scullabogue of a hundred and eighty helpless Protestant prisoners. Bagenal Harvey, a Protestant gentleman now in command, was shocked beyond measure at the deed, but was powerless to prevent it. Arklow was stormed by Father Michael Murphy at the head of thirty thousand insurgents. They displayed the most intrepid valour, and, but for the fall of their doughty leader, who was believed to be invulnerable, they would probably have succeeded.

At Vinegar Hill was fought the decisive battle of the war. The fight was fierce and bloody, the insurgents struggling to overcome the heavy odds of discipline and science by the unmeasured energy of despair. Their efforts availed not. The field was lost, and with it the cause of the Irish

Republic. Father Roche, by order of the flinty-hearted victor, General Lake, was hanged over the bridge at Wexford. Father John Murphy was likewise caught and hanged at Tallow. Bagenal Harvey shared a similar fate. The noble-hearted brothers Sheares, Henry, and John, perished on the scaffold hand in hand. Oliver Bond died in Newgate; whilst Thomas Addis Emmett, Arthur O'Connor, and McNevin were banished. Of insurgents of less note the courts-martial made quick work. They were handed over to the hangman in large batches on the flimsiest evidence.

Death of Wolfe Tone.—Yet all was not quite over with the rebels. *Omnia devicta sunt præter atrocem animum Catonis.* The unconquerable Wolfe Tone had yet to be accounted for. Vinegar Hill had not dismayed him: his friend Hoche was dead of a galloping consumption, and Bonaparte had cruelly deceived him. Jupiter Scapin had taken the “army of England” with him to Egypt, and the day of small things had clearly come. Still Tone persevered. In August, 1798, General Humbert landed in Killala Bay with a force of one thousand men, leaving General Hardi to follow from Brest with reinforcements. With this insignificant force, supported by some Irish peasants whom he armed, he signally routed General Lake at the “Castle Bar Races,” but was soon afterwards compelled, in the face of overwhelming numbers, to surrender at discretion.

Meanwhile, Hardi and Tone were not inactive. On October 10th, the *Hoche* (a seventy-four), two frigates, and a schooner lay outside Lough Swilly. Next morning they were attacked by Admiral Warren and a strong English squadron. For six mortal hours the *Hoche* engaged four men-of-war of as heavy burden as herself. Tone commanded a battery, and recklessly exposed himself to every missile that flew. In vain. He was taken alive with the other French officers, and conveyed ashore. There, at Lord Cavan’s hospitable board, his identity was cruelly affirmed by Sir George Hill, an old college friend, and his doom was sealed. He was sentenced by a court-martial to be hanged, despite his French commission, in virtue of which he demanded to be shot. On the morning of the fatal day he cut his throat in prison. The wound was not immediately mortal, and Curran

managed to rescue this " noblest Roman of them all " from the dreaded ignominy of the gallows. The great advocate successfully moved for a writ of *Habeas Corpus*—a delay which enabled his illustrious client to breathe his last in his cell. Peace to his ashes !

" Then since the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood which they have shed.
You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod,
But 'twill take root and flourish there, though under foot 'tis trod.
When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not show,
Then I will change the colour that I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green."



CHAPTER XVII.

How they Passed the Union and After.

"Do not unite with us, sir; it would be the union of the shark with his prey; we should unite with you only to destroy you."—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"If it must be called a union, it is the union of a shark with his prey; the spoiler swallows up his victim, and they become one and inseparable. Thus has Great Britain swallowed up the Parliament, the Constitution, the Independence of Ireland."—LORD BYRON.

"Where one Commonwealth unites with another, in such a manner that one keeps its Government and States, and the subjects of the other change their country and are taken into the privileges and rights of a foreign Commonwealth, it is evident that one is swallowed up and lost in the other."—PUFFENDORF.

"Such an act (Union) in the Parliament, without the authority of the people, is a *breach of trust*. Parliament is not the proprietor, but the trustee, and the people the *proprietor*, not the *property*. Parliament is called to make laws, not to elect law makers; assembled to exercise the functions of Parliament, not to substitute another Parliament for the discharge of its own duty."—GRATTAN.

"The delivery of a people into the subjection of a foreign power is a change of legislators, and therefore a dissolution of Government. The legislature acts against the trust reposed in it, when it makes an arbitrary disposal of the lives and fortunes of the country."—LOCKE.

"The Prince cannot alienate or transfer his kingdom."—GROTIUS.

"The collective body of the people delegate, but do not give up; trust, but do not alienate their right and power. There is something which a parliament cannot do; a parliament *cannot annul* the constitution. The legislature is a supreme but not an arbitrary power."—BOLINGBROKE

"It (union) would be the emigration of every man of consequence from Ireland. It would be the participation of British taxes without British trade. It would be the extinction of the Irish name as a people. We should become a wretched colony, perhaps leased out to a company of Jews, as was formerly in contemplation, and governed by a few tax gatherers and excisemen."—CURRAN.

"The manner in which, and the terms upon which Mr. Pitt effected the Union, made it the most fatal blow ever levelled against the peace and prosperity of England."—S. T. COLERIDGE.

"I know of no blacker or fouler transaction in the history of man than the making of the Union between England and Ireland."—WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

"I met Murder on the way :
He had a masque like Castlereagh ;
Very smooth he looked, yet grim,
Seven bloodhounds followed him."

—SHELLEY.

Lord Cornwallis's Viceroyalty.—On June 20th, 1798, Lord Cornwallis assumed the duties of Viceroy, the very day before the capture of Vinegar Hill. He had, in his time, witnessed many deeds of bloody outrage, both in India and America; but he was naturally just and humane, as his extant correspondence testifies. His administration had two objects: to stamp out the embers of the rebellion, and feloniously to incorporate the Parliament of Ireland with that of Great Britain. He succeeded, at the bitter sacrifice of his own better self.

Writing to Lord Portland a few days after his arrival in what Lord Clare called "the damnable country," Cornwallis observes:—"The accounts that you see of the numbers of the enemy destroyed in every action are, I conclude, greatly exaggerated. From my own knowledge of military affairs I am sure that a very small proportion of them only could be killed in battle, and I am much afraid that any man in a brown coat who is found within several miles of the field of action is butchered without discrimination."

Again:—"The Irish militia are totally without discipline, contemptible before the enemy when any serious resistance is made to them, but ferocious and cruel in the extreme when any poor wretches, either with or without arms, come within their power—in short, *murder appears to be their favourite pastime.*"

To his old and trusted companion in arms, Major-General Ross, the Viceroy was even more explicit. On the 9th July he wrote:—"There is no enemy in the field to oppose our troops. We are engaged in a war of plunder and massacre." On the 31st the same correspondent is despairingly told:—"Our war is reduced to a predatory system in the mountains of Wicklow."

Further addressing General Ross, the unfortunate Lord-Lieutenant bewails:—"The conversation of the principal persons of the country all tends to encourage this system of blood, and the conversation even at my own table, where you will suppose I do all I can to prevent it, always turns on hanging, shooting, burning, &c., &c.; and if a priest has been put to death, the greatest joy is expressed by the whole company. So much for Ireland and my wretched situation."

As late as November, 1799, on the eve of the Union, this inhuman dragonnade was in full swing. On the 16th General Ross is told:—"The vilest informers are hunted out from the prisons to attack, by the most barefaced perjury, the lives of all who are suspected of being, or of having been, disaffected; and, indeed, every Roman Catholic is in great danger. I attempt to moderate that violence and cruelty, which has once driven, and which, if tolerated, must again drive, this wretched country into rebellion."

Pitt the Bottomless.—How a rising, notoriously Protestant in its origin and organization, should come to take the shape of a notorious Papist dragonnade was a standing puzzle to the somewhat simple-minded Viceroy. With the knowledge that out of 162 recognised leaders of the '98 movement 106 were Protestants, what wonder that Cornwallis should marvel at "the folly which has been prevalent of regarding Catholicism as the foundation of the present rebellion." The man who could, if he had been so minded, have explained to him the whole mystery of the insurrection, *ab initio*, was the renowned "pilot who weathered the storm,"—William Pitt. This prince of criminal politicians—*facile princeps*—was, perhaps, taking him all in all, the most unscrupulous statesman, the most malevolent genius, not excepting the first Napoleon, to whom the eighteenth century gave birth. His exemption from the more venial failings of human nature merely served to cloak the abysmal depravity of the monster's heart. Conscience he had none, only a will remorseless as fate, and seldom or never exerted for any good purpose. From first to last there is nothing in his career to show that he had the least regard for the consequences of his actions. "His devil," said Grattan, "went forth. He destroyed liberty and

property; he consumed the press; he burned houses and villages; he murdered, and he failed"—failed the most when his unprincipled triumph seemed most complete. It is Pitt's "law and order" in Ireland that every genuine democrat in these islands is strenuously combatting to-day.

In dealing with Ireland, "the heaven-born Minister" had two courses open to him. He might either grant Catholic emancipation and Parliamentary reform, or he might, by terror and corruption, induce the Protestant Parliament of the English colony to efface itself and Irish nationality. Standing at the parting of the ways, he deliberately adopted the latter alternative, and, by striking into the left-hand path, inflicted, in the words of Coleridge, "the most fatal blow ever levelled against the peace and prosperity of England," as well as of Ireland. His policy of legislative incorporation had not even the merit of originality. It was but a base resuscitation of the long-discredited experiment of Oliver Cromwell.

Testimony of Sir Jonah Barrington.—"Mr. Pitt's end was answered. He raised the Catholics to the height of expectation, and by suddenly recalling their favourite Viceroy, he inflamed them to the degree of generating the commotions he meditated, which would throw the Protestants into the arms of England for protection, whilst the horrors would be aggravated by the mingled conflict of parties. Having sent Lord Fitzwilliam to Ireland with unlimited powers to satisfy the nation, Mr. Pitt permitted him to proceed until he had unavoidably committed himself, both to the Catholics and to the country, when he suddenly recalled him. The day Lord Fitzwilliam arrived peace was proclaimed throughout all Ireland. The day he quitted it she prepared for insurrection. Within three months Lord Clare had got the nation into full training for military execution. Mr. Pitt decided upon forcing a premature insurrection for a particular object, and did not calculate the torrents of blood that would be shed, and the inveterate hatred that might be perpetuated against the British Government.

Testimony of Mr. Lecky.—"The steady object of his (Pitt's) later Irish policy was to corrupt and degrade, in

order that he ultimately might destroy the legislature of the country. Had Parliament been a mirror of the national will, had the Catholics been brought within the pale of the constitution, his policy would have been defeated. By raising the hopes of the Catholics almost to certainty, and then dashing them to the ground; by taking this step at the very moment when the inflammatory spirit engendered by the (French) Revolution had begun to spread among the people, Pitt sowed in Ireland the seeds of discord and bloodshed, of religious animosities and social disorganization, which paralyzed the energies of the country, and rendered possible the success of his machinations. The rebellion of 1798, with all the accumulated misery it entailed, was the direct and predicted consequence of his policy. Having suffered Lord Fitzwilliam to amuse the Irish people by the prospect of emancipation, he blighted their hopes by recalling him, and thus produced the rebellion."

Corruption of the Irish Legislature.—As early as 25th September, 1798, "the terror" had fairly done its Unionist work, for at that date we find Cornwallis writing to Pitt as follows:—"The principal people here are so frightened that they would, I believe, readily consent to a union; but then it must be a Protestant union; and even the Chancellor (Lord Clare), who is the most right-headed politician in the country (!), will not hear of the Roman Catholics sitting in the united Parliament." This being so, the time had come for the free use of Castlereagh's *primum mobile*, gold or its equivalents. "Grattan's Parliament" was, after all, an independent legislature only in name. No Bill could well be introduced without the sanction of the Viceroy. That potentate might not merely intrigue against measures obnoxious to his own patrons in London, but even employ in abundance the State money and patronage to secure their rejection. If actually passed, they were not even then out of danger. The King, advised by his London Council, might refuse his assent to them. Moreover, as was seen in a previous chapter, the Irish Parliament was, for the most part, representative only in name. Indeed, the marvel is, everything considered, how so many of its members did actually come through the seductive ordeal of bribery with their honour unstained.

"It is," says Mr. Lecky, "a simple and unexaggerated statement of fact, that in the entire history of representative government there is no instance of corruption having been applied on so large a scale and with such audacious effrontery."

One at least of the instruments of this shameless demoralization felt the ignominy of his position acutely. Writing at different times, Lord Cornwallis observes :—" My occupation is now of the most unpleasant nature, negotiating and jobbing with the most corrupt people under heaven. I despise and hate myself every hour for engaging in such dirty work." " Sincerely do I repent that I did not return to Bengal." " How I long to kick those whom my public duties oblige me to court !" " God only knows how this business will terminate, but it is so hard to struggle against private interests, and the pride and prejudices of a nation, that I shall never feel confident of success until the Union is actually carried." " The nearer the great event approaches (letter to General Ross, 18th April, 1800) the more are the needy and interested senators alarmed at the effects it may possibly have on their interests, and the provision for their families, and I believe that *half of our majority* would be at least as much delighted as any of our opponents if the measure could be defeated."

When it was impossible to gratify the unreasonable demands of the politicians, Cornwallis tells Ross he often recalled certain lines of Swift's :—

" So, to effect his monarch's ends,
From hell a Viceroy devil ascends,
His budget with corruption crammed,
The contributions of the damned,
Which with unsparing hand he strows
Through Courts and Senates as he goes,
And then, at Beelzebub's black hall,
Complains his budget is too small.

The Price of the Union.—The first attempt to induce the Irish Parliament to commit suicide was made in January, 1799. The result was discouraging, the Government obtaining, with difficulty, a majority of one (106 to 105). This was regarded as equivalent to a defeat, and the Executive at once redoubled its efforts to corrupt and intimidate. £1,275,000 were spent in the purchase of "patronage" or "pocket" boroughs. Over £1,000,000 were

spent in direct bribes. A single vote cost £8,000 down, or an appointment to an office worth £2,000 a-year if ready money was not wanted. Twenty peerages, ten bishoprics, one chief justiceship, six puisne judgeships, and many appointments, military, naval, and civil, were showered on traitors or their relations. The following are a few of the more important pickings for the sale of "patronage" seats:—

| | | | | | | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|---------|
| Lord Downshire | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | £52,500 |
| Lord Ely... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 45,000 |
| Earl of Carrick' | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 14,000 |
| Lord Clanmorris | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 14,000 |
| Sir Hercules Langrishe | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 13,862 |
| Duke of Leinster | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 13,800 |
| Lord Lismore | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 12,300 |
| Earl of Ludlow... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 7,500 |
| Earl of Shannon | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 7,500 |
| Lord Tara | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 7,500 |
| Hon. E. Massey | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 6,850 |
| Earl of Massareene and three brothers | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 15,000 |

Purchased Votes.—The names and prices of 140 bought Members of the Irish Parliament have come down to us. The following may be taken as specimens of the infamous crew:—

J. Bingham, created a peer, Lord Clanmorris; got £8,000 for two seats, and £15,000 compensation for Tuam. First offered himself for sale to the Anti-Unionists.

Joseph H. Blake, created a peer, Lord Wallscourt.

Sir J. G. Blackwood, created a peer, Lord Dufferin.

Sir John Blaquiere, created a peer, Lord de Blaquiere, with offices and pensions.

Lord Boyle, son of Lord Shannon; father and son got immense sums for their seats and boroughs—£15,000 for each.

Charles H. Coote, a peerage, Lord Castlecote a regiment, patronage of Queen's County, and £7,500 in cash.

James Cuffe: his father made Lord Tyrawley.

Lord Fitzgerald, a pension and a peerage.

Luke Fox, made judge of Common Pleas.

William Fortescue, a pension of £3,000 a year.

J. Galbraith, a baronetcy.

Richard Hare, made Lord Ennismore, with patronage.

Colonel B. Heneker, a regiment, and £3,500 a year for his seat.

Hon. J. Hutchinson, made Lord Hutchinson, and a general.

Hugh Howard, made Postmaster-General.

William Handcock, an extraordinary instance. He made and sang

songs *against* the Union in 1799 at a public dinner; and made and sang songs *for* it in 1800, for which he got a peerage as Lord Castlemaine, a title which seems to have been selected as a badge of peculiar infamy, having been before given by Charles II. to one Palmer, for the debauchery of his wife.

Hon. G. Jocelyn, promotion in the army, and his brother made Bishop of Lismore.

William Johnson, returned, as he himself said, "by Lord Castlereagh to Parliament, to put an end to it," a judgeship.

Right Hon. H. Langris got £15,000 for his patronage of Knoctopher, and a commissionership of revenue.

T. Lingray, £1,500, and a commissionership of stamps.

T. Lindsay, jun., £1,500, and usher at the castle.

J. Longfield, made a peer, Lord Longueville.

Lord Loftus, £30,000 for boroughs; and made an English marquis.

H. D. Massey, £4,000 cash.

Right Hon. Lodge Morris, a peer.

Sir R. Musgrave, made Receiver of Customs, with £1,200 a year.

James McCland, Baron of Exchequer.

Sir W. G. Newcomen, bought, and a peerage for his wife.

F. H. Prittie, made Lord Dualley.

Sir Richard Quin, a peerage.

Hon. H. Skeffington, made a clerk of Paper Office at the Castle, and £7,500 for his patronage.

H. M. Sandford, made Lord Mount Sandford.

John Stewart, Attorney-General and a baronet.

Hon. B. Stratford, £7,500 as half compensation for Baltinglass.

Hon. J. Stratford £7,500 for the other half of Baltinglass, and paymaster of foreign troops, with £1,300 a year.

Right Hon. J. Toler, a peerage, and Chief Justiceship.

Hon. R. Trench, made a peer and ambassador.

Corruption of the Irish Bar.—Both Lord Chancellor Clare and Chief Secretary Castlereagh determined, if at all possible, to enlist the support of this powerful body in behalf of Pitt's Union project. Clare doubled the number of the Bankruptcy Commissioners, and created thirty-two county-court judgeships, at salaries ranging from £600 to £700 per annum each. Castlereagh tempted the junior bar with extra-professional bait. Writing for a fresh supply of secret service money, 2nd January, 1799, he says:—

"We cannot give that activity to the press which is requisite. Already we feel the want, and, indeed, the absolute necessity of the *primum mobile*. We have good materials among the young barristers, but we cannot expect them to waste their time and starve into the bargain. I

know the difficulties, and shall respect them as much as possible in the extent of our expenditure ; but, notwithstanding every difficulty, I cannot help most earnestly requesting to receive £5,000 in bank-notes by the first messenger."

Nevertheless, to the lasting praise of a calling generally reputed to be anything but insensible to "*primum mobile*," it was with the greatest difficulty that perverts could be obtained. At a full deliberative meeting of the bar, convened by requisition of its most eminent members, Mr. Goold expressed the prevailing sentiment of the profession when he declared:—"The Almighty has, in majestic characters, signed the great charter of our independence. The Great Creator of the world has given our beloved country the outlines of a kingdom. The God of Nature never intended that Ireland should be a province, and by God she never shall!"

The division was:—

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| Against the Union | 166 |
| In favour of | 32 |
| <hr/> | |
| Majority against | 134 |

The rewards of iniquity subsequently showered on the base minority were as follow:—

| | Per Annum. |
|---|------------|
| Charles Osborne, made a judge of the King's Bench | ... £3,300 |
| St. John Daly | ... 3,300 |
| William Smith, made a baron of the Exchequer | ... 3,300 |
| Mr. McClelland | ... 3,300 |
| R. Johnson, made a judge of Common Pleas | ... 3,300 |
| William Johnson, | ... 3,300 |
| Mr. Torens, | ... 3,300 |
| Mr. Vandaleur, | ... 3,300 |
| Thomas Mansell, made a County Court judge | ... 600 |
| William Turner, | ... 600 |
| John Scholes, | ... 600 |
| Thomas Vickers, | ... 600 |
| John Houran, | ... 600 |
| Thomas Grady, | ... 600 |
| John Dwyer, | ... 600 |
| George Leslie, | ... 600 |
| Thomas Scott, | ... 600 |
| Henry Brook, | ... 600 |

| | | | | | |
|--|-----|-----|-----|-----|-------|
| James Geraghty, made a County Court judge ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 600 |
| Richard Sharkey " " " " " | ... | ... | ... | ... | 600 |
| William Stokes " " " " " | ... | ... | ... | ... | 600 |
| William Roper, " " " " " | ... | ... | ... | ... | 600 |
| C. Garnett, " " " " " | ... | ... | ... | ... | 600 |
| Mr. Jemison, for distributing £1,500,000 Union compensa- | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| tion money " " " " " | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1,200 |
| Fitzgibbon Henchy, Bankruptcy Commisioner | ... | ... | ... | ... | 400 |
| J. Keller, officer in Court of Chancery | ... | ... | ... | ... | 500 |
| P. W. Fortescue, a secret pension | ... | ... | ... | ... | 400 |
| W. Longfield, an officer in the Customs | ... | ... | ... | ... | 500 |
| Arthur Brown, commission of inspector | ... | ... | ... | ... | 800 |
| Edward Stanley, " " " " " | ... | ... | ... | ... | 800 |
| Charles Ormsby, counsel to Commissioner | ... | ... | ... | ... | 5,000 |
| William Knott, M.P., Commissioner of Appeals | ... | ... | ... | ... | 800 |
| Henry Deane Grady, counsel to Commissioners | ... | ... | ... | ... | 5,000 |

Testimony of Lord (then Mr. Charles) Grey in the British House of Commons, 1800.—"If the Parliament of Ireland was left to itself, untempted, unawed, unintimidated, it would without hesitation have rejected the resolutions. There are 300 members in all, and 120 of these strenuously opposed the measure, amongst whom were two-thirds of the county members, the representatives of the City of Dublin, and of all the towns which it is proposed shall send members to the Imperial Parliament! One hundred and sixty-two voted in favour of the Union, and of these 116 were *place-men*, some of whom were English generals on the staff, without a foot of ground in Ireland, and completely dependent upon Government. . . . Let us reflect upon the arts which have been used since the last session of the Irish Parliament to pack a majority of the House of Commons. All persons holding offices under the Government, even the most intimate friends of the Minister, if they hesitated to vote as directed, were stript of all their employments. Even this step was found ineffectual, and other arts were had recourse to, which, though I cannot name in this place, all will easily conjecture. A Bill (the Place Bill) framed for preserving the purity of Parliament, was likewise abused, and no less than sixty-three seats were vacated by their holders having received nominal offices" (the Escheatorships of Leinster, Munster, Ulster and Connaught, the Irish Chiltern Hundreds).

“Twenty-seven counties have petitioned against the measure (Union). The petition from the County of Down is signed by upwards of 17,000 respectable, independent men, and all the others are in a similar proportion. Dublin petitioned under the great seal of the city, and each of the corporations in it followed the example. Drogheda petitioned against the Union, and almost every other town in the kingdom in like manner testified its disapprobation. Those in favour of the measure possessing great influence in the country obtained a few counter petitions; yet though the petition from the County Down was signed by 17,000 persons, the counter petition was signed only by 415. Though there were 707,000 who had signed petitions against the measure the total number of those who declared themselves in favour of it did not exceed 3,000, and many even of them only prayed that the measure might be *discussed*! If the facts I state are true—and I challenge any man to falsify them—could a nation in more direct terms express its disapprobation of a political measure than Ireland has of a legislative Union with Great Britain? In fact, the nation is nearly unanimous, and this great majority is composed not of fanatics, bigots, or Jacobins, but of the most respectable of every class of the community.”

Last Session of the Irish Parliament.—On 15th January, 1800, the last session of the last Irish Parliament began. Minister Pitt, Viceroy Cornwallis, Lord Chancellor Clare, Chief Secretary Castlereagh, and Under-Secretary Cooke had all zealously done their loathsome parts, and the national life of Ireland was ready to be sacrificed. The Viceroy's Speech contained nothing really debateable, and the Address was correspondingly vague. But the Opposition was vigilant, and Sir Lawrence Parsons moved an amendment “that the house should maintain intact the Constitution of 1782, and that Ireland should retain its absolute right of self-government for ever.” This was applying a match to the tinder, and a vehement debate ensued—a debate perhaps unmatched in the annals of parliamentary eloquence. Charles Kendal Bushe put the case for the Anti-Unionists in words that still scorch and burn as when they came molten from the glowing chamber of his brain:—

“You are called on to give up your independence and to whom are you to give it up? To a nation which for six hundred years has treated you with uniform oppression and injustice. The Treasury bench startles at the assertion—*Non meus hic sermo est*. If the Treasury Bench scold me, Mr. Pitt will scold them. It is his assertion, in so many words, in his speech. Ireland, says he, has always been treated with injustice and illiberality. Ireland, says Junius, has always been plundered and oppressed. This is not the slander of Junius or the candour of Mr. Pitt; it is history. For centuries has the British nation and Parliament kept you down, shackled your commerce, paralysed your exertions, despised your character, and ridiculed your pretensions to any privileges, commercial or constitutional. She never conceded a point to you which she could avoid, or granted a favour which was not reluctantly distilled. They have been all wrung from her like drops of her heart's blood, and you are not in possession of a single blessing, except those which you derive from God, that has not either been purchased or extorted by the virtue of your own Parliament from the illiberality of England.”

Grattan to the Rescue.—At seven o'clock, on the morning of the 16th, a strange, emaciated figure, attired in the blue and scarlet Volunteer uniform of '82 entered the jaded House. It was Henry Grattan. Since his memorable withdrawal from Parliament nearly three years had elapsed, and during that period he had suffered acute agony, both of mind and body. As a Constitutionalist, the Republican rising of '98 had brought him only grief unspeakable. But now he had a duty to perform which no man could discharge half as well, and he set about his task with an energy of will which astounded friend and foe. Castlereagh, among his other Unionist feats, had established among the corrupted Ministerialists a *duelling club* of twenty members pledged to “call out” any anti-Unionist daring to speak “immoderately” against the Government policy. Grattan was well aware of this, and so was his heroic wife Henrietta. Here is that truly admirable woman's narrative:—

“Unable to bear noise, we avoided hotels, and went to

Mr. Austen's, in Dublin, to await the election (a death vacancy had occurred at Wicklow), which, the sheriff being friendly, was managed after twelve o'clock on the night of the 15th of January, 1800, the last session of the Dublin Parliament. At five o'clock in the morning Mr. Tighe arrived on horseback in Dublin, and we heard loud knocking. Grattan was ill in bed, and said, 'Why will you not let me die in peace?' He grew quite wild. I told him he must go to the House, and helped him down-stairs, when he went into the parlour and loaded his pistols, for he apprehended assassination by the Union party. We wrapped a blanket round him in the sedan-chair, and I stood at the door uncertain whether I should ever see him again. Mr. M'Can said that Grattan's friends had determined to come forward, if he were attacked. I said, 'My husband cannot die better than in the defence of his country.'"

The defence of his country which Grattan, though unable to stand upright, now addressed to the house, held every soul spell-bound for the space of two hours:—

"Ireland considers the British empire a great western barrier against invasion from other countries. She hears the ocean protesting against separation, but she hears the sea likewise protesting against Union.

"The Constitution the Minister destroys is the condition of our connection: he destroys one of the pillars of the British empire—the habitation of Irish loyalty. I say of her loyalty as well as of her liberty, her temple of fame as well as of freedom, where she has seated herself, as she vainly thought, in modest security and a long repose.

"Well, the Minister has destroyed the Constitution. To destroy is easy. The edifices of the mind, like the fabrics of marble, require an age to build, but ask only minutes to precipitate; and as the fall of both is of no time, so neither is it a business of any strength. A pickaxe and a common labourer will do the one: a little lawyer, a little pimp, and a wicked Minister the other.

"I have done with the pile which the Minister batters. I come to the Babel which he builds, and as he throws down without a principle, so does he construct without a foundation. This fabric he calls a Union. It is no union, for it

excludes the Catholics. It is an extinction of the Constitution, and an exclusion of the people. He has overlooked the people as he has overlooked the sea.

"I affirm that the blessings procured by the Irish Parliament in the last twenty years are greater than all the blessings afforded by the British Parliaments to Ireland for the last century, greater even than the mischiefs inflicted by the British Parliaments.

"He, the Minister, 'his budget with corruption crammed, proposes to you to give up the ancient inheritance of your country, to proclaim an utter and blank incapacity to make laws for your own people, and to register their proclamation in an Act which inflicts on this ancient nation an eternal disability, and he accompanies these monstrous proposals by undisguised terror and unqualified bribery."

At ten a.m. the House divided on the amendment to the Address—majority against, 42 (138—96). This was fatal. Majorities at subsequent stages of the Union Bill followed as matters of course.

Articles of Union.—The following were the heads of the Articles of Union :—

"1. The two kingdoms are henceforth to be styled 'The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.'

"2. The succession to the Imperial Crown shall continue in the same manner as before the Union.

"3. There shall be one Parliament representing the United Kingdom.

"4. Four spiritual Peers by rotation of sessions, twenty-eight temporal Peers elected for life by the Peers of Ireland, and one hundred Commoners (afterwards, by the first Reform Bill, increased to one hundred and five) are appointed to represent Ireland in the Imperial Parliament.

"5. The established Churches in England and Ireland shall be formed into one Protestant Episcopal Church, with the same doctrine, worship, and discipline. All members of the united parliaments shall take the oath, excluding Roman Catholics.

"6. Irish subjects of the United Kingdom shall be entitled to full privileges as to trade, navigation, and foreign commerce.

“ 7. The taxes and expenditure of the United Kingdom are to be levied and defrayed according to a fixed proportion, Ireland to furnish two-fifteenths.

“ 8. All the laws and courts of each kingdom are to remain as before, subject to any alteration which Parliament may enact, the final Court of Appeal being the House of Lords of the United Kingdom.”

In February, 1800, the House went into committee on the Articles of Union, already sanctioned in substance by enormous majorities in the British Parliament, and, after desperate resistance by Grattan, Parnell, Plunkett, Ponsonby, Saurin, and other Nationalists, they were duly carried.

“ How did they pass the Union ?
 By perjury and fraud ;
 By slaves who sold their land for gold,
 As Judas sold his Lord.
 By all the savage acts that yet
 Have followed England's track,
 The pitch-cap and the bayonet,
 The gibbet and the rack.
 And thus was passed the Union,
 By Pitt and Castlereagh ;
 Could Satan send, for such an end,
 More worthy tools than they ? ”

Grattan's Anti-Unionist Climax.—“ The constitution may be for a time so lost, the character of the country cannot be lost. The Ministers of the Crown will find that it is not so easy to put down for ever an ancient and respectable nation by abilities, however great, and by power and by corruption, however irresistible. Liberty may repair her golden beams, and with redoubled heat animate the country. The cry of loyalty will not long continue against the principles of liberty. Loyalty is a noble, judicious, and a capacious principle, but in these countries loyalty distinct from liberty is corruption, not loyalty.

“ The cry of the connection will not in the end avail against the principles of liberty. Connection is a wise and a profound policy ; but connection without an Irish Parliament is connection without its own principle, without analogy of condition, without the pride of honour that should attend it ; is innovation, is peril, is subjugation, not connection.

"The cry of disaffection will not in the end avail against the principles of liberty.

"Identification is a solid and imperial maxim, necessary for the preservation of freedom, necessary for that of the empire; but without union of hearts, with a separate Government and without a separate Parliament, identification is extinction, is dishonour, is conquest, not identification.

"Yet I do not give up my country. I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead. Though in her tomb she lies, helpless and motionless, there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheeks a glow of beauty.

"Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there,"

Grattan's Duel with Corry.—In one of these oratorical encounters Grattan was for the fourth time wantonly vituperated by the bully, Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer, chief of Castlereagh's Unionist "Shooting Club." Grattan replied with unmeasured scorn:—

"I have returned to protect that Constitution of which I was the parent and the founder from the assassination of such men as the right honourable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt, they are seditious, and they at this moment are in a conspiracy against their country. . . . I dare accusation. I defy the honourable gentleman. I defy the Government. I defy their whole phalanx. Let them come forth. I tell the Ministers I will neither give them quarter nor take it."

A hostile challenge followed almost as a matter of course. Grattan would hear of no delay. The combatants accordingly having met at early dawn, Corry was shot in the hand, and thus was brought to a premature end the Castlereagh vendetta for "fighting down the Opposition."

Plunkett on the Incompetency of Parliament to Vote Away Irish Independence.—"I, in the most express terms, deny the competency of Parliament to do this act. I warn you; do not lay your hands on this Constitution. I tell you that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this Act, it will be a mere nullity, and no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately. I

repeat it. Call on every man who hears me to take down my words. You have not been elected for this purpose. You are appointed to make laws, not legislatures—you are appointed to exercise the functions of legislators and not to transfer them—you are appointed to act under the Constitution, and not to alter it; and if you do so, your act is a dissolution of Government. You resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land is bound to obey you. Sir, I state doctrines which are founded on immutable laws and reason. I state not merely the opinions of the ablest and wisest men who have written on the science of Government; but I state the practice of our Constitution, as settled at the era of the Revolution; and I state the doctrine under which the House of Hanover derives its title to the throne. Has the King a right to transfer his crown? Is he competent to annex it to the crown of Spain, or any other country? No; but he may abdicate it, and every man who knows the Constitution knows the consequence: the right reverts to the next in succession. If they all abdicate, it reverts to the people. The man who questions this doctrine, in the same breath must arraign the sovereign on the throne as an usurper. Are you competent to transfer your legislative rights to the French Council of Five Hundred? Are you competent to transfer them to the British Parliament? I answer, no. If you transfer, you abdicate, and the great original trust reverts to the people from whom it issued. Yourselves you may extinguish, but Parliament you cannot extinguish. It is enthroned in the hearts of the people, it is enshrined in the sanctuary of the Constitution, it is as immortal as the island which it protects. As well might the frantic suicide hope that the act which destroys his miserable body would extinguish his immortal soul! Again I therefore warn you, do not dare lay your hands on the constitution. It is above your power."

The Closing Scene.—On the 25th May, 1800, the Union Bill was introduced into the Irish House of Commons. On 7th June, following, that House met for the last time. On August 2nd the royal sanction was given, and on 1st January, 1801, the hated Act began to operate.

Sir Jonah Barrington's account of the last moments of the Irish Legislature have often been quoted, but cannot be bettered:—

“The situation of the Speaker on that night was of the most distressing nature. A sincere and ardent enemy of the measure, he headed its opponents; he resisted it with all the power of his mind, the resources of his experience, his influence, and his eloquence.

“It was, however, through his voice that it was to be proclaimed and consummated. His only alternative (resignation) would have been unavailing, and could have added nothing to his character. His expressive countenance bespoke the inquietude of his feelings; solicitude was perceptible in every glance, and his embarrassment was obvious in every word he uttered.

“The galleries were full, but the change was lamentable; they were no longer crowded with those who had been accustomed to witness the eloquence and to animate the debates of that devoted assembly. A monotonous and melancholy murmur ran through the benches; scarcely a word was exchanged among the members; nobody seemed at ease; no cheerfulness was apparent, and the ordinary business for some time proceeded in the usual manner.

“At length the expected moment arrived; the order of the day for a third reading of the Bill for a ‘legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland’ was moved by Lord Castlereagh. Unvaried, tame, cold-blooded, the words seemed frozen as they issued from his lips, and as if, a simple citizen of the world, he seemed to have no sensation on the subject. At that moment he had no country, no God but his ambition. He made his motion, and resumed his seat with the utmost composure and indifference.

“Confused murmurs again rang through the House. It was visibly affected. Every character seemed involuntarily rushing to its index—some pale, some flushed, some agitated. There were few countenances to which the heart did not despatch some messenger. Several members withdrew before the question could be repeated, and an awful momentary silence succeeded their departure. The Speaker rose

slowly from that chair which had been the proud source of his honours and his high character; for a moment he resumed his seat, but the strength of his mind sustained him in his duty though his struggle was apparent. With that dignity which never failed to signalise his official actions, he held up the Bill for a moment in silence. He looked steadily around him on the last agony of the expiring Parliament. He at length repeated, in an emphatic tone, 'As many as are of opinion that this Bill do pass, say aye.' The affirmative was languid, but indisputable. Another momentary pause ensued; again his lips seemed to decline their office; at length, with an eye averted from the object which he hated, he proclaimed with a subdued voice, 'The ayes have it.' The fatal sentence was now pronounced. For an instant he stood statue-like, then indignantly, and with disgust, flung the Bill upon the table, and sank into the chair with an exhausted spirit. An independent country was thus degraded into a province; Ireland, as a nation, was extinguished."

"Oh, Ireland, my country, the hour
Of thy pride and thy splendour is past;
And the chain that was spurned in thy moment of power
Hangs heavy around thee at last.

"Thou art doomed for the thankless to toil,
Thou art left for the proud to disdain,
And the blood of thy sons and the wealth of thy soil
Shall be wasted, and wasted in vain."

Financial Effects of the Union.—These were speedily found to be of the most disastrous character. In 1793 the National Debt of Ireland amounted to only £2,219,694. At the Union in 1800 it was set down at the enormous sum of £26,841,219. How was this effected? By charging the Irish Exchequer with the cost of all the bayonets and bribes by which the Union had been procured! "It was strange," O'Connell justly observed, "that Ireland was not afterwards made to pay for the knife with which Lord Castlereagh twenty-two years later cut his own throat."

The total cost of the Union, at the lowest estimate, was as follows:—

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|-------------|
| Expenses of the military (137,000 men) engaged in first fomenting and then suppressing the Rebellion (1797-1802) | | | | | | | | | | £16,000,000 |
| Payment to suffering Loyalists | | | | | | | | | | 1,500,000 |
| Purchase of Parliament | | | | | | | | | | 1,500,000 |
| Secret service money (1797-1804) | | | | | | | | | | 553,000 |
| Union pensions, &c. | | | | | | | | | | 1,000,000 |
| Removing Departments to London | | | | | | | | | | 500,000 |
| | | | | | | | | | | <hr/> |
| | | | | | | | | | | £21,053,000 |

But this was only the beginning of Ireland's financial sorrows under the Union. By that Act her debt was to remain separate from that of Great Britain (then £450,504,984) till (1) the two should bear to each other the ratio of two to fifteen, and (2) till the circumstances of the respective countries should admit of uniform taxation.

In 1817 these conditions were declared to be fulfilled. The Irish debt then stood at £112,704,773 (!) and the British at £734,522,104. Thus, in sixteen years the debt of Ireland had been quadrupled, while that of England had been increased by less than one-half—"as if Ireland had a *double* interest in crushing France!" The exchequers of the two countries were accordingly amalgamated, and Ireland was thenceforth fraudulently saddled with a proportionate share of the vast Anti-Union Debt of Great Britain.

Economic Effects of the Union.—Nor was this the worst that befell luckless Erin. Industrial prosperity was hopelessly blighted by "the union of the shark with his prey." The economic bane of the Act was, of course, of slower development than the financial, but eventually it was infinitely more pernicious. Summing up the situation in 1843, the Great Liberator of his race and religion, Daniel O'Connell, said with truth:—

"The Union was a profitable compact for one of the parties. England found a market for her fabrics, a recruiting field for her army, a partner in her public burdens, and by making absenteeism a necessity for members of Parliament and their train, she drew from Ireland an annual tribute of five or six millions rent.

"But for the other partner it was a disastrous compact. Before the Union, Ireland was the seat of flourishing woollen

and silk manufactories. The woollen trade had taken root prior to the Revolution of 1688; but on the demand of the English Parliament, though in the hands of Protestants, it nearly disappeared. A hundred years later, when Grattan had established legislative independence, the trade sprang up under the care of a free parliament, and at the period of the Union the cloth-loom was at work in Dublin, Kilkenny, Limerick, Carrick-on-Suir, Roscrea, and several smaller towns.

"The population of Ireland was then only 4,000,000, of whom 150,000 were employed in silk and woollen manufactures. In 1841 the population had increased to 8,000,000 and 9,000,000, but the number of these artisans had shrunk to a handful—fewer than 8,000. The mills in the provincial towns were all closed; in Dublin, where ninety master manufacturers had given employment to 5,000 artisans, the former had diminished to twelve, and the latter to less than 700. The fate of the remainder might be learned from the Mendicity Society."

"Let us see," says Mr. J. A. Fox ('Why Ireland wants Home Rule'), what was the effect of Pitt's measure on manufactures. In 1800 there were in Dublin, 90 woollen manufacturers, employing 4,918 hands; 30 wool-combers, employing 230 hands; 13 carpet-combers, employing 230 hands; 2,500 silk-loom weavers. In Cork there were 1,000 braid weavers; 2,000 worsted weavers; 3,000 hosiers; 700 wool-combers; 2,000 cotton-weavers; 600 linen-check weavers; in Wicklow, 1,000 hand-loom weavers; in Kilkenny, 57 blanket manufacturers; in Balbriggan, 2,500 calico-loom at work.

"To-day not a vestige of these industries remains, while of new works to take their place there is practically none. . . . All over the country may be seen roofless factories, idle mill-wheels, and empty store-houses."

Now, whatever may have been the faults of "Grattan's Parliament"—and from its constitution they were many and grievous—it is not to be gainsaid that during its brief existence it quickened the commercial life of Ireland in a remarkable degree. There is a cloud of unimpeachable witnesses on the subject:—

Judge Jebb (1798): "In the course of fifteen years our

agriculture, our commerce, and our manufactures have swelled to an amount that the most sanguine friends of Ireland would not have dared to prognosticate."

Lord Plunket (1799): "Her (Ireland's) revenues, her trade, her manufactures, thriving beyond the example of any other country of her extent—within these few years advancing with a rapidity astonishing even to herself—not complaining about deficiency in these respects, but enjoying and acknowledging her prosperity."

The Bankers of Dublin (1798): "Resolved, that since the renunciation of the Power of Great Britain in 1782 to legislate for Ireland, the commerce and prosperity of this kingdom have eminently increased."

Earl Grey in the British Parliament: "Since the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions, the prosperity of Scotland has been considerable; but certainly not so great as that of Ireland within the same period."

Mr. Foster (1799): "Has Scotland advanced in prosperity since the Union as much as Ireland? Mr. Dundas, her great advocate, states the progress of her linen manufacture, to show her increase in prosperity. It was 1,000,000 yards in 1706, and 23,000,000 in 1796. How does the linen manufacture of Ireland stand in comparison?"

| Export in | Yards. | Value. |
|----------------|----------------------|------------|
| 1706 | 530,838 | £22,750 |
| 1783 | 16,039,705 | £1,069,313 |
| 1796 | 46,705,319 | £3,113,687 |

That is, 88 times greater as to quantity and 137 times greater as to value in 1796 than in 1706. And thus that manufacture which is the staple of both kingdoms, and which Mr. Dundas very properly brought forward to rest his arguments on, rose from 1 to 88 in Ireland—in separate and ununited Ireland—under the nurture and protection of Ireland's Parliament; while during the same period, it rose in united Scotland, without a resident Parliament, from 1 to 23 only."

Lord Chancellor Clare, the most imperious of Unionists (1798): "There is not a nation on the face of the habitable globe which has advanced in cultivation, in manufactures, with the same rapidity in the same period (Grattan's Parliament) as Ireland."

If any further evidence be needed that Ireland's golden age in modern times and "Grattan's Parliament" were contemporaneous, let the following excerpts from Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P.'s admirable *A Word for Ireland* suffice:—

"From 1785 to 1800 the consumption of luxuries increased in Ireland even to a greater extent than in England. Thus:—

| | Increase per cent, in Ireland. | In England |
|-------------------|--------------------------------|------------|
| Tea | 84 | 45 |
| Coffee | 600 | 75 |
| Tobacco | 100 | 64 |
| Wine | 74 | 52 |
| Sugar | 57 | 53 |

"Let us compare the sales at Ballinasloe in 1799 with 1884, and then contrast the exports of live stock to England from all Ireland in the same years.

| | 1799. | |
|---------------------|---------|---------|
| | Cattle. | Sheep. |
| Sold at Ballinasloe | 9,900 | 77 900 |
| Exported to England | 14,000 | 800 |
| | 1884. | |
| Sold at Ballinasloe | 12,101 | 37,318 |
| Exported to England | 715,843 | 533 285 |

"There was nearly the same population in the country both years, and Mr. (Isaac) Butt asks, if the same number of live stock were raised in 1799, what became of the beef and mutton? 'There was then an Irish population,' he says, 'eating meat and paying for it. Now it goes to England. It is only the market that has changed.' Some persons quote these increased exports as a proof of prosperity; but the character of the exports makes all the difference, especially when they go to pay for imports of articles which were then all made at home by the artisans and merchants who ate the beef and mutton that is now shipped out of the country. Mr. Butt argued that the very exportations which are the result and proof of our poverty are paraded as the evidence of that Irish prosperity of which the English ministers and Irish placemen are so proud.

"The Lords and Commons of Ireland, who were the great landed proprietors of the country, had up to this (the Union) to a considerable extent resided in the Irish capital; but

after 1800 their business and their pleasure took them across to London, and permanent residence in Ireland was no longer fashionable."

D'Alton, in his "History of the County Dublin," p. 85, gives a comparative table, compiled from the most approved authorities, of the amount of absentee rental :—

| | | | | | | | | | |
|------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----------|
| 1691 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | £136,018 |
| 1729 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 627,799 |
| 1782 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 2,223,222 |
| 1783 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1,608,932 |
| 1804 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 3,000,000 |
| 1830 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 4,000,000 |
| 1838 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 5,000,000 |

Prior to the Union, ninety-eight peers and a proportionate number of wealthy commoners resided in the city of Dublin. In 1825 it was found that the number of resident peers did not exceed twelve, and even discriminating English Conservatives began to be staggered at the untoward consequences of Pitt and Castlereagh's statesmanship. In 1829 Mr. Sadler, Tory, M.P., for Newark, pertinently asked in his *'Ireland and its Evil :'*—

"Is a system which can only be supported by brute force, and is kept up by constant bloodshedding, to be perpetuated for ever? Are we still to garrison a defenceless country in behalf of those whose property was, generally speaking, originally conferred on the special condition of residence, but whose desertion occasions all the evils under which she has groaned for centuries—property so treated that it would not be worth a day's purchase were the proprietors its sole protectors? But they are aware that their absence is balanced by the presence of a body of military and police which enables them to conduct themselves with as little apprehension as remorse. The possessions of the entire empire would be lost were such conduct general."

Well, 1888 is not "for ever," but it is truly heart-breaking to reflect that the situation to-day is substantially unchanged. The Clanricardes, it is estimated, are draining Ireland annually of £6,000,000 out of a total rental of £13,000,000, "with as little apprehension as remorse." And the workers of England, Scotland, and Ireland slavishly pay for the requisite "military and police!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Rebellion and Emancipation.

"Can agitators light fire without fuel, or sustain a revolution without reason? It never was done. It never will be done. . . . To convict the people is to condemn the Government."—JOSEPH COWEN.

"Link repeal to the land, like a railway carriage to its engine; ages have prepared it. Thus repeal will carry itself, like a cannon-ball downhill."—JAMES FINTAN LALOR.

"If the Union had not been carried, Ireland would have long since paid off her national debt, and been now almost entirely free from taxation."—DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"A landlord of straw can grind to powder a tenant of steel."—LORD CLARE.

"I desire these four facts to be remembered:—1st. That the Irish representatives turned the scale of victory, and carried the English Parliamentary Reform Bill. 2nd. They equally, and by the same act, carried the Scottish Reform Bill. 3rd. They equally and by inevitable consequence, carried the English Municipal Reform Bill. 4th. They equally carried the Scottish Municipal Reform Bill."—DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"I would trust any people with the custody of its own liberty. I would trust no people with the custody of liberty other than its own."—HENRY GRATTAN.

"A natural and cheerful alliance is a more secure link of connection than subordination borne with grudging and discontent."—EDMUND BURKE.

"There is not a more clear axiom in the science of politics than that a man is his own natural governor, and that he ought to legislate for himself. We ought not to presume to legislate for a nation in whose feelings and affections, wants and interests, opinions and prejudices, we have no sympathy."—CHARLES JAMES FOX.

"The Union (United States) is as happy and as free as a small people and as strong as a great nation."—DE TOCQUEVILLE.

"With the absolute unity which reigns in France, the same agitation seizes the whole country, and puts everything in danger. All have the same fever at the same time; neither against a despot nor against a revolution is there any refuge anywhere. With local autonomies it is not so. Each province has its particular crisis, which does not distract the

others. Thus it is that Switzerland and the United States can resist so steadily all the storms of democracy. A Unitarian Republic must succumb to them quickly. Local autonomies are the necessary adjuncts of the parliamentary régime. The parliament having too much to do, does it badly. The entanglement, the opposition of interests, bring about incessant ministerial crises, which reduce the Government to impotency. One of the greatest faults of the Revolution was the destruction of the Provincial Assemblies, and I doubt if France can ever obtain the possession of true liberty till she has re-established them."—EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

Robert Emmet's Insurrection.—"Emmet's Rebellion," as it has been called, was the after-clap of '98. It was planned with remarkable secrecy, but totally inadequate means. The end was correspondingly deplorable.

In 1798, Robert Emmet, younger brother of Thomas Addis Emmet, was expelled from Trinity College, Dublin, with nineteen fellow students, for Republican disaffection. He was then in his twentieth year. His moral worth and intellectual superiority were even then marked. He went to the Continent, and there shared the intimate councils of the exiled United Irishmen, of whom his brother Thomas and Arthur O'Connor were the chief. Napoleon, then First Consul, encouraged the formation of an Irish Committee in Paris. He suggested for the flag of the Irish Republic a tricolour background with a green centre, lettered *R. I.*—*Republique Irlandaise*, the legend was to be: *L'Indépendance de l'Irlande—Liberté de Conscience*.

In October, 1802, Emmet returned to Dublin perilously commisioned, and at once set to work to resuscitate the famous society which owed its birth to the devotion of Wolfe Tone. Emmet was an adept in disguises, and his sincerity and enthusiasm were difficult to resist. He got together considerable stores of arms, and on the 23rd July, 1803, he made a daring attempt to capture Dublin Castle with less than a hundred followers. The failure was complete; and what was even more deplorable, it was stained by a hideous crime. Some drunken wretches murdered Chief Justice Lord Kilwarden, whose carriage chanced to be passing at the time. Emmet was horrified at the deed. He might have escaped abroad, but he inadvisedly lingered to obtain a last interview with his lady-love, Sarah Curran, the accomplished daughter of the distinguished advocate, John Philpot Curran.

He was captured, tried, and executed on the spot where the Chief Justice perished.

Emmet's speech, after sentence of death had been passed on him, was, and remains, one of the masterpieces of English oratory. How vast the possibilities of such an intellect! "Let no man," said he, "write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let no prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me rest in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed and my memory in oblivion until other times and other men do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, *then, and not till then*, let my epitaph be written. I have done."

Immediately before his execution he wrote a letter to Richard Curran, Sarah's brother, full of the tenderest pathos:—

"If there was anyone in the world in whose breast my death might be supposed not to stifle every spark of resentment, it might be you. I have deeply injured you. I have deeply injured the happiness of a sister that you love, and who was formed to give happiness to everyone about her, instead of having her own mind a prey to affliction. Oh, Richard! I have no excuse to offer but that I meant the reverse. I intended as much happiness for Sarah as the most ardent love could have given her. I never did tell you how much I idolized her. It was not with a wild or unfounded passion, but it was an attachment increasing every hour, from an admiration of the purity of her mind and respect for her talents. I did dwell in secret upon the prospect of our union. I did hope that success, while it afforded the opportunity of our union, might be the means of confirming an attachment which misfortune had called forth. I did not look to honours for myself—praise I would have asked from the lips of no man: but I would have wished to read in the glow of Sarah's countenance that her husband was respected. My love!—Sarah, it was not thus that I thought to have requited your affection. I had hoped to be a prop round which your affections might have clung, and which would never have been shaken; but a rude blast has snapped it, and they have fallen over a grave."

His fellow-student, Tom Moore, who greatly loved him, re-echoed his dying, "Let no man write my epitaph :"—

"Oh! breathe not his name; let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid,
Sad, silent, and dark be the tear that is shed,
Like the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

"But the night dew that falls, though in secret it weeps,
Still freshens with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
So the tear that is shed, while in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls!"

Maynooth.—In paving the way for the Union, Pitt, Cornwallis, and Castlereagh had left no stone unturned to secure every form of ecclesiastical support. The Episcopalians had been told that incorporation with the English Establishment could alone secure them permanent ascendancy, and not a few of them became Unionists in consequence. "A royal license" had been given to establish seminaries for Catholic clerical education. Revolutionary ideas were prevalent in France, and it was found that not a few of the numerous young clerics educated there came back tainted with republican doctrines. Pitt thought a native school of priests would be less dangerous to 'law and order,' and hence was passed 35 George III. c. 21, on the 15th of June, 1795. Maynooth was accordingly founded and a grant of £8,000. unanimously voted. This was the thin end of the wedge. On the 31st January, 1799, Mr. Pitt, in introducing "Union resolutions" between Great Britain and Ireland into the English Parliament, affirmed:—"No man can say that in the present state of things, while Ireland remains a separate kingdom, full concessions can be made to the Catholics without endangering the State, and shaking the constitution to the centre." The wily Minister thus gave the Catholics to understand that they could no more be "emancipated" without union than the Episcopalians could be saved from disestablishment. Almost simultaneously the Maynooth trustees met at Dublin "to deliberate on a proposal from Government for an independent provision for the Catholic clergy of Ireland, under certain regulations not incompatible with their doctrine, discipline, or just influence." The "certain regulations"

were to give to the Government a "veto" on bishops elect, and to this proposal the four Archbishops, and the Bishops of Meath, Cork, Kildare, Elphin, Ferns, and Ardagh, signified their assent. Luckily the Government failed to seize this golden opportunity of putting the bit of the State into the mouth of the Catholic priesthood, and though the project was revived in 1815 and the sanction of Pope Pius VII. obtained, it came to nothing. The voice of O'Connell and of the Irish people was irresistably raised against it. In 1808 the prelates had reviewed their offer, and unanimously withdrawn it.

The Regium Donum.—The history of this royal gift teaches, if anything in history does, how "a gift corrupteth the heart." It was originally a grant of £600 of Secret Service money made by Charles II to certain Scoto-Presbyterian ministers for professed acts of Presbyterian loyalty. In 1690 the gift stood at £1,200; in 1723, George I. augmented it; in 1784 it reached £2,200; and in 1792, £5,000. Throughout the Union negotiations the Presbyterian clergy were as vigilant as a cat with a mouse. Their flocks were very largely Republican and Separatist, and they had to act with caution. In 1802, Lord Castlereagh wrote a long confidential letter to Prime Minister Addington, which gives a clue to Orange loyalty that may be followed up for years. Referring to "our Union friends," he points out "how much may be done by an efficient protection and support of the State against a democratic party in the Synod, several of whom, if not engaged in the rebellion, were deeply infected with its principles. Such a body as the Presbyterians of Ireland, though consequently a branch of the Church of Scotland, have partaken deeply, first of the popular, and since of the democratic politics of that country, so as to be an object much more of jealousy than of support to the Government. You will, therefore, infer that my opinion still continues strongly in favour of coupling regulation with the proposed increase of the Regium Donum. The distribution and government of the fund is a natural engine of authority. It has hitherto been exclusively in the Synod.

"Let it (now) be an annual grant by the State to individuals by name, and not from the body of its members.

Upon the appointment of a minister, proper certificates of his character, &c., should be laid before the Lord Lieutenant, praying that his Majesty's accustomed bounty may be granted to him. The above requires that he shall not be entitled as of right, to derive a provision from the State without furnishing Government with satisfactory testimonials of his being a loyal subject. Though many bad men might find their way into the body, yet the impression that Government might withdraw the provision would in time have a material influence on their conduct. This, together with the income itself making them less dependent on their congregations for subsistence, are the only means which suggest themselves to my mind for making this important class of dissenters better subjects than they have of late years proved themselves."

Alexander Knox (shade of Reformer John!) representing 'this important class of dissenter,' thus acknowledged Castlereagh's generous foresight:—"Government will have done more to promote peace and union in this grand outpost of the empire (Ulster) than ever was yet achieved, or could be achieved by any other conceivable means. I speak from deep conviction when I make this assertion. I say more—this is, perhaps, a more favourable moment for forming a salutary connection between Government and the Presbyterian body of Ulster than may again arrive. The Republicanism of that part of Ireland is checked and repressed by the cruelty of Roman Catholics in the late rebellion, and by the despotism of Bonaparte. They are, therefore, in a humour for acquiescing in the views of Government beyond what they ever were or (should the opportunity be missed) may be hereafter. How much, then, is it to be wished that while the tide of their wrong passions is so unusually low, a mound should be raised that will for ever be a safer restraint to them."

The "Ministers' Money" eventually reached the annual sum of £40,000, and no better or cheaper "mound" was ever erected against democratic aspirations. Castlereagh was thus the worthy Father of Ulster Loyalty.

Emancipated, but not Relieved.—The ecclesiastical intrigues by which the Union was preceded aroused hopes in the Catholics which Pitt made no subsequent effort to

satisfy. He had known all along that the obdurate lunatic, George III., would never assent to Catholic emancipation. How, then, the Union being now passed, was the "Heaven-born minister" to retain some reputation for honour and consistency? Nothing simpler. His foreign policy had been disastrous, and the Peace of Amiens was impending. Let someone else bear the ignominy of the negotiations. He, incorruptible patriot (!), was immovable for emancipation, so it was whispered by his friends. Accordingly the first United Parliament was not many days old when Pitt resigned office. The Catholics were struck dumb with astonishment, as well they might be. A document had, however, opportunely come to light which "a Sincere Friend to the Catholic Claims," (Lord Cornwallis,) had desired should be "*discreetly communicated to the Bishops and principal Catholics, but not inserted in the newspapers.*"

Its contents were such that after Pitt's resignation Mr. Grey said in the House of Commons:—"If Catholic freedom were offered to the Irish as the price of their support of the Union, if the faith of the Government were pledged on that occasion, it forms the highest species of criminality on the part of the Ministers: because I am confident if such were the case, it was so pledged without the authority of the King; for I know his Majesty is superior to the idea of swerving in the slightest degree from the observance of his word. This, then, was a crime of the highest denomination in Ministers, and calls for inquiry. I ask if such promise were made, were Lord Clare and the Protestant Ascendancy Party made acquainted with it? If so, they were a party to the delusion that was intended to be practised on the unhappy Catholics, the delusion of '*having*,' in the words of the promise, '*so many characters of eminence (i.e., Pitt and the Ministry) pledged not to embark in the service of Government except on the terms of the Catholic privileges being obtained.*'"

Here was a fine dilemma for the Heaven-born, but, needless to say, he was equal to the occasion:—"He had no part in the *wording* of that paper. It was drawn up by Lord Castlereagh. To the sentiments it contained, *when properly interpreted*, he, however, subscribed; further he would neither avow nor explain. As to the particular expressions in the

paper, he knew nothing of them, having never seen it before it was published. He denied that any pledge had been given to the Catholics, either by himself, Lord Cornwallis, or the noble lord near him, Lord Castlereagh. The Catholics might very naturally have conceived a hope, and he himself had always thought that in time that measure would be a consequence of the Union, because the difficulties would be fewer than before."

Well played, Mr. Pitt! Our "Old Parliamentary Hand" was about equally convincing when not so very long ago he told us, after the destruction of Alexandria by the British fleet, that "we were not at war with anybody," only innocently "engaged in the operations of war!"

Mr. Pitt's "in time" meant a delay of twenty-nine years. In 1804 he resumed office, having first promised the King never again to raise the question of Catholic emancipation in the royal lifetime. For once he kept his word. In 1805, Fox, in presenting to the House a great Catholic petition, raised the whole question of the Catholic claims. His motion was negatived by a majority of 212, the Heaven-born intimating that "he should act contrary to all his sense of duty, and inconsistently with the original line he had marked for his conduct, were he to countenance that petition in any shape, or to withhold giving his negative to the proposition for going into committee!"

In January, 1806, this unprincipled juggler—this bravo of the aristocracy—went to his account, and a Grenville-Fox Ministry took office. The hopes of the Catholics rose high with the event. But again they were rudely dashed. Within the year Fox followed Pitt to the tomb.

"Fox! o'er whose corse a mourning world must weep,
Whose dear remains in honoured marble sleep;
For whom at last even hostile nations groan,
While friends and foes alike his virtues own."

He was, on the whole, a just and capable man, who, in evil times, fought a good fight, and kept the faith.
Requiescat in pace.

O'Connell and Emancipation.—For the next generation or more the Titanic figure of Daniel O'Connell "the Liberator," towers high over all his contemporaries. O'Connell is the

Brian Borumha of modern Irish story. If Shakspeare is "all men's epitome," O'Connell was, as Balzac has said, "the incarnation of an entire people." His virtues and his vices were those of the Irish character, manifolded and accentuated in an extraordinary degree.

Nearly all the more illustrious Irish Nationalist leaders have been of Saxon race and of the Protestant faith. Witness Molyneux, Swift, Grattan, Flood, Tone, Emmet, Davis, Mitchell, Martin, Butt, Parnell. O'Connell alone personifies in massive proportions the innate grandeur of the Catholic Hibernian Celt.

In these circumstances, I prefer (being an alien) that Mr. W. A. O'Connor (*"History of the Irish People"*), a very capable and appreciative compatriot, should briefly delineate for the reader "the Uncrowned King of Ireland:"—

"O'Connell made his country potentially a nation. He gave it the power of rising to the voice of one man. He infused the spirit that keeps the pulses of Irishmen in all parts of the globe beating to one measure. He took the cause of independence out of the hands of a faction, and made it the life of the country.

"A constitutionalist by nature, and shocked in the dawn of his manhood by the excesses of France, where he was educated, O'Connell chose moral agitation for his country's deliverance. But his peaceful struggle was conducted with shout and onset of the warrior. He roused, united, and informed his countrymen. He inspired one soul into Ireland. He taught the people their power, and lifted them to a height of courage and consentaneous action from which they have never fallen. He made them one mass, inspired by one mind, and capable of following one chief. At the same time he powerfully appealed to the reason and sympathy of Englishmen, and contributed to the growth of English liberties. The tyrants of both nations he dared and defied. His gait as he trod the streets was a challenge to those who demanded servile demeanour. We can scarcely now estimate his towering character, as he stood alone in the valley, white with the skeletons of centuries, and prophesied upon them till they stood on their feet an exceeding great army. The magic of his sonorous voice, pealing over a

desert, is lost to us who know of him only when his accents are drowned in the million echoes they have created. Emancipation was made not a sectarian question. O'Connell, with the mind and voice of the people, proclaimed a universal principle, and demanded for every religion absolute spiritual freedom."

As a youthful barrister, O'Connell had vehemently denounced the Union in 1800; but now the fulness of time was at hand. He had two courses open to him. He might either agitate for Catholic emancipation or for repeal of the Union. He resolved to begin with emancipation—a very grave error of judgment, as he himself lived to acknowledge. Had repeal been placed before emancipation, Orangeman and Papist would have had a common object to battle for, and the habit of good fellowship once established would have made emancipation of easy attainment in a restored Irish Parliament. As it happened, before the Emancipation Bill could be got through the London legislature, the "No Popery" bogey had begun to terrify the Ascendancy Party, and many Englishmen had come to confound "repeal of the Union" with "dismemberment of the empire."

In 1817, died Curran, and in 1820, Grattan, ardent, and, according to his lights—somewhat old-fashioned lights—faithful to the last. Let a true man speak in this true man's well-merited praise. "Thank God," said Sydney Smith, "that all is not profligacy or corruption in the history of that devoted people, and that the name of Irishman does not always carry with it the idea of the oppressor or the oppressed—the plunderer or the plundered—the tyrant or the slave! Great men hallow a whole people, and lift up all who live in their time. What Irishman does not feel proud that he has lived in the days of Grattan? Who has not turned to him for comfort from the false friends and open enemies of Ireland? Who did not remember him in the days of its burnings, and wastings, and murders? No Government law dismayed him; the world could not bribe him. He thought only of Ireland, lived for no other object, dedicated to her his beautiful fancy, his elegant wit, his manly courage, and all the splendour of his astonishing eloquence. He was so born and so gifted that

poetry, forensic skill, elegant literature, and all the highest attainments of human genius, were within his reach; but he thought the noblest occupation of a man was to make other men happy and free. And in that straight line he went on for fifty years, without one side look, without one motive in his heart which he might not have laid open to the view of God and man."

The Liberator and the "First Gentleman in Europe."—With the disappearance of the venerable Grattan from the troubled scene, the authority of O'Connell became supreme. The gifted Richard Lalor Sheil was, at first at least, his aide-de-camp rather than his rival. For a strategist of the constitutionalist order only Wilkes or Bradlaugh can be compared with O'Connell. He boasted that he "could drive a coach and six through any Act of Parliament," and he very frequently succeeded. Proclaim his "Catholic Committee," and it would at once reappear as the "Catholic Board." Suppress the "Catholic Board," and it became nebulous in the form of "Aggregate Meetings."

The Liberator often used strong and even coarse language of invective; but this he did rather to inspire courage in his dispirited countrymen than from any innate discourtesy of soul. In 1815 he stigmatized the close Protestant Corporation of Dublin as "beggarly," and one of its members, a fire-eater named D'Esterre, in consequence, challenged him. They met, and D'Esterre was unfortunately killed. O'Connell was greatly shocked, and from that moment his horror of bloodshed tinged his whole conduct, public and private.

In 1821, King George IV., the "First Gentleman in Europe," honoured Ireland with a visit. Before his accession he had been a most promising emancipationist; but when he became Regent and was reminded of his pledges, it was discovered that the salt of his reputed Liberalism had strangely lost its savour. The Marchioness of Hertford was then his chief spiritual adviser, and she declared herself quite unable to find it in her conscience to concede any right to persons who believed in seven sacraments!

O'Connell's conduct on the occasion of the royal visit was, to say the least, facile. I leave it to his unbending com-

patriot and contemporary, John Mitchel, to say "gratuitously crouching and crawling." The Catholics undertook "not to obtrude their grievances" on the First Gentleman. They were to open their mouths and shut their eyes, and have faith in the beneficence of Brunswick royalty. But that was not the worst. O'Connell publicly presented the disgraceful voluptuary with a huge bunch of shamrocks; and, at a banquet at Morrison's, where the leaders of both parties drank eternal amity, the Liberator actually toasted that King William of "pious, glorious, and immortal memory," whom he more frequently and correctly stigmatised as "the Dutch Adventurer."

Byron's stern reproof is a scorching hiss from the hot heart of a man who knew well whereof he wrote:—

"Is it madness or meanness that clings to thee now?

Were he God,—as he is but the commonest clay,
With scarce fewer wrinkles than sins on his brow,—
Such servile devotion might shame him away.

"Wear, Fingal, thy trapping! O'Connell proclaim
His accomplishments! *His!!!* And thy country convince,
Half an age's contempt was an error of fame,
And that 'Hal was the rascaliest, sweetest, *young prince.*'

"Will thy yard of blue riband, poor Fingal, recall
The fetter from millions of Catholic limbs?
Or has it not bound them the fastest of all
The slaves, who now hail their betrayer with hymns?

"Shout, drink, feast, and flatter! O Erin, how low
Wert thou sunk by misfortune and tyranny, till
Thy welcome of tyrants hath plunged thee below
The depth of thy deep in a deeper gulf still."

Ireland was once more betrayed by a pretended friend. "The Irish Catholics (Mitchel) were once more cheated, and it is not saying much for their perspicacity, for they were twice cheated by the same cheat.

"The senseless gala of 1821 passed away; the horrible famine of 1822 immediately followed."

In that year Castlereagh obligingly cut his own throat. He was buried for his almost superhuman sins in Westminster Abbey, amid yells of execration from an infuriated mob which surged around the hearse of the "wretch" who:—

" Without one single ray of her genius, without
The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race,
The miscreant who well might plunge Erin in doubt
If *she* ever gave birth to a being so base.

" If she did, let her long-boasted proverb be hushed,
Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can spring ;
See the cold-blooded serpent, with venom full flushed,
Still warming its fold in the breast of a king."

In 1823 O'Connell founded the " Catholic Association." Its members paid one guinea, and its associates one shilling a year each. Next year " Catholic Rent " at the rate of a penny per head per month was subscribed by the Associates. This rent ultimately brought in the astounding sum of £500 a-week. In alarm, Parliament in 1825 suppressed the Catholic Association. It immediately revived as the " New Catholic Association." In 1826 no fewer than 800,000 Catholics magnanimously petitioned in favour of the repeal of the Test and Corporations Acts, and in 1828 the civil chains of the Protestant Dissenters dropped from their limbs.

In this same auspicious year (1828) a vacancy occurred in the representation of county Clare, and by a happy inspiration O'Connell came forward in the novel character of a candidate. O'Connell was proposed by the evergreen O'Gorman Mahon, M.P., still miraculously spared to fight his country's battles, and by Mr. Steele, both gentlemen of the county. At the close of the poll the votes stood thus :—

| | | | | | | |
|------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-------|
| O'Connell | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 2,057 |
| Fitzgerald | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1,057 |

| | | |
|------------------------|-----|-----|
| Majority for O'Connell | ... | 982 |
|------------------------|-----|-----|

This was the beginning of the end. Exception was taken to O'Connell's return, on the ground that he was ineligible as a Catholic; but it was correctly held that it rested with Parliament alone, on the oath being tendered and refused, to exclude a duly elected representative of the people. Wellington and Peel at once recognised the handwriting on the wall, and began to prepare both King, Lords and Commons for the inevitable.

Emancipation at Last.—The Wellington-Peel Ministry could hardly have been surpassed in the intensity of its

Toryism ; yet it had the sense to recognise that resistance to the righteous claims of the Irish Catholics was now no longer possible. Peel told the Commons that they must pass a Relief Bill if they would "avoid greater dangers," and Wellington bluntly admonished the Lords that they had promptly to choose between concession and "civil war." In such circumstances, the Tories, as is their wont, laudably resolved to "dish the Whigs." After a series of bitter debates in Parliament and much anti-Catholic petitioning by the more bigoted Protestants of the realm, Emancipation passed the Commons and Lords by majorities of 36 and 104 respectively. On 13th April, 1829, the Bill was presented to the First Gentleman in Europe for his royal signature. Lady Coyngham was now his leading spiritual adviser, and the multiplicity of sacraments did not alarm her as they had done the conscience of her of Hertford. George went through the formality of trampling on the pen handed to him to sign with, but signed all the same.

By this Act, legislative and judicial offices were, nominally at least, thrown open to Catholics, and the freedom of municipalities, the commutation of tithes, and the abolition of insulting proselytising schools speedily followed.

Disfranchisement of the "Freeholders."—But the boon, as was to be expected, was accompanied by a blow. Peel, one of the most cold-blooded and unscrupulous tools of oligarchy that ever breathed, was a man who was never known to do anything *because* it was right. Only when wrong-doing had ceased to be humanly possible was it his shallow artifice to become a convert to rectitude, in order cheaply to acquire the character of a wise and beneficent statesman. And, alas, he is not without his pupils and imitators to-day. By political descent Gladstone is nothing if not a graduate in the school of "Orange Peel."

Peel insisted on signaling emancipation by the disfranchisement of some seven-eighths of the Irish electors ! They had of late gone astray in voting for O'Connell as well as for several Protestant advocates of Catholic emancipation, and it was, therefore, necessary to read them a lesson. In 1793 an Act had been passed giving the franchise to all forty-

shilling freeholders.* This class of voters it had hitherto been the policy of the landlords indefinitely to multiply. But the moment they ceased to be politically subservient, they and the Government turned on them and rent them. The parliamentary electors of Ireland were reduced at a blow from 200,000 to 26,000, by the simple expedient of raising the voters' qualification from two pounds to ten, the English forty-shilling franchise meanwhile remaining unchanged. This glaring act of injustice worked a world of harm, and it was not, indeed, till the Household Suffrage Act of 1885 that Great Britain and Ireland were ultimately put on a footing of complete electoral equality.

The Emancipation Act, moreover, by specially excluding Catholics from exercising the functions of Lord Lieutenant and Lord Chancellor, cunningly retained the substance of Protestant ascendancy, in spite of all appearances to the contrary. The former has nearly every important State appointment in his gift, while the latter, having control of the magistracy, exercises superlative authority in the administration of justice.

What is the result to-day? Out of 80 Stipendiary Magistrates, 55 are Protestants, and all are landlord sympathisers. Of the Justices of the Peace, 3,826 are Protestants and only 1,229 are Catholics, although the Catholics constitute at least four-fifths of the population. Moreover, 2,737 landlords and 448 land agents are to be found in the ranks of these "Great Unpaid." And this is Catholic emancipation nearly sixty years after the event!

The Poor Law.—Queen Victoria succeeded to the throne in 1837, and during the first three years of her reign the important subjects of poor law, tithe law, and municipal reform, were legislatively dealt with. The inhuman Poor-

* Forty-shilling freeholders in Ireland and in England were quite different. In England, by an Act bearing date 1429 (8 Henry VI., Cap 7) freeholders are "people dwelling and resident in the counties, who should have *freeland* or *tenement* to the value of forty shillings by the year at least, above all charges." In Ireland, on the other hand, every tenant having a lease for a life was a freeholder, and entitled to a Parliamentary vote, provided he swore that his farm was worth forty-shillings annual rent more than the rent reserved in his lease.

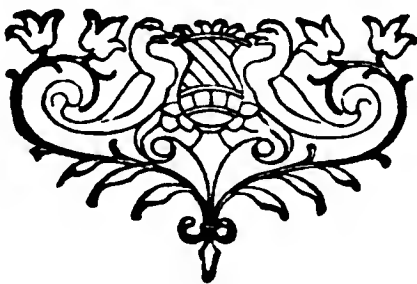
law of England, which came in with the "Protestant Devastation," it was now resolved to introduce for the first time into Catholic Ireland. A Scotsman named Nicholl was sent to report on the economic condition of the Irish people, and his tale was sufficiently appalling. During half the year there were 580,000 able-bodied persons, with 2,300,000 dependants, in a state of utter destitution! In spite of O'Connell, in spite of the Catholic bishops, the island was speedily cut up into Poor-law "Unions," and adorned with frowning workhouse bastiles, where Christian men and women were treated like social lepers, and, alas! came to *feel* like lepers.

The Tithe Law.—This Act (1838) abolished (?) Church tithes in Ireland by the singular process of converting them into tithe-rent charges, payable by the landlords to the parsons, but distrainable on the tenants along with the rent. The peasants were assured that they were now completely "relieved" of the exactions of the relentless "tithe-proctor" and "tithe-farmer," but they perversely remained incredulous, and transferred their enmity to the new tithe-collectors, the landlords.

Municipal Law.—The great Municipal Reform Act of 1835, which gave the cities and towns of provincial England the inestimable boon of self-government, was found to be very unsuitable in the latitude of Ireland. An Irish Municipal Bill was indeed passed in 1840, but a £10 rating franchise was insisted on, and special care was taken to hold the appointment of the sheriffs in the safe keeping of "the Castle." In England the sheriffs are elected by the town councils, but in Ireland such a practice was declared to be fraught with the utmost peril to the State. Why? Because the sheriffs have charge of the jury-lists; and without their connivance, or rather contrivance, "jury-packing" and Castle thralldom would alike cease to be possible, under a normal administration of the law.

Father Matthew and the Temperance Crusade.—In 1838, Theobald Matthew, a young Capuchin monk, became a convert to total abstinence, with the most notable results. He was little of an orator, but so great was the moral fascination of his character and presence that he almost

rivalled O'Connell in the magnetic influence which he exercised. Millions, Protestant as well as Catholic, became his ardent disciples. In six years' time the drink traffic, and with it crime, sank to a very low ebb. In 1839 there were 12,000 committals and 64 capital convictions; in 1845 the committals had fallen to 7,000 and the death-sentences to 14. This vast social reformation was in a great measure undone by the demoralising effects of the great famine which soon after, like a mighty python, enfolded the whole island in its deadly embrace. Wherever the Government established relief works there also the grog-shop sprang up, and what wonder if in their unutterable misery many cried out, " Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die ! "



CHAPTER XIX.

Repeal, Famine, and "Forty-Eight."

"Despotism consists in putting in force against the people a will in opposition to theirs.

"It is the first duty of governments to obey the call of the friendless, and the unfortunate, for they are above all the powers of the earth.

"Obey the law? That is not so clear, for the law is often naught else but the will of those who impose it. The name of the law does not sanction despotism, and all men have the right to resist oppressive laws.

"When legislation rivets a chain to the feet of a free citizen, enslaving him in spite of the rights of nature, eternal justice rivets the last links of that chain around the tyrant's neck.

"Liberty is born of storm and tears, as our earth rose out of chaos, and as man comes wailing into the world.

An insufficiency of space for the people by no means shows an excess of population, but points distinctly to sterility in the administration, and the people cannot be contented until the land is so divided that all may have a share of property.

"We hear a great deal of over-population, but if the truth were told, the world as we see it, is almost depopulated. The population of the earth may, perhaps, encircle, but never cover the earth. It would be difficult to guess what enormous numbers of human beings could be sustained upon it. Mother Nature never brings more children into existence than she can nourish."—APHORISMS OF ST. JUST.

"Famine is in thy cheeks,

Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes,

Upon thy back hangs ragged misery ;

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law ;

The world affords no law to make thee rich ;

Then be not poor, but break it."—SHAKSPERE.

Repeal.—Having achieved emancipation, such as has been described, O'Connell next bent all the energies of his powerful mind to obtain by constitutional agitation the repeal of the Union. He utilised the benign influence of Father Matthew for this purpose, and every other influence of which he could avail himself. But he soon discovered

how irreparably he had miscalculated in putting emancipation before repeal. The Orangemen, who had been the bitterest foes of the Union, now declared that they preferred imperial rule to an Irish Parliament largely composed of Catholics. In vain O'Connell protested that he would willingly forego emancipation, confidently entrusting the lives, liberties, and estates of his Catholic co-religionists to his Protestant fellow countrymen, if by doing so the native parliament of Ireland should be restored. But too many of his Protestant fellow countrymen were victims of a conscience ill at ease. They feared retribution for the injuries of centuries, and took refuge in blatant imperialism, conditioned by the menace of "kicking the Queen's crown into the Boyne" the moment Orange ascendancy should in any way be questioned.

O'Connell was no hard and fast repealer. He was a Possibilist, or even somewhat of an Opportunist. At one time he was ready to test how far "Justice to Ireland" might be secured under the Union. At another, and later date, he went a long way towards adopting a scheme of Federal Union, which must always appear to the student of constitutional democracy by far the best, if not indeed the *only* solution of the Irish governmental problem. His "Precursor Society," with its two million members, had a mere "Justice to Ireland" aim. His "Friend of Ireland" organisation was for repeal, pure and simple. It was suppressed, and the "Anti-Union Association" took its place. That also was proclaimed, and to it succeeded the "Irish Volunteers for the Repeal of the Union." The Volunteer Repealers were likewise outlawed, and O'Connell arrested. He offered no defence, knowing the jury was packed, and consequently impervious to any consideration of reason, justice or even law. He was never, however, called up for sentence, for a very sufficient reason. His presence was needed in England. The Whigs could not pass the great middle-class Reform Bill of 1832 without the aid of his unequalled voice and inexhaustible energy and resource.

O'Connell, like many more sanguine natures, was among the dupes of the Reform Act of 1832. He had toiled for it like a Hercules, and when it was obtained, its first

fruit [almost was a peculiarly savage Coercion Act for Ireland! The Whigs rested, but were *not* thankful. The Liberator in consequence redoubled his efforts on behalf of Home Rule. His Repeal Association and the Irish nation, outside of Orangeism became practically one. His monster meetings were miracles, in numbers, order, and enthusiasm. The Tara gathering mustered, it was credibly asserted, 400,000 souls; and a yet more gigantic assemblage was convoked for Sunday, October 5th, 1843, on the glorious field of history, legend, and song—Clontarf.

But here the tide fatally turned, and the ebb of O'Connell's fortunes began. "The year 1843," O'Connell had told his followers, "is and shall be the great repeal year." He had also said, "No political reform is worth the spilling of one drop of human blood." The former of these propositions, Peel—"Orange Peel"—had determined to falsify by putting it to the severest test possible. "I am prepared," the Minister had observed, "to make the declaration which was made, and nobly made by my predecessor, Lord Althorp, that, deprecating, as I do, all war, but, above all, civil war, yet there is no alternative which I do not think preferable to the dismemberment of the empire."

Accordingly, in the afternoon of the Saturday previous to October 5, the Irish Executive proclaimed the Clontarf demonstration, and O'Connell, true to his anti-bloodshed tenet, by a supreme effort, successfully countermanded all the arrangements. The military, in consequence had the trysting-ground of the Repealers all to themselves.

Many Irishmen of mark severely censured the conduct of the Liberator on this momentous occasion. "John Mitchel" (Mr. T. P. O'Connor's "*Parnell Movement*"), "one of the Young Irelanders, writing many years after O'Connell's death, and in another land, deliberately repeated the opinion he held at the time as to O'Connell's duty on the day of the Clontarf meeting. 'If I am asked,' he writes, 'what would have been the very best thing O'Connell could do on that day at Clontarf, I answer—to let the people of the country come to Clontarf, to meet them there himself, as he had invited them; but, the troops being almost all drawn out of the city, to keep the Dublin Repealers at home, to

give them a commission to take the castle and all the barracks, and to break down the canal bridge and barricade the streets leading to Clontarf. The whole garrison and police were 5,000. The city had a population of 250,000. The multitudes coming in from the country would probably have amounted to almost as many. There would have been horrible slaughter of the unarmed people without, if the troops would fire on them—a very doubtful matter—and O'Connell himself might have fallen. . . . It were well for his fame if he had; and the deaths of five or ten thousand that day might have saved Ireland the slaughter by famine of a hundred times as many."

Such was the opinion of an exceptionally intrepid and unflinching patriot, and man of genius, whose virtues, like those of Wolfe Tone, were far more Roman than Christian. But O'Connell, who was nothing if not pugnacious, had yet come to regard the sword of the spirit as the only weapon which the religion in which he sincerely believed permitted him to use in civil strife. "Resist not evil." "He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword." These are hard sayings for flesh and blood to interpret literally, but that they ought to be so understood, and that O'Connell did so accept them, I see no reason to doubt. In this respect his righteousness far exceeded that of popes and councils, and is comparable only with the action of the more consistent members of the Society of Friends.

But where this great man was clearly wrong it is easy to see. He habitually used language which friends and foes alike regarded, and were justified in regarding, as the language of menace. For example: "In the midst of peace and tranquility they are covering our land with troops. Yes, I speak with the awful determination with which I commenced my address in consequence of news received this day. There was no House of Commons on Thursday, for the Cabinet were considering what they should do, not for Ireland, but against her. But, gentlemen, as long as they leave us a rag of the constitution we will stand by it. We will violate no law, we will assail no enemy; but you are much mistaken if you think others will not assail you." (A voice: "We are ready to meet them!") "To be sure

you are. Do you think I suppose you to be cowards or fools? . . . Are we to be trampled under foot? Oh! they shall never trample—at least——" ("No, no!") "I say, they may trample me, but it will be my dead body they will trample on—not the living man!"

In proclaiming the Clontarf meeting, Wellington and Peel risked without cause, if, indeed, they did not positively intend, a "Peterloo Massacre" on a vast scale. O'Connell threatened them with impeachment. As well have menaced the Atlantic with a broomstick. They replied by arresting him, his son John, and all his leading associates. They were tried—by a packed jury, of course—and convicted. And so it came to pass, in the bitter words of Mitchel, that "the Repeal Year conducted, not to a parliament in College-green, but to a penitentiary in Richmond." Eventually, on appeal to the House of Lords, the sentence was quashed, Chief Justice Denman pronouncing the flagrant jury-packing by which it had been procured "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

All the same, it did its odious work. O'Connell was loved and revered as ever, but his unique power and authority were broken. Gradual softening of the brain supervened. The horrors of the great famine broke his heroic heart. "Aghast," says the late A. M. Sullivan, a knight *sans peur et sans reproche* if ever I met one such, "O'Connell gazed on the ruin of the cause, the destruction of the people he had given his life to serve. In the agony of his soul he flung himself into one supreme effort to save them. No more he thundered defiance. He wept; he prayed; he cried aloud, 'Oh God, Thy faithful people perish!' The struggle was too much. The great heart and the grand brain gave way. Mournfully, despairingly, the old man sank into the tomb. He had lived too long; he had seen the wreck of all he loved. To Rome, to Rome he would bend his way; he would see the Successor of St. Peter, and visit the shrines of the Apostles before he might die. Not so God willed that it should be. At 'Genoa the Superb' he halted on the way, 'to rest a little,' he said. The attendants saw that his great rest was at hand. On 15th of May, 1847, all was over; the 'Irish Liberator' was no more." Peace to his mighty shade!

The Famine.—In 1841 the population of Ireland numbered

8,175,124 souls. In 1845 when the potato blight—the effect, it is believed, of peculiar electric conditions of the atmosphere—began, it was probably not under 9,000,000. Of these, 3,000,000 fed on potatoes alone, as being the very cheapest of human food; while the “dirty root” of Cobbett’s antipathy was the staple diet of 2,000,000 more. In these circumstances the failure of the potato crop, which was very general, had a dread significance for Ireland peculiar to itself.

There was no lack of warning. On 20th June, 1845 (Healy’s *A Word for Ireland*), the *Times* wrote:—“The facts of the Irish destitution are ridiculously simple. The people have not enough to eat. They are suffering a real, though an artificial, famine. Nature does her duty. The land is fruitful enough. Nor can it be fairly said that man is wanting. The Irishman is disposed to work. In fact, man and nature together do produce abundantly. The island is full and overflowing with food. But something ever interposes between the hungry mouth and the ample banquet. The famished victim of a mysterious sentence stretches out his hands to the viands which his own industry has placed before his eyes, but no sooner are they touched than they fly. A perpetual decree of *Sic vos non vobis* condemns him to toil without enjoyment. Social atrophy drains off the vital juices of the nation.”

Where went the “vital juices” during the famine years, as after and before them? The *Times* of Feb. 25, 1847, tells us most truly:—“Property ruled with savage and tyrannical sway. It exercised its rights with a hand of iron, and renounced its duties with a front of brass. ‘The fat of the land, the flower of its wheat,’ its ‘milk and its honey’ flowed from its shores, in tribute to the ruthless absentee, or his less guilty cousin, the usurious lender. It was all drain and no return. . . . England stupidly winked at this tyranny. Ready enough to vindicate political rights, it did not avenge the poor. It is now paying for that connivance.” One is almost tempted to think the writer of these sentences must have graduated on the staff of *Reynolds’s Newspaper* or the *Irish World*.

Now for a concrete illustration. On 4th March, 1848 (*A Word for Ireland*), commenting upon an inquest held on a

family named Boland, who tilled a farm of twenty acres, and died of starvation, John Mitchel exclaims in his *United Irishman* (for editing which he was transported two months later):—" Now what became of poor Boland's twenty acres of crop? Part of it went to Gibraltar, to victual the garrison; part to the South of Africa, to provision the robber army; part went to Spain, to pay for the landlords' wine; part to London, to pay the interest of his honour's mortgage to the Jews. The English ate some of it; the Chinese had their share; the Jews and the Gentiles divided it amongst them; and there was *none* for Boland!"

The extent to which the " vital juices " of Ireland were drained from her during the period of her bitterest agony is almost incredible. There was no real famine in Ireland at any time from '41 to '51. But for the rent-tribute, there was abundance of every kind of produce, minus the " dirty root," to feed twice the population. According to a revenue return for the three famine years ending 5th January, 1849, there were paid by the starving people in taxes to the British exchequer, £13,293,681. In the same year they exported to England as rent-tribute to absentees 595,926 head of cattle, 839,118 sheep, 698,021 pigs, 959,640 quarters of wheat flour, and 3,658,875 quarters of oats and meal. And this estimate of exports, the report significantly adds, " is of necessity defective."

" It was only the potato that rotted," comments Mr. Healy. " There was plenty of other produce in the country if the people had only eaten it; *but they paid their rents and died!*"

John Stuart Mill thus luminously summed up the situation:—" Returning nothing to the soil, they (the landlords) consume its whole produce, minus the potatoes strictly necessary to keep the inhabitants from dying of famine." Had they even had the grace to consume less than one-half of their accustomed superfluities, in the famine years, the lives of more than a million victims of starvation might have been preserved. But, as a rule, they were deaf to the most melting appeals of humanity; and the Castle Government, which could only act " at long range," through the dilatory and ill-informed channel of English public opinion, almost beggared landlord callousness by profound official stupidity. Ireland was unfeelingly

sacrificed on the altar of the "dismal science." She was thrown like a wounded hound to the wolves of *laissez faire*.

Ministers are not to be excused on the ground of "good intentions," whatever these may or may not have been. "Statesmen," observes Mr. T. P. O'Connor, with much truth, "must be judged by the results of their policy. The policy which created the famine was the land legislation of the British Parliament. The refusal of the British Legislature to interfere with rack-rents; the refusal to protect the improvements of the tenants; the facilities and inducements to wholesale eviction—these were the things that produced the famine of 1846; and such legislation, again, was the result of the government of Ireland by a Legislature independent of Irish votes, Irish constituencies, Irish opinion."

Fifty Years of National Progress.—Mr. Mulhall, the eminent statistician, has written a volume entitled *Fifty Years of National Progress* to signalize the Jubilee of Victoria Guelph. Mr. Mulhall is a decided optimist, and this is how he summarizes the brilliant achievements of British statesmanship in Ireland during this benignant monarch's reign:—

"The present reign has been the most disastrous since that of Elizabeth, as the following statistics show:—

| | | |
|---------------------|---------|------------|
| Died of famine | | 1,225,000. |
| Persons Evicted | | 3,668,000. |
| Number of Emigrants | | 4,186,000. |

"Evictions were more numerous immediately after the famine:—

| Years. | Families. | Persons. |
|---------|-----------|-----------|
| 1849-51 | 263,000 | 1,841,000 |
| 1852-60 | 110,000 | 770,000 |
| 1861-70 | 47,000 | 329,000 |
| 1871-86 | 104,000 | 728,000 |
| Total | 524,000 | 3,668,000 |

"The number of persons evicted is equal to 75 per cent. of the actual population. No country in Europe or elsewhere has suffered such wholesale extermination. Emigration since 1837 has amounted to 84 per cent. of the present population:—

| | | | | | | |
|---------|---|---|---|---|---|-----------|
| 1837-50 | . | . | . | . | . | 1,085,000 |
| 1851-60 | . | . | . | . | . | 1,231,000 |
| 1861-70 | . | . | . | . | . | 867,000 |
| 1871-86 | . | . | . | . | . | 1,003,000 |

"Existing Irish settlements abroad, and the estimated wealth in their possession, shew that the bulk of the Emigrants were good citizens of thrifty and industrious habits, viz. :—

| | Number. | Wealth. |
|---------------------------|---------------------|--------------|
| United States | 2,040,000 | £388,000,000 |
| Canada | 1,053,800 | 111,000,000 |
| Australia | 666,000 | 732,000,000 |
| Buenos Ayres | 37,000 | 18,000,000 |
| Cape Colony, etc. | 25,000 | 6,030,000 |

£655,000,000

"In one generation four million emigrants who left home penniless have become possessed of real and personal property to the amount of 655 millions sterling, besides having sent home to their friends since 1851, a sum of 32 millions."

How they Died.—The horrors of the Irish famine have never been exceeded in the annals of human woe. To die of hunger in catastrophes of nature or military sieges is one thing ; to perish miserably in the midst of plenty, which one has created, and is forbidden, in the name of political economy, to touch, is quite another. It was the consumption of food by rent, instead of by the people, that produced the famine. All through the famine Ireland was the greatest food-exporting country in the world !

"My native district," says the late A. M. Sullivan, "figures largely in the gloomy record of that dreadful time. I saw the horrible phantasmagoria—would God it were but that!—pass before my eyes. Blank, stolid dismay, a sort of stupor, fell upon the people, contrasting remarkably with the fierce energy put forth a year before. It was no uncommon sight to see the cottier and his little family seated on the garden fence, gazing all day long in moody silence at the blighted plot that had been their last hope. Nothing could arouse them. You spoke ; they answered not. You tried to cheer

them; they shook their heads. I never saw so sudden and so terrible a transformation.

“At first the establishment of public soup-kitchens, under local relief committees, subsidized by Government, was relied upon to arrest the famine. I doubt if ever the world saw so huge a demoralization, so great a degradation, visited upon a once high-spirited and sensitive people. All over the country large iron boilers were set up, in which what was called “soup” was concocted. Later on Indian meal stirabout was boiled. Around these boilers on the roadside there daily moaned and shrieked and fought and scuffled crowds of gaunt, cadaverous creatures that once had been men and women, made in the image of God. The feeding of dogs in a kennel was far more decent and orderly. I once thought—aye, and bitterly said, in public and in private—that never, never would our people recover the shameful humiliation of that brutal public soup-boiler scheme. I frequently stood and watched the scene till tears blinded me, and I almost choked with grief and passion. It was heart-breaking, almost maddening to see; but help for it there was none.

“The first remarkable sign of the havoc which death was making was the decline and disappearance of funerals. Amongst the Irish people a funeral was always a great display, and participation in the procession was, for all neighbours and friends, a sacred duty. A ‘poor’ funeral—that is, one thinly attended—was considered disrespectful to the deceased and reproachful to the living. The humblest peasant was borne to the grave by a parochial *cortege*. But one could observe in the summer of ’46 that, as funerals became more frequent, there was a rapid decline in the number of attendants, until at length persons were stopped on the road and requested to assist in conveying the coffin a little way further. Soon, alas! neither coffin nor shroud could be supplied. Daily in the street, and on the footway, some poor creature lay down as if to sleep, and presently was stiff and stark. In our district it was a common occurrence to find, on opening the front door, in early morning, leaning against it, the corpse of some victim who in the night-time had ‘rested’ in its shelter. We raised a public subscription, and employed two men with horse and cart to go around

each day and gather up the dead. One by one they were taken to a pit at Ardnabrahair Abbey, and dropped through the hinged bottom of a 'trap-coffin' into a common grave below. In the remoter rural districts even this rude sepulture was impossible. In the field and by the ditch-side, the victims lay as they fell, till some charitable hand was found to cover them with the adjacent soil.

"It was the fever, which supervened on the famine, that wrought the greatest slaughter and spread the greatest terror. For this destroyer, when it came, spared no class, rich or poor. As long as it was 'the hunger' alone that raged, it was no deadly peril to visit the sufferers; but not so now. To come within the reach of this contagion was certain death. Whole families perished unvisited and unassisted. By levelling above their corpses the sheeling in which they died, the neighbours gave them a grave."

Even among the multitudes who fled across sea to England and Scotland, to the United States and to Canada, the mortality was frightful. Out of one hundred thousand who sought refuge in the last-named country in 1847, one in every five died on shipboard or on landing.

Salus Populi Suprema Lex.—What ought to have been done to stay the ravages of the famine was plain from the first to all who had eyes to see, ears to hear, or hearts to feel. Fires are not to be extinguished by reasoning about their origin. Death is death, whatever "our glorious constitution" and the "dismal science" together may say to the contrary.

A committee of the Corporation of the City of Dublin met in October, 1845, and to it O'Connell submitted *his* plan of relief. He proposed (1) to stop distillation and brewing; (2) to prohibit the export of food from Ireland; (3) to raise a loan of £1,500,000 on the £74,000 a-year arising from Irish Woods and Forests; (4) to tax absentees fifty per cent.; and (5) to set the people everywhere to work on railway construction and land reclamation, paying them in good wholesome food while the crisis lasted.

These common sense propositions were in the main adopted by the Corporation, and an influential deputation was appointed to lay them before Lord-Lieutenant Heytesbury. That imbecile personage received the members

coldly ; read a meaningless reply ; referred to O'Connell as "the gentleman who had just spoken," and pompously bowed them out. The Irish Woods and Forests revenue was appropriated for the adornment of Windsor and *Trafalgar Square* !

Nothing was done by the Government which was not either absurd on the face of it or criminally negligent. "I have no confidence," wrote Premier Peel to Sir James Graham, "in such remedies as the prohibition of exports or the stoppage of distilleries. The removal of the impediments to import is the only effectual remedy."

The truth is, Peel had now determined to repeal the Corn-laws, and Ireland's extremity was his opportunity. The sad plight of the sister island served him as a telling object-lesson for the education of his dense followers. The Peels were cotton-spinners, and, like other English manufacturers, they were not slow to discern that "cheap food" and "low wages" are anything but incompatible. But that Peel, or any sane Corn-law repealer, should in good faith have expected really to benefit Ireland by diminishing the value of her only exports (agricultural produce), with the institution of a horse-leech landlordism left standing, is for ever incredible. If the inexorable rent-devil *has* to be paid, it can surely be no advantage to his victim to withhold or decrease the means of making payment. Yet this was the Peel panacea, to which every other remedy was subordinated. To manufacturing England "free trade" in grain was a distinct gain : to agricultural Ireland it was, under the circumstances, an aggravation of her misery.

"Famine roads" were constructed leading nowhere in particular, and good roads were broken up, which, as the inspector made report, "would answer no other purpose than that of obstructing the public conveyances." There were five million acres of waste land to drain and otherwise improve, and hundreds of miles of railways to build ; but the "dismal science" cried out sternly, "Hands off ! these things must be done by 'private enterprise.' Would you socialistically and sacrilegiously enter the inalienable domain of the interest-monger and the profit-monger ?"

And so it came to pass that famishing Ireland had to expend her feeble energies on "unproductive works." O,

political economy ! what crimes are committed in thy name ! "Wee Johnny Russell" was ever ready to stop every rational mouth with Adam Smith's "*Wealth of Nations*." But neither Johnny nor any of his purblind tribe ever quoted Adam Smith's "*Moral Sentiments*," without an intimate acquaintance with which it is never safe to appeal to the authority of the great Scottish economist.

The Encumbered Estates Act, 1848.—Starvation and exile were now thinning the population with all imaginable speed, but the pace was too slow for the British Government. The Encumbered Estates Act was accordingly passed and a better instrument of extermination could hardly have been invented. It enabled the creditors of the landlords to sell up their debtors' estates despite feudal law and custom. No regard whatever was paid to tenants' improvements. These went with the land and were, of course, made the excuse for enhanced rents by the purchasers under the Act. These "new men" were many degrees worse than the old. They were, for the most part, mercenary wretches of the *bourgeois* species, who looked upon land simply as an "investment," out of which the last penny of "profit" was to be squeezed. And they squeezed to such purpose that the *Times* prophetically foresaw that "in a few years a Celtic Irishman will be as rare in Connemara as is the Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan." In eight years from the passing of the Act £20,476,000 were paid in the purchase of encumbered estates, often sold for a tithe of their value. "It is not too much to say (Healy's *Word for Ireland*) that most of the purchasers under the Act, in the great rush from 1849 to 1857, have screwed the original price of their bargains twice over out of the unprotected tenantry." And all these legislative enormities, be it noted, were enacted in the teeth of the celebrated Devon Commission of 1843, which in effect had reported—(1) That all improvements in the soil were made by the tenant; (2) that these improvements were subject to confiscation and were confiscated by the landlord; (3) that the outrage system sprang from the ejectment system; and (4) that it was necessary for parliament to intervene to compel the landlord to recoup the tenant for his outlay on the land."

Successful "Clearances" after the Act.—"May 7, 1849.—

I (Captain Kennedy, Government Commissioner) find that my constant and untiring exertions make but little impression upon the mass of fearful suffering. As soon as one horde of houseless and all but naked paupers are dead, or provided for in the workhouse, another wholesale eviction doubles the number, who, in their turn, pass through the same ordeal of wandering from house to house, or burrowing in bogs or behind ditches, till, broken down by privation and exposure to the elements, they seek the workhouse, or die by the roadside. The state of some districts of the Union, during the last fourteen days, baffles description. Sixteen houses, containing twenty-one families, have been levelled in one small village in Killard Division, and a vast number in the rural parts of it. As cabins become fewer, lodgings, however miserable, become more difficult to obtain; and the helpless and houseless creatures, thus turned out of the only home they ever knew, betake themselves to the nearest bog or ditch with their little all, and, thus huddled together, disease soon decimates them.

“Notwithstanding that fearful and, I believe, unparalleled numbers have been unhoused in this Union (Kilrush) within the year (probably 15,000), it seems hardly credible that 1,200 more have had their dwellings levelled within a fortnight.

“I have a list of 760 completed, and above 400 in preparation. It appears to me almost impossible successfully to meet such a state of things; and the prevailing epidemic, or, rather, dread of it, aggravates the evil. None of the houseless class can now find admittance, save into some overcrowded cabin, whose inmates seldom survive a month. I have shown Dr. Phelan some of the miserable nests of pestilence which I am at a loss to describe.

“Five families, numbering twenty souls, are not unfrequently found in a cabin consisting of one small apartment. At Doonbeg, a few days since, I found three families, numbering sixteen persons, one of whom had cholera, and three in a hopeless state of dysentery. The cabin they occupied consisted of one wretched apartment about twelve feet square. It was one of the few refuges for the evicted and they were unable to reckon how many had been carried out

of it from time to time to the grave."—(Blue-book, No. 1,089. O'Connor's *Parnell Movement*, p. 59.)

The Tenant League.—In 1852 Ireland returned to parliament a majority of members pledged to demand the extension of the Ulster Custom—sale of goodwill or improvements by outgoing tenant—to all Ireland. Mr. Sharman Crawford brought in a Bill to secure to the cultivators this obvious equity. The Commons threw it out by 167 to 57.

The Irish Attorney-General (Mr. Napier) then tried his hand at a remedial measure. It passed the Commons, but the Lords would have none of it. "The name of an Irish landlord," protested the *Times*, "*stinks* in the nostrils of Christendom." "Ireland is our disgrace," observed Earl Grey.

In 1859 Mr. Maguire brought in a Tenants' Compensation Bill. It was voted down by a majority of 200 to 65. "Tenant right," remarked Lord Palmerston sententiously, "is landlord wrong."

In 1860 "Deasy's Act" was passed by the Government. It was, if anything, an injury to the tenant. It gave him "freedom of contract" in respect of compensation and length of tenure and made his ejectment easier.

The Land Act of 1870.—This Act passed the House of Commons by the vast majority of 442 to 11. It was a well-intentioned measure, and Mr. Gladstone was sanguine that it "would close and seal up for ever this great question" of the land. Needless to say, he was grossly mistaken. Evictions increased under it. It gave penniless tenants, capriciously ejected, the mockery of "the right to a law-suit," but it made no provision against capricious rent raising. Consequently the landlord was as much the master of the situation as ever. A single year's non-payment of an impossible rent defeated the right to compensation for disturbance. How can any Parliament of landlords be expected to "close and seal up for ever this great question!" When landlords are as scarce as their congeners the slave lords, the question will be sealed up for ever and not before.

These defects in the "closing and sealing up" measure led to the introduction of no fewer than thirty-one (!) abortive amendment Bills during the decade 1871-81. They were without exception "dropped," "rejected," or "withdrawn."

The Famine of 1877-79.—In the midst of these fruitless legislative struggles to restrain landlord rapacity, the potato crop, in 1877, failed once more. The following figures tell their own tale :—

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|-------|-----------|-------|----|------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-------------|
| 1876. | 4,154,784 | tons, | at | 60s. | per | ton | ... | ... | ... | £12,464,382 |
| 1877. | 1,757,274 | " | " | " | " | " | ... | ... | ... | 5,271,822 |
| 1878. | 2,526,504 | " | " | " | " | " | ... | ... | ... | 7,579,512 |
| 1879. | 1,113,676 | " | " | " | " | " | ... | ... | ... | 3,341,028 |

And just as in '46 the barometer of eviction began to rise, so in '76 the same law of landlordism began unerringly to operate. Consider the following eviction statistics :—

| | | | | | | | | | |
|------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-------|
| 1876 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1,269 |
| 1877 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1,323 |
| 1878 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1,749 |
| 1879 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 2,667 |

Here, therefore, in 1879, we had all, or nearly all the conditions of the tragedy of '49. How then came the sequel to be so different? *In '49 the peasantry paid their rents and died; in '79 they paid what portion they could spare and lived.* In the former famine there was, alas! no Land League, no Plan of Campaign; no O'Brien, no Healy, no Sexton; no Davitt, Dillon, or O'Connor (Arthur, John, or Thomas Power); no O'Kelly; no M'Carthy, (father or son); no Harrington, no Sullivan (A. M. or T. D.), no Biggar, no Parnell.

"For then there was no tribune to speak the word of might,
Which makes the rich man tremble, and guards the poor man's right;
There was no brave Licinius, no honest Sextius, then;
But all the city, in great fear, obeyed the wicked Ten."

The Land League.—The famous Land League was formed at Irishtown, County Mayo, by the wise foresight of Michael Davitt on April 20, 1879. Mr. Parnell joined it at a meeting at Westport on June 8th following, when he spoke the memorable words of might, "*You must show the landlords that you intend to keep a firm grip of your homesteads and land.*"

This brave counsel, so bravely acted up to by the Irish people, did not come a moment too soon. For years the landlords had not merely been wringing the last penny from the toilers at home, but, with a refinement of cruelty impossible even for slaveholders to emulate, had been levying tribute on the affections of their exiled kindred abroad—a tribute no longer to be borne. "It was," says

Mr. T. P. O'Connor (*Parnell Movement*) "a peculiarity of the Irish land system that it pursued the Irish race wherever that race went. The son or daughter of the Irish farmer who had emigrated to America, or Australia, or New Zealand did not leave behind in Ireland the curse of his race. The wages earned as a labourer, or a servant maid, or a miner, or a sheep-farmer in any of these places of exile went home to help their parents in their yearly deepening poverty through their yearly increasing rent. It has been calculated that between the years 1848 and 1864 no less a sum than £13,000,000 was sent by the Irish in America to their people at home. The people at home in the meantime remained either in the same condition, or usually sank deeper into the mire of inextricable poverty. In other words, the money sent from the Irish in America did the farmer no good; it was all swallowed up by the Irish landlord; it was part of the world-wide tribute this caste was able to extort. This incontestable fact adds another element of humour to the complaint of the landlord-class that the subscriptions which were brought into the Irish National League by the Irish race in America and Australia came mostly from servants—servant-girls; and much rhetoric was expended from the same quarter in denunciation of the agitators who lived on their hard-won wages. These denunciations, which as a matter of fact, were not founded upon truth, would have been more becoming if they had not proceeded from a class which had been for a generation the greatest tax and the most prominent burden of the servant girls of New York, Chicago, Melbourne, and every other city where exiled Irish labour seeks the market it has been refused at home."

Young Ireland.—Having, in order to compare the famine of '77 with that of '47, anticipated the general current of events, I now briefly revert to the sequel of O'Connell's Repeal movement. The Liberator was not the only great Irishman of his day. Far from it. He was but the central star of a perfect galaxy of orators, poets, scholars, historians, journalists and organisers. Suffice it to record the names of Charles Cavan Duffy, Thomas Osborne Davis, John Blake Dillon, Darcy McGee, John Mitchel, John Martin, William Smith O'Brien, Kevin Izod O'Doherty,

Richard O'Gorman, Michael Doheny, Richard Dalton Williams, Denny Lane, Rev. Charles Meehan, James Clarence Mangan and James Fintan Lalor.

Nor was gentle woman unrepresented. "Eva," "Mary," and "Speranza" (Lady Wilde) were a trinity of soul-inspiring songstresses of whom any party might well be proud.

Smith O'Brien, brother of Lord Inchiquin, believed to be descended from the renowned Brian of the Tributes, the hero of Clontarf, was the recognised leader of the Young Irelanders. These differed with O'Connell in various degrees respecting the use to be made of physical force in given contingencies.

John Mitchel was early resolute for an appeal to arms. By birth he was the son of an Ulster Unitarian minister, who had been a *United Irishman* in '98. The old man retained his abhorrence of English rule to the last, and transmitted it in copious measure to his son, the "one formidable man among the rebels of '48." Mitchel was a revolutionist and a Republican, who wrote with a pungency and directness not exceeded, to say the least, in the polemics of our day.

James Fintan Lalor.—He owed not a little of his revolutionary logic and purpose—he was naturally conservative—to a strange being whom the Hon. Miss Emily Lawless, in her recent work, *Ireland* (Story of the Nations Series), confidently pronounces "a wild impracticable visionary," "a deformed misanthrope, and a monomaniac." This "crippled desperado," as another not evilly-disposed writer calls him, was none other than James Fintan Lalor, one of the most penetrating and intrepid intellects, in my opinion, that ever subjected the Irish problem to severe and comprehensive examination. He was, in truth, a genius, at whose feet the Irish leaders of to-day will do well to sit if they mean to solve the Irish question in true workmanlike fashion. Like Thomas Spence, Lalor, as an economist, fairly anticipated all and more than all the conclusions of Henry George. In the first number of *The Irish Felon* (June 24, 1848), Lalor wrote:—

"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is this: that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre, is vested of right in the

people of Ireland; that they, and none but they, are the land-owners and law-makers of this island; and that this right of ownership may, and ought to be, asserted and enforced by any and all means which God has put in the power of man. The entire soil of a country belongs of right to the entire people. The land question contains, and the legislative question does not contain, the materials from which victory is to be manufactured. Victory follows that banner and no other. This island is our own and have it we will. There can be no property in eight thousand, against the property, security, independence and existence of eight millions, to take their food and give them famine, to take their home and give them the workhouse. Such rights are the code of the brigand, and can be enforced only by the hangman. War to their destruction or my own."

In the third number of the *Felon*, Lalor laid down a "Plan of Campaign," and issued a "No Rent Manifesto" on his own account:—

"Refuse all rent except what remains after subsistence. Defy ejectment. The English Government must then either surrender the landlords, or support them with the armed power of the empire. If it surrenders the landlords, then the people are lords; if it supports them, and attempts to carry the whole harvest of Ireland, we must oppose passive resistance, break up roads, break down bridges, and on occasion try the steel. Such a war would propagate itself throughout Europe.

"The right of the people to make laws was the first great moral earthquake.

"The right of the people to own land is the next.

"I will place Ireland in the van of the world, and set her aloft in the blaze of the sun."

The question of "trying the steel" first drove the "Extreme Left" out of O'Connell's Repeal Association, and next disrupted the Irish Confederation which the party of action attempted to set on foot. Smith O'Brien, Dillon, Duffy, Meagher, Doheny, and McGee were not opposed to war, provided it could be conducted on certain orthodox principles, hallowed by the example set by Washington and the American insurgents; but they would not sanction the tactics

advocated by resolute men of the Lalor-Mitchell stamp, who were ready to resort to "any and all means which God has put into the power of man." Mitchel, accordingly, after a hot debate in the Confederation (5th February, 1848), severed his connection with that body as well as with the *Nation* (founded in October, 1843, by Duffy, Dillon, and Davis), and started the *United Irishman* on his own account.

The *annus mirabilis* of revolution—1848—was soon in full swing all over Europe, and thrones, seemingly the most stable, came down with a crash. Mitchel, was, therefore, in his element, and wrote in a strain which it is amazing the Government should have tolerated for weeks, not to speak of months. "The editor (*New Ireland*) addressed letters through its (the *United Irishman's*) pages to Lord Clarendon, the Irish Viceroy, styling him 'Her Majesty's Executioner-General and General Butcher of Ireland.' He published instructions as to street warfare; noted the 'Berlin system,' the 'Milanese system,' and the 'Viennese system;' highly praised molten lead, crockery-ware, broken bottles, and even cold vitriol as good things for citizens, male or female, to fling from windows and housetops on hostile troops operating below."

Transportation of Mitchel.—But there was method in this madness. Mitchel not unreasonably calculated that his own arrest or death would be the signal for revolution; but he was mistaken. He was arrested for sedition, and arraigned, on 22nd May, under a brand new Treason Felony Act, through the meshes of which there was no escape. He was sentenced to fourteen years transportation. Addressing the court, he exclaimed: "My lords, I knew I was setting my life on this cast. The course which I have opened is only commenced. The Roman who saw his hand burning to ashes before the tyrant promised that three hundred should follow out his enterprise. Can I not promise for one, for two, for three—ay, for hundreds?" He pointed to Martin, Meagher and others in court, and was hurried from the dock to the cells below amid frenzied cries of "Promise for me, Mitchel—promise for me!"

With the utmost expedition, this Irish Scaeveola, heavily manacled, was thrust into a prison-van and escorted by a strong squadron of dragoons, with drawn sabres, to Dublin

Harbour. There lay the war sloop *Shearwater*, drawn up close to the north wall jetty, with steam up ready to receive her certain freight. The moment the fettered captive touched the deck the paddles moved, and John Mitchel was on his way to Bermuda.

Nor did he depart alone. All the reasonable hopes of the revolutionists went with him. The conviction of Mitchel virtually killed "Young Ireland," just as the suppression of O'Connell's Clontarf meeting killed "Old Ireland." A vigorous attempt to rescue Mitchel might have succeeded, but the Confederation Chiefs, at the last moment, decided to postpone insurrection till autumn. This was fatal. The Government suddenly suspended the *Habeas Corpus Act*, and forced them into a premature rising, which, as all the enemies of Ireland have been careful to trumpet, ended ingloriously in a scuffle with the police in a cabbage garden at Ballingarry, in Tipperary. The subsequent fortunes of the young Ireland Chiefs were as remarkable as were the men themselves; but they belong rather to the domain of biography than of history.

"The Irish Brigade," alias the "Pope's Brass Band."—After honour, dishonour; after noble devotion, base treachery. The next men who found, to a limited extent, a misplaced corner in the heart of the Irish people were a set of scoundrels whom Mr. T. P. O'Connor has portrayed to the nauseous life in his chapter in *The Parnell Movement* entitled "The Great Betrayal." They professed ardent Catholicism, and conjured with Tenant Right when they meant nothing but place and plunder. And to place did they attain in the Administration of Lord Aberdeen, though all men of ordinary discernment could readily read their true characters. John Sadlier was Chief of the Band, his principal aides being his brother James, William Keogh, and Edmund O'Flaherty. John Sadlier was made a Lord of the Treasury; Keogh Irish Solicitor-General, and O'Flaherty Commissioner of Income-tax. In time, retribution came. John Sadlier, through embezzlement, fraud, and forgery, was found to be a defaulter to the extent of more than £1,250,000. He committed suicide. His brother was expelled the House of Commons. O'Flaherty escaped to Denmark, and thence to America. Keogh, in many respects the most infamous of

the quadrilateral was made a judge—a position which he scandalously prostituted to gratify his antipathy to those he had betrayed. At last he went mad.

“An Englishman (*Parnell Movement*) was lamenting, a short time ago, to a brilliant Irishman who had formerly sat in parliament the disagreeable contrast between the Irish members of former days and the unpleasant specimens of the present hour. The Irishman surprised his interlocutor by admitting the contrast, but not after the same fashion. Then he put thus tersely the story which has just been told:—‘There were four members of parliament, personal intimates and political associates. One was a forger, and committed suicide; the other was a forger, and was expelled from parliament; the third was a swindler, and fled; and the fourth was made a judge.’”

Fenianism.—The father of Fenianism, as is well known, was the dubious James Stephens. He acted as Smith O’Brien’s second in command in the unlucky cabbage garden affair, at Ballingarry. On that occasion he was severely wounded in the leg, but managed, nevertheless, after many risks, to reach Paris. There, in the society of cosmopolitan conspirators, he learned to perfection the arts of secret propaganda. After a time he returned to Ireland, and engaged in the unsuspecting avocations of a tutor. In 1858 Stephens visited the neighbourhood of Skibbereen, and there he formed the acquaintance of Jeremiah Donovan, who, with proper racial pride, styled himself Jeremiah O’Donovan, Rossa—*i.e.*, from Ross,—abbreviated into the familiar O’Donovan Rossa. Between them Stephens and Rossa, in a month’s time, had banded together by secret oath no fewer than ninety out of one hundred young men whose names were on the members’ list of the local club or reading-room, called the Phoenix National and Literary Society.

Such was the modest origin of the Fenian Brotherhood, which eventually caused the ruling classes of these islands so much disquietude and so many “scares.”

In Ireland up to 1864 the process of Fenian enrolment was comparatively slow; but in that year there came a mighty change. From the first, the Brotherhood had commended itself to the Irish-Americans who swarmed in the armies of the victorious

North. At the close of the war it is not too much to say that there were in America, at least potentially, both an army and a military chest not inadequate, in favourable circumstances, to the task of striking the fetters from off the limbs of Erin by an appeal to the God of Battles.

But the tide had to be taken at the full before the troops resumed the avocations of civilians, and it was unfortunately not so taken. Both the Irish "Head Centre" Stephens and the American "Head Centre" O'Mahony showed themselves, to put the matter very mildly, wholly unequal to the grave responsibilities of their posts. Still, Fenianism was not without a bright gleam of success. At the risk of disrupting the organisation, O'Mahony was deposed, and Colonel William R. Roberts, a thoroughly upright man, put in his place. It was resolved to invade Canada as the most immediately vulnerable portion of the British empire. Accordingly, in May, 1866, the order was given to the various "circles" throughout the Union to despatch their contingents to the Canadian frontier. The command was obeyed with alacrity; but the American Executive, contrary to expectation, acted with the utmost promptitude and vigour. It marched a powerful intercepting force to the frontier. Its cruisers, moreover, patrolled the lakes. Colonel Roberts and his chief officers were arrested.

Nevertheless, one small Irish contingent, under Colonel John O'Neil, managed to reach British soil close to Fort Erie, which was captured. Near the village of Ridgeway a sharp encounter took place between the Irish and an Anglo-Canadian force, under Colonel Barker. At a critical moment the Irish charged with impetuosity. The British were seized with panic and precipitately fled, leaving several of their standards in the hands of the Irish veterans. The victory, however, availed nothing. O'Neil, finding his supplies completely cut off, had no help for it but surrender to the United States naval commander.

The "Manchester Martyrs."—Early in 1867 the scene of active Fenian operations was transferred from the Canadian frontier to Ireland and England. But misfortune dogged the movements of the Brotherhood at every step. The 5th March was fixed for a general rising all over the island. A simultaneous attack on Chester Castle, containing 20,000

stand of arms, was planned by the Lancashire "Circles." There was no lack of numbers or determination, but the "informer" was at work.

This loathsome personage is not absolutely unknown in the history of other "peoples rightly struggling to be free," but assuredly in Ireland he has ever had his head-quarters. Both he and the "approver" are, to me, characters totally inexplicable. They are the staggering reverse of the splendid shield of Irish patriotism. "Let no Irishman" (Mr. W. A. O'Connor's *History of the Irish People*) "ever inveigh against English tyranny or English bad faith. Let every Irishman, to whom the honour of his country is dear, store his indignation and reserve his maledictions for Irish treachery to Ireland and Irishmen. An Irishman abandons his country and betrays his compatriots so readily that a bribe seems rather a pretext than a motive. He is as enthusiastic in his betrayal of his country as an Englishman is in his fidelity to his. There is no hope for Ireland till this fire of hell is extinguished. Liberty would only ventilate it; prosperity would only give it fuel." This is a faithful saying, which could hardly come from a better source.

In America, Stephens, in spite of repeated warnings, took into his confidence three men—J. J. Corydon, Godfrey Massey and Pierce Nagle—who were enough to ruin a thousand brotherhoods, however resolute and efficient. Corydon, deep in the pay of the Government as in the confidence of the conspirators, betrayed every projected movement. The rebellion was consequently an unmitigated fiasco.

But the end was not yet. Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy, two Fenian leaders of note, were captured by the Manchester police. A rescue was resolved upon, and executed with an audacity which could hardly have been surpassed. Thirty powerfully-built young men suddenly attacked the police van in which the prisoners were being conveyed to the Salford County Gaol. They were provided with hatchets, hammers, and crowbars, but found the task of smashing the vehicle more tedious than they had supposed. They then shouted through the ventilator to Sergeant Brett, who was inside, to give up the keys. He refused, and stooped to look at his assailants through the keyhole. At

that moment some authoritative voice cried out, "Blow it open; put your pistol to the keyhole and blow it open!" The order was obeyed, and the plucky police officer, whose eleven comrades outside had taken to flight, fell mortally wounded. A female prisoner handed out the keys, and Kelly and Deasy, though handcuffed, escaped all pursuit.

For this venturesome deed three men—Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, the "Manchester Martyrs"—were executed on 23rd November, '67, in circumstances of profound excitement both in England and Ireland. Irish National feeling was stirred to its very depths. The commemorative funeral of the martyrs in Dublin, was attended by no fewer than 150,000 persons. "As the three hearses (*New Ireland*) bearing the names of the executed men passed through the streets the multitudes that lined the way fell on their knees, every head was bared, and not a sound was heard save the solemn notes of the Dead March in 'Saul' from the bands, or the sobs that burst occasionally from the crowd."

The Clerkenwell Outrage.—The Manchester rescue was followed by a very different event—viz., an insensate attempt to facilitate the escape of a Fenian captive by blowing up the wall of Clerkenwell Prison with gunpowder. Had the prisoner Burke been at the spot in the exercise-ground where he was expected to be, he would infallibly have been killed. As it was, sixty yards of wall were blown down and twelve persons killed, and one hundred and twenty maimed or wounded. Barrett, the perpetrator, was taken and hanged.

Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., the gifted Poet Laureate of Home Rule, has made the former event, the execution of the Irish Manchester martyrs, for whom John Bright, John Stuart Mill, and Algernon Swinburne pleaded in vain, the subject of the Irish National Anthem—an anthem which will live long after the miserable piece of fulsome and blasphemous doggerel which loyal Britons bow on patriotic occasions has been discredited and forgotten.

GOD SAVE IRELAND!

High upon the gallows-tree swung the noble-hearted three,

By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;

But they met him face to face with the spirit of their race,

And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.

"God save Ireland!" said the heroes; "God save Ireland!" said they all.

Whether on the scaffold high or the battlefield we die,

Oh! what matter, when for Erin dear we fall?

Girt round with cruel foes, still their courage proudly rose

For the thought of hearts that loved them, far and near—

Of the millions true and brave o'er the ocean's swelling wave,

And the friends in Holy Ireland ever dear.

"God save Ireland!" said they proudly; "God save Ireland!" said they all.

Whether on the scaffold high or the battlefield we die,

Oh! what matter, when for Erin dear we fall?

Climbed they up the rugged stair, rung their voices out in prayer;

Then, with England's fatal cord around them cast,

Close beneath the gallows-tree kissed like brothers lovingly

True to home, and faith, and freedom to the last.

"God save Ireland!" prayed they loudly; "God save Ireland!" prayed they all.

Whether on the scaffold high or the battlefield we die,

Oh! what matter, when for Erin dear we fall?

Never till the latest day shall the memory pass away

Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;

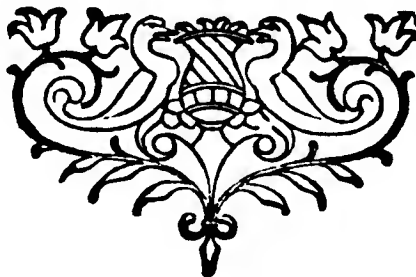
But on the cause must go, amidst joy, or weal, or woe,

Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand.

"God save Ireland!" said they proudly; "God save Ireland!" say we all

If upon the scaffold high or the battlefield we die,

Oh! what matter, when for Erin dear we fall?



CHAPTER XX.

Uprooting the Upas tree.

"Cain corrupted the simplicity of the manners of former times, and substituted fraud and artifice in place of honesty and plain dealing. He was the builder of the first city in the world, and also the first man who divided the common property of the earth by enclosures and landmarks."—JOSEPHUS' ANTIQUITIES.

"Let them know that the earth from which they were created is the common property of all men; and that, therefore, the fruits of the earth belong indiscriminately to all. Those who make private property of the gift of God pretend in vain to be innocent. For in thus retaining the subsistence of the poor they are the murderers of those who die daily for want of it."—POPE GREGORY THE GREAT (ST. GREGORY).

"The first man who having enclosed a plot of ground took upon himself to say, 'This is *mine*!' and found people silly enough to believe him, was the real founder of civil society. How many crimes, how many wars, how many murders, how much misery and horror would have been spared the human race if someone, tearing up the fence and filling in the ditch, had cried out to his fellows, 'Give no heed to this impostor! You are lost if you forget that the produce belongs to all, the land to none.'—ROUSSEAU.

"For long years and generations it lasted; but the time came. Feather-brain, whom no reasoning and no pleading could touch, the glare of the fire-brand had to illuminate. There remained but that method. Consider it, look at it! The widow is gathering nettles for her children's dinner; a perfumed seigneur, delicately lounging in the *Œil-de-Beuf*, hath an alchemy whereby he will extract from her the third nettle, and call it rent and law. Such an arrangement must end. Ought it not? But, oh, most fearful is such an ending! Let those to whom God in His great mercy has granted time and space prepare another and milder one.—CARLYLE.

"Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother: usury of money, usury of victuals, usury of anything that is lent upon usury."—DEUTERONOMY, XXIII., 19.

"Usury has always caused the ruin of States where it has been tolerated, and it was this disorder which contributed very much to subvert the Constitution of the Roman Commonwealth, and to give birth to the greatest calamities in all the provinces."—ROLLIN'S Ancient History.

"Some persons imagine that usury obtains only in money; but the scriptures, foreseeing this, have exploded every increase, so that you cannot receive more than you give."—ST. JEROME.

"Do good and lend *hoping for nothing again*, and your reward shall be great and ye shall be the children of the Highest."—JESUS CHRIST.

"The heathen was able by the light of reason to conclude that a usurer is a double-dyed thief and murderer. We Christians, however, hold him in such honour that we fairly worship him for the sake of his money. Whoever eats up, robs and steals the nourishment of another, commits as great a murder, as far as in him lies, as he who starves a man or utterly undoes him. Such does a usurer, and sits the while safe on his stool when he ought to be rather hanging from the gallows. Little thieves are put in the stocks; great thieves go flaunting in gold and silk. Therefore, is there on this earth no greater enemy of man after the devil than a gripe-money and usurer."—MARTIN LUTHER.

"Iniquity alone has created private property."—ST. CLEMENT.

"Nature created community; private property is the offspring of usurpation."—ST. AMBROSE.

"The rich man is a thief."—ST. BASIL.

"The rich are robbers. Better all things were in common."—ST CHRYSOSTOM.

"Opulence is always the product of theft, committed, if not by the actual possessor, then by his ancestors."—ST. JEROME.

"It is as easy for a camel to go through the eye of a needle as for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven."—JESUS CHRIST.

Church Disestablishment.—The Manchester Rescue and the Clerkenwell Explosion had an encouraging political result, if the "Old Parliamentary Hand" is to be believed. They disestablished the insolent and iniquitous Irish Church Establishment. "Circumstances occurred," said he, "which drew the attention of people to the Irish Church. I said myself it was out of the range of practical politics—that is, politics of the coming election. When it came to this, that a great gaol in the heart of the metropolis was broken open under circumstances which drew the attention of English people to the state of Ireland, and when a Manchester policeman was murdered in the exercise of his duty, at once the whole country became alive to Irish questions, and the question of the Church revived."

Regarding Irish Church disestablishment, the Grand Old Man characteristically started with an emphatic "never." In 1865 this "never" became a "not yet,"

which, in 1867, took the form of the "previous question," unsupported by the venerable strategist's vote. In 1868 Mr. Gladstone declared that "in order to the settlement of the question of the Irish Church, that Church, as a State Church, must cease to exist." In March, 1869, he introduced a Disestablishment Bill for that purpose, and, on 26th July, 1869, it received the royal assent.

A greater monstrosity than this same Irish Church establishment it would be impossible to conceive. "There is nothing like it," said Sydney Smith, "in Europe, in Asia, in the discovered part of Africa, or in all we have heard of Timbuctoo." Lord Macaulay pronounced it "the most utterly absurd and indefensible of all the institutions in the civilised world!" "The foulest practical abuse," echoed Lord Brougham, "that ever existed, opposed alike to justice, to policy, and to religious principles."

In 1860 there were 199 parishes without a single Anglican. "I myself," said Mr. George Henry Moore, "pay tithes in ten parishes. In the whole of these parishes there is not one church, one glebe, or one single resident clergyman. I am not aware that there is one single Protestant in the whole eight parishes, and I do not believe that divine service, according to the Protestant ritual, has been celebrated in them since the Reformation."

With this extraordinary Civil Service Church fell also the Presbyterian *Regium Donum* (£45,000 per annum) and the Maynooth annual grant of £26,000.

But though the Irish Church was thus disestablished it was not disendowed. It was only the sentimental grievance that was removed. It is characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship that he never abolishes one abuse without creating another or others in its place. His notion of reform is to give temporary ease to the victim of galling injustice by taking the load off the one shoulder and placing it on the other. The Irish people have been "compensated" out of almost any pretence of real benefit.

The capitalised value of the Church property was estimated at £16,000,000; and in 1880 the Church Commissioners reported the following payments under the compensation clauses of the Act:—

| | |
|---|-----------|
| Gratuities !... .. | £40,025 |
| Annuities to 31st December, 1874... .. | 645,250 |
| Commutations of clerical incomes | 7,546,005 |
| Commutations of lay incomes | 454,690 |
| Compensation for Regium Donum | 749,799 |
| Compensation for Maynooth... .. | 372,331 |
| Compensation for loss of private endowments ... | 500,000 |
| Compensation to owners of advowsons | 778,888 |
| Building charges | 232,991 |
| Compensation for loss of right of succession | 23,713 |

£11,343,705

Of the paltry “ultimate surplus” set apart for “the relief of unavoidable calamity and suffering, yet not so as to cancel or impair the obligations now attached to property under the Acts for the relief of the poor,” the Irish landlords have already, by grace of parliament, pocketed no inconsiderable share!

Education.—The third branch of the upas tree which Mr. Gladstone essayed to lop or trim was the educational, and that he found the hardest task of any.

Previous to 1831, when Mr. Stanley (the late Lord Derby) took the matter in hand, Irish elementary education had, ever since the Reformation, been of the most haphazard character. Queen Elizabeth, it is true, had established Diocesan Free Schools, open to scholars of all religious denominations; but they came to no good. The Protestants monopolized them, and they fell into disuse. In 1835 there were but twelve of them at work, and of these only six had an average of more than twenty-five pupils.

In 1608 the British Solomon endowed certain Royal Free Schools in Ulster with a grant of 22,000 acres “for the good education of the youth of the realm of Ireland, to the end that they may learn their duty towards God and true obedience towards us.” In 1812 these schools gave instruction to 681 pupils, of whom 242 were Catholics.

Erasmus Smith, an ex-Cromwellian trooper, endowed another set of schools for the education of poor Protestant children “to be brought up in the fear of God and good literature, and to speak in the English tongue.” In 1880

there were 105 Erasmus Smith Schools, supported by a revenue of £10,528 per annum.

In addition to these seminaries there were the schools maintained by the Irish Society and the "Charter Schools," founded by Bishop Boulter in 1730. The latter were set up for expressly proselytizing purposes—"to bring them (young Papists) and theirs over to the true religion"—and this being so, the State was not slack amply to provide for them. In less than ninety years they received, in parliamentary grants alone, £1,027,715, not to speak of "King's bounty," taxes on hawkers, &c. Eventually they were converted into boarding schools, where no Papist, parent or priest, was permitted to visit the children except in the presence of master or mistress. In 1785, Howard, the philanthropist inspected the Charter Schools, and testified that "the children were sickly, pale, and such miserable objects, they were a disgrace to all society, and their reading had been neglected for the purpose of making them work for their masters." In 1832 the grant was finally withdrawn, and the Charter transferred to an "Incorporated Society," which thus came into possession of 17,240 acres. In 1880 the Society's revenue amounted to more than £11,600, with which eight boarding schools and eleven day schools were supported.

The system of National Elementary Education, inaugurated by Lord Derby in 1831, has on the whole worked well, notwithstanding the almost insuperable religious difficulty. In 1884 the attendance numbered 1,089,079.

As much cannot be said for the "Model Schools," or higher grade district institutes, the intended complement of the system. In the latter, History could not be introduced for fear of exciting curiosity regarding Irish annals! On the death, in 1852, of Archbishop Murray, whose presence on the Commission of Education had been their mainstay, Roman Catholic confidence was withdrawn from them with disastrous results.

In 1845 were founded the "Queen's Colleges" of Belfast, Galway, and Cork, otherwise known as "Peel's Godless Colleges." In 1850 these were grouped into the "Queen's University," with power to grant degrees in arts, medicine,

and law. But Catholic opinion was unsatisfied, and a largely-attended unchartered Catholic University was established under the presidency of Dr. Newman.

At this stage (1873) Mr. Gladstone made a desperate effort to reconcile conflicting interests. He brought in a Bill to create a Central University, to which Trinity College, Dublin, the Catholic University, and the Queen's Colleges should be affiliated. It pleased nobody, and little wonder, for it excluded entirely from the academic curricula not merely theology, but moral philosophy and modern history! In the long run the Bill killed the Gladstonian Administration.

In May, 1879, Lord Beaconsfield abolished the Queen's University, and substituted for it the Royal University, an examining board empowered to grant degrees to approved candidates from any place of education.

Lastly, in 1885, an Act was passed empowering a body of Commissioners to reorganize the educational endowments of Ireland by framing suitable schemes for their future utilization. But the last word has not yet been spoken on this most delicate subject.

Origin of Home Rule.—The disestablishment of the Irish Church, like adversity, made some strange bed-fellows. It removed the chief objection of Anglicans to the restoration of the College-green Parliament. It was hardly passed, when rational Catholics and Protestants alike recognised that they stood towards each other in new relations.

“On the evening of Thursday, 19th of May, 1870 (“New Ireland”), a strange assemblage was gathered in the great room of the Bilton Hotel, Dublin. It was a private meeting of some of the leading merchants and professional men of the metropolis, of various political and religious opinions, to exchange views on the condition of Ireland. Glancing around the room, one might ask if the millennium had arrived. Here were men of the most opposite parties—men who never before met in politics save as irreconcilable foes. The Orangeman and the Ultramontane, the staunch Conservative and the sturdy Liberal, the Nationalist Repealer and the Imperial Unionist, the Fenian sympathizer and the devoted loyalist, sat in free and friendly council, discussing a question which any time for fifty years previously would

have instantly sundered such men into a dozen factions arrayed in stormy conflict. . . .

“At this Bilton Hotel Conference, he (Isaac Butt) listened long to the utterances of his fellow Protestants; many of them the familiar associates of his college days. He marked their fears about disloyalty; their apprehensions that the Fenians and the Romanists would be content with nothing less than separation. He rose to his feet, and spoke with great earnestness.

“‘It is *we*—it is our inaction, our desertion of the people and the country, the abdication of our position and duties, that have cast these men into the eddies and whirlpools of rebellion. If you are but ready to lead them by constitutional courses to their legitimate national rights, they are ready to follow you. Trust me, we have all grievously wronged the Irish Catholics, priests and laymen. As for the men whom misgovernment has driven into revolt, I say for them that if they cannot aid you, they will not thwart your experiment. Arise! Be bold! Have faith, have confidence, and you will save Ireland—not Ireland alone, but England also!’”

He concluded by moving:—

“That in the opinion of this meeting the true remedy for the evils of Ireland is the establishment of an Irish parliament, with full control over our domestic affairs.”

The motion was carried unanimously, and thus the momentous “Home Government Association of Ireland” came into being.

Into the Disraelian parliament of 1874-80 sixty Home Rulers found their way. Butt was the inevitable leader. He was a man of rare talents, but his great powers, so to speak, were not a part of himself. He was facile and good-natured, and lacked the sustained moral purpose and strong will necessary in the chief of a despised minority. His Home Rule motions were from time to time defeated by overwhelming English majorities, and it fared little better with Bills admittedly “within the range of practical politics” if they were promoted by the party he led. Over a hundred such measures of utility were contemptuously rejected by the parliament of 1874-80. Mr. Butt was baffled,

but there were two men among the Home Rulers who were not thus to be overcome. These were Charles Stewart Parnell and Joseph Gillies Biggar. They doggedly opposed to brute mechanical majorities parliamentary "obstruction" of the subtle and most tantalizing description, and taught the proud Sassenach that he might be goaded to frenzy even in his own high place of legislation at St. Stephen's.

In March, 1880, Lord Beaconsfield dissolved parliament, and the charlatan statesman must needs furnish his party with an "election cry." "A portion of its (Ireland's) population," said he, "is attempting to sever the constitutional tie which unites it to Great Britain in that bond which has favoured the power and prosperity of both. It is to be hoped that all men of light and leading will resist this destructive doctrine." They did not resist. Mr. Gladstone, supported by the Irish vote, was restored to power by an immense majority. The Home Rule vote was nominally, at least, raised to sixty-eight.

And now began the real tug of war. Mr. Butt, dead in 1878, had been succeeded by Mr. Shaw. In May, 1880, the newly-elected Irish members chose Mr. Parnell for leader, and that "still, strong man in a blatant land" set to work with a will. The Gladstone Administration was induced to bring in a Compensation for Disturbance Bill. This measure provided that a tenant evicted for non-payment of rent, which he could prove to the court had been caused by the prevailing distress, should be allowed compensation for improvements in excess of the rent owing. The tenant's saleable goodwill was not to be entirely confiscated by unpunctuality in paying a year's rent. This Bill, which would have stopped evictions during the distress, passed the House of Commons, but was thrown out in the House of Lords by a majority of 282 to 51.

The Best of the Cut-throats.—Here was the beginning of sorrows. The Government fully admitted the extremity of the distress in Ireland, and the absolute necessity for the protection of the rejected measure; yet it quietly accepted the lordly rebuff. It ought to have held an autumn session, repassed the Disturbance Bill, and dared the peers, at the peril of their existence, to throw it out a second time. The

Government was then in the first blush of unprecedented popularity, and the constituencies were in no humour to be trifled with.

But Mr. Gladstone was wholly unequal to the occasion. In vain the people give him majorities; he knows not what to do with them. He is not a man of principles, but of precedents. He can perform surprising feats on the tight rope of the "British Constitution," but off that absurdly artificial trapeze he is merely a blind, political Samson shorn of his locks. His Statesmanship is like the seamanship of the ancient world before the discovery of the Mariner's Compass. He timidly "hugs the land" of precedent and compromise. He never steers in the right direction till he has first completed the process known to mathematicians as "exhausting the possibilities of error." Yet considering the habitual dishonesty of all our leading Statesmen, with, perhaps, the single exception of Fox, from the Restoration downwards, it is something for him to have justly earned the soubriquet I have given him, "The Best of the Cut-throats." His mind is receptive to a degree, but his lack of originality is even more striking; and for this defect in the conduct of critical affairs, no length of memory or of tongue can compensate.

When, for example, insisting on the impossibility of giving Ireland a Home Rule Parliament and retaining Irish representatives at Westminster at the same time, he used the memorable words, "it defies the wit of man," &c., he was merely quoting from a speech by Pitt (11th January, 1799) in which that evil genius said:—"There are only two means. I defy the wit of man to point out a third." Or, again, which is still more striking, when he spoke of the much-canvassed "ejectment as being tantamount to a sentence of death," he was merely re-echoing the language of Poulett Scrope (8th June, 1847):—"Is not an ejectment tantamount to a sentence of death on a small farmer? . . . and can you wonder at his retaliating on him whom he feels to be his oppressor?" &c.

As it was, Mr. Gladstone completely failed to take the tide of fortune at the full, and hence the miserable shallows in which he and the Liberal party have since been so hopelessly wading. He fell back on the wretched traditional

policy of the aristocratic Pitts, Wellingtons, and Peels—viz., a boon and a blow. In December, 1880, Chief Secretary Forster, of “buckshot” notoriety, ordered Mr. Parnell, and several of his colleagues, to be arraigned in the Queen’s Bench on a charge of “conspiracy to impoverish landlords!” He was foiled, and parliament was promptly summoned (6th January, 1881) to suspend the *Habeas Corpus Act*. That accomplished by the votes of the slavish, caucus-conceived *Liberals*, arrest “on suspicion” for indefinite periods became the order of the day. One thousand of the best men and women in all Ireland were immured in dungeons under the pretence that they were “dissolute ruffians,” and “village tyrants.” Delicate ladies were incarcerated under 34th., Edward III., A.D., 1360! And even then the Grand Old Man declared that “the resources of civilisation were not yet exhausted!”

The Three F’s.—So much for the blow. Now for the boon. The latter consisted of a Bill substantially enacting “the three F’s”—fixed tenure, fair rent, and free sale. It became law on 22nd August; but it no more solved the land question than did the Act of 1870. In the famous case of *Adams v. Dunseath*, decided by the Lords-Justices of Appeal, an astounding interpretation was given to the historic Healy Clause of the Act of 1881. That clause provided that “no rent shall be allowed or made payable in any proceedings under this Act, in respect of improvements made by the tenant or his predecessors in title, and for which, in the opinion of the court, the tenant or his predecessors in title shall not have been paid or otherwise compensated by the landlord or his predecessors in title.” This seems plain enough, but “things are not what they seem” to the untutored, non-legal mind. Their lordships held: “1st, that ‘enjoyment’ of improvements made before the Land Act of 1870 was a ‘compensation’ for them *i.e.*, that they practically became the landlords by process of time; 2nd, that the improvability of the soil belongs to the landlord; and 3rd, that the improvements, to come within the protection of the Act, must be ‘suitable to the holding,’—*i.e.*, that if the tenant built thereon a corn mill or a mansion, he might be rack-rented for these ‘unsuitable’ structures without mercy.”

And thus it came to pass that the landlords recovered millions' worth of property which parliament had clearly declared belonged to the tenants.

This signal injustice, combined with a seemingly impassable block in the Land Courts, did little, as may be imagined, to promote the cause of "law and order." Mr. Parnell declared himself in favour of a settlement on the basis of peasant proprietorship, and added, "If we could get it (the land) for nothing at all, the price the farmers have been paying for it for generations would be ample compensation."

The Government proclaimed the Land League, and lodged the Irish chief in Kilmainham. He retaliated by a "No Rent Manifesto," which threatened speedily to dissolve Irish society into its primordial elements. In time, however, both parties had enough of this unparalleled state of tension, and the celebrated "Treaty of Kilmainham" was struck between them on the understanding that the Government would bring in an Arrears Bill, the heads of which Mr. Parnell had drafted in his cell.

The prisoners were released, and reconciliation had just become the order of the day when the shocking Phoenix-park tragedy occurred. Lord Frederick Cavendish, who had just arrived in Dublin as a messenger of peace to supersede the hated Chief Secretary, Forster, perished by the knives of the "Invincibles" along with Under Secretary Burke, whose life alone it was really intended to take.

This untoward event was not unexpectedly followed by a fresh Coercion Bill of the most stringent character. It was carried *pari passu* with the Arrears Bill, which went some way to stem the tide of eviction. But the landlords did not go without their recompense. They got a goodly slice of the Irish Church surplus in the name of arrears of rent. In other words, the State paid, or partially paid, them a bad debt which they must otherwise have written off.

The Plan of Campaign, with which the Holy Father has recently burned his fingers, is sufficient proof that the land question is still the bottom question in Ireland, and, indeed, in the whole civilized world. The Papal Rescript ludicrously confounds the Irish *emphyteutæ*, or joint owners of the Land Act of 1881, with ordinary *conductores*, or hirers of a commodity.

If infallibility can so err with regard to rights already defined by law, how much more excusable is it that ordinary mortals should miss their way in the arduous quest after *the* true, ultimate and abiding solution of this life-and-death land problem? Mr. Parnell gave up "the three F's" for peasant proprietorship. He and his colleagues must now, if they are really to benefit themselves and mankind, substitute *communal possession* for peasant proprietorship. If private ownership of land is an evil—and it is the greatest to which society is a prey—how is it to be cured by multiplication and diffusion? Alone among Irish leaders Mr. Michael Davitt seems partially to grasp the realities of the situation.

The following paragraphs, taken from a short speech delivered by old, incorruptible Thomas Spence, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1775, pierce to the core of the whole matter, and contain the Iliad of the land question in a nutshell:—

Solution of the Land Problem.—"That property in land among men in a state of nature ought to be equal, few, one would fain to hope, would be foolish enough to deny. Therefore, taking this to be granted the country of any people in a native state is properly their *common*, in which each of them has an equal property, with free liberty to sustain himself and family with the animals, fruits, and other products thereof. For upon what must they live if not upon the productions of the country in which they reside? Surely to deny them that right is in effect denying them a right to live. The right to deprive anything of the means of living supposes a right to deprive them of a right to live. Hence it is plain that the land in any country or neighbourhood, with everything in or on the same, or pertaining thereto, belongs at all times to the living inhabitants of the said country or neighbourhood in an equal manner. For there is no living but on land and its productions; consequently, what we cannot live without we have the same property in as our lives.

"Now if we look back to the origin of the present nations, we shall see that the land, with all its appurtenances, was claimed by a few and divided among themselves in as assured a manner as if it had been the work of their own hands; and by being unquestioned and not called to an account for such usurpations, they fell into a habit of thinking, or which is the same thing to the rest of mankind, of acting as if the earth was made for or by them, and did not scruple to call it their own property, which they might dispose of without regard to any other living creature in the universe. And so we find that whether the people lived, multiplied, worked or fought, it was all for their respective lords, and they—God bless them!—most graciously accepted of all, as their due. For by granting the means to live they granted the life itself; and, of course, they thought they had a right to all the services and advantages that the life or death of the creatures they gave life to could yield.

"But lest it be said that a system whereby men may reap more advantage consistent with the nature of society cannot be proposed, I will attempt to show the outlines of such a plan. Let it be supposed, then, that the whole people of some country, after much reasoning and deliberation, should conclude that every man has an equal property in the land in the neighbourhood in which he resides. They, therefore, resolve that if they live in society together, it shall only be with the view that everyone may reap the benefits from their natural rights and privileges possible. Therefore is a day appointed on which the inhabitants of each parish meet in their respective parishes, to take their long-lost rights into their possession, and to form themselves into corporations. So then each parish becomes a corporation, and all men who are inhabitants become members or burghers. The land, with all that appertains to it, is in every parish made the property of the corporation or parish, with as ample power to let, alter all or any part thereof as a lord of the manor enjoys over his lands, houses, etc.; but the power of alienating the least morsel, in any manner, from the parish, either at this or any other time hereafter, is denied. For it is solemnly agreed to by the whole nation that a parish that shall either sell or give away any part of its landed property shall be looked upon with as much horror and detestation as if they had sold all their children to be slaves or massacred them with their own hands. Thus are there no more nor other landlords in the whole country than the parishes, and each of them is a sovereign landlord of its territory.

"Then you may behold the rent which the people have paid into the parish treasuries employed by each parish in paying the Government its share of the sum which the Parliament or National Congress at any time grants; in maintaining and relieving its own poor and people out of work; in paying the necessary officers their salaries; in building, repairing, and adorning its houses, bridges, and other structures; in making and maintaining convenient and delightful streets, highways, and passages, both for foot and carriages; in making and maintaining canals and other conveniences for trade and navigation; in planting and taking in waste grounds; in providing and keeping up a magazine of ammunition and all sorts of arms sufficient for all the inhabitants in case of danger from enemies; in premiums for the encouragement of agriculture, or anything else thought worthy of encouragement; and, in a word, doing whatever the people think proper, and not, as formerly to support and spread luxury, pride, and all manner of vice.

"A man dwelling for a whole year in any parish becomes a parishioner or a member of its corporation, and retains that privilege till he lives a full year in some other, when he becomes a member in that parish, and immediately loses all his right to the former for ever, unless he choose to go back and recover it by dwelling again a full year there. Thus, none can be a member of two parishes at once, and yet a man is always a member of one, though he moves ever so oft.

"If in any parish should be dwelling strangers from foreign nations, or people from distant countries, who, by sickness or other casualties, should become so necessitous as to require relief before they have acquired a

settlement by dwelling a full year therein, then this parish, as if it were their proper settlement, immediately takes them under its humane protection, and the expenses thus incurred by any parish in providing for those not properly their own poor being taken account of, is discounted by the Exchequer out of the first payment made to the State. Thus poor strangers being the poor of the State, are not looked upon with an envious, evil eye, lest they should become burthensome, neither are the poor harassed about in the extremity of distress, and perhaps in a dying condition, to justify the litigiousness of the parishes.

"There is no army kept in pay among them in times of peace. As all have property alike to defend, they are alike ready to run to arms when their country is in danger ; and when an army is sent abroad, it is soon raised, of ready-trained soldiers, either by volunteers or by casting lots in each parish for so many men.

"Besides, as each man has a voice in all the affairs of his parish, and for his own sake must wish well the public, the land is let in very small farms, which makes employment for a greater number of hands, and makes more victualling of all kinds be raised.

"There are no tolls or taxes of any kind paid among them by native or foreigner, but the aforesaid rent, which every person pays to the parish, according to the quantity, quality, and conveniences of the land, housing, etc., which he occupies in it. The government, poor, roads, etc., etc., are all maintained by the parishes with the rent, on which account all wares, manufactures, allowable trade employments, or actions, are entirely duty free. Freedom to do anything whatever cannot there be bought ; a thing is either entirely prohibited, as theft or murder, or entirely free to everyone without a tax or price ; and the rents are still not so high, notwithstanding all that is done with them, as they were formerly for only the maintenance of a few haughty, unthankful landlords.

"But though the rent, which includes all public burdens, were obliged to be somewhat raised, what then ? All nations have a devouring landed interest to support besides those necessary expenses of the public ; and they might be raised very high indeed before their burden would be as heavy as that of their neighbours, who pay rent and taxes too.

"But what makes this prospect yet more glowing is that after this empire of right and reason is thus established it will stand for ever. Force and corruption attempting its downfall shall equally be baffled, and all other nations, struck with wonder and admiration at its happiness and stability, shall follow the example, and thus the whole earth shall at last be happy, and live like brethren."

Elsewhere this true prophet of righteousness sums up the land question, thus :—

"Let all the parishioners unite, take Archdeacon Paley in the one hand and the Bible in the other, assemble in an adjoining field, and, after having discussed the subject to their own satisfaction, enter into a convention, and unanimously agree to a declaration of rights, in which it is declared that all the land, including coalpits, mines, rivers, &c., belonging to the parish of Bees, now in the possession of Lord Drone, shall

on Lady Day, 25 March 18—, become public property, the joint-stock and common farm, in which every parishioner shall enjoy an equal participation.

"The same declaration shall serve as a notice to Lord Drone to quit possession, and to give up all right and title to all the land, &c., he has hitherto possessed to the people of the said parish of Bees, on or before the above-mentioned day for ever.

"And it may be further declared that on Midsummer Day ensuing all the rents arising from the lands, mines, rivers, coal-pits, &c., belonging to the said parish, instead of being paid, as heretofore, into the hands of Lord Drone or his steward, shall be paid into the hands of a parish committee or Board of Directors, who may be appointed for that purpose, after being duly elected by a respectable majority of the whole parish; and that, after the national, provincial, and parochial governments are provided for out of the rents thus collected, the remainder may be divided into equal shares among all the parishioners—men, women, and children—including Lord and Lady Drone and all the little Drones belonging to their family, and the like division to be made on every succeeding quarter day for ever."

It is for Ireland—it is for the Irish Parliament—if Erin is to be true to her manifest destiny to be the first of the nations to realise Spence's grand ideal.

"The nations have fallen, and thou art still young;
Thy sun is but rising when others have set;
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hast hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin! O Erin! though long in the shade,
Thy star shall shine out when the proudest shall fade."

Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule and Land Purchase Bills.—In June, 1885, Mr. Gladstone having added "two million capable citizens" to the electoral roll, and redistributed seats, was defeated, on a financial question, and Lord Salisbury and the Tories came into power. The new Premier dispensed with coercion in Ireland, and sent Lord Carnarvon, an avowed Home Ruler, to fill the post of Irish Viceroy. Having thus secured the Irish vote, he dissolved Parliament, hoping for the return of a majority of Tories and Nationalists. Mr. Gladstone, less prudent, and the Liberals generally, importuned the constituencies to give them a majority to deal with Irish questions irrespective of the Parnellites—"to crush Parnell," as the phrase went. The result of the appeal to the constituencies was indecisive—viz., 333 Liberals, 251 Tories, and 86 Parnellites.

Meanwhile Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Parnell had, as a matter of notoriety, been comparing Home Rule notes, and

the Old Parliamentary Hand became uneasy lest the Whigs should be "dished" by their Tory adversaries once more. He therefore suddenly announced his conversion to Home Rule, and put off the Old Adam of the "resources of civilization" with all his coercive works.

But though Salisbury had allowed Carnarvon to commit himself to Mr. Parnell and Home Rule even to the point of conceding protection to Irish manufactures, he had carefully reserved *locus penitentiæ* for himself. He, therefore, knowing that a bare English Tory and Irish Nationalist majority of four was of inappreciable utility in the carrying of such a disputable measure as Home Rule, dallied with it no longer, but fell back on the naked and more congenial "resources of civilization."*

But for the Old Parliamentary Hand there was no possible resilience. With the aid of the eighty-six "dissolute ruffians," not a few of whom he had visited with the "plank bed," he resumed the reins of government, and in due course introduced two of the most portentous measures on record—viz., a Home Rule Bill and a Land Purchase Bill.

By the former he sought to reduce Ireland to the position of an unrepresented, tribute-paying suzerainty, without voice of any kind in diplomacy, commerce, post-office, telegraphs, coinage, customs and excise, weights and measures, copyrights and patents, peace and war, army, navy, militia, volunteers, the Colonies, naturalization, or succession to the Crown.

To counterbalance such loss of authority and honour a domestic Irish legislature of One Chamber but Two Orders was to be instituted—the orders of Dives and Lazarus, the Haves and the Have-nots. Above all was the Viceroy, with unlimited power of veto. The whole scheme consisted of an absurd melange of "Grattan's Parliament" and a Crown Colony. Like Hodge's razors it was made merely "to sell," but even for that end it was found too bad.

Solution of the Usury Problem.—But if the Gladstonian Home Rule proposals were bizarre and preposterous the Land Purchase scheme which was meant to recommend them to the

* For list of the Coercion Acts of the century, and cost of Coercion, see appendices C and D.

House of Landlords was wholly unpardonable. It was seriously proposed by our great champion compensator to buy out the Irish landlords for some £200,000,000 or £250,000,000 at the risk of struggling British industry! For the six thousand Irish landlords, say, sixty thousand, mostly absentee, usurers were to be substituted!

The usurer is, if possible, a more dangerous, because a more impalpable, enemy of the human race than the landlord himself, and justice demands that both malefactors shall be executed together. Mr. Gladstone's pretence is that the latter is harmless; but the workers know their political economy better than that. "Death to landlords and usurers, great and small!" is the very watchword of the New Democracy. "He takes my life who takes the means whereby I live." And this do landlords and usurers. They are worse than highwaymen and merit only highwaymen's "compensation."

Spence's solution of the land problem strikes a deadly blow at the very root of usury whereas peasant proprietorship wherever it has been established, has been found seriously to aggravate what the penetrating Tacitus has justly called "that canker of the Commonwealth." Mr. A. W. Rayment of Kapunda, South Australia, an economist of singular analytical power, Herr Michael Flürscheim of Baden Baden, editor of *Deutsch Land*, and Mr. Bruce Wallace, of Limavady, Ireland, editor of *Bratherhood*, have quite independently of each other recently demonstrated that private property in land is the mainstay and prolific seed ground of the interest-monger. It was hardly possible to render a greater service to economic science, because, in addition to the direct, it supplies an overwhelming indirect, argument in favour of land communalisation as opposed to peasant proprietorship. It is obviously of no consequence to the worker whether he is robbed by rent or by interest so long as he is robbed. Says Mr. Rayment:—

"The primary cause of interest is the institution of private property in land. George was not far wide of the mark when he expressed the opinion that the cause of interest was the active power of nature. But there is this difference; while he used it as an argument to show that interest was just, I use it as an argument to show that interest is *unjust*. According to his own showing, the active power of nature can only be availed of by having access to land and to monopolise land is practically

to monopolise the active power of nature; and if it be wrong for an individual to monopolise the active power of nature and demand rent, then it is wrong for another individual to participate in that monopoly and demand a share of that rent under the name of interest. The man who lends money on land is in the position of a sleeping partner, and the interest he receives is virtually rent; and so long as the institution of private property in land exists, money-lenders will be in a position to obtain interest; for, as they are thus able to get what is called interest in the one case, they will naturally decline to make advances in other cases except on similar terms. . . . The payment of interest very often resembles the payment of customs duties; the man who bargains in the first place shifts the expense on to another with something added; the second man shifts it on to a third in like manner, and so on until the burden finally falls, with a considerable addition to its original weight, on the shoulders of those who live by their honest labour, and who, in the majority of cases, are unconscious of the true character of the weight which oppresses them. The one fact which probably more than any other makes it so hard to believe that interest is robbery, is that the man who lends money to another at interest frequently does him a service, and possibly a very good service; but however great the service may be to the individual, *it does not alter the fact that somebody in the end must be robbed.* . . . The belief that interest is equitable and just having got the upper hand of their understanding, people have been induced to borrow not only in an individual capacity but also in a collective one.

. . . At the present time the national debts of the world amount to upwards of £5,000,000,000,000, and every year adds to the amount. . . . The sums thus borrowed, it is true, have not in all cases been spent in war-paint and gunpowder, but they have nevertheless all tended to produce the same twofold result—they have directly lessened the reward of labour to the extent of the charges for interest, and indirectly lessened the reward of labour by upholding the general rate of interest. . . . Public and private borrowings have served to keep up the rate of interest, but the part they have played appears to be that of auxiliaries. Were the whole of the world's indebtedness expunged to-morrow, so long as the institution of private property in land remained uncorrected, interest would continue; and not only would interest continue, but there would eventually be a repetition of the general indebtedness we witness to-day. *But were the private ownership of land once disposed of, interest would receive a blow from which its final extinguishment would be but a question of time."*

Herr Flürscheim approaches the usury mystery of iniquity from a somewhat different standpoint but his conclusions are the same:—

"If Capital had not land to invest in, it would have no mode of investment but to offer itself to labour. There would be no mortgages, no Government securities, no railroad or mining securities; for the State once in possession of all rents would soon have no more debts, would own all its rail-roads and all mines, just as the towns by getting their share of rents would own their gas and water-works and their city rail-roads.

"Capital would offer itself to labour at a continually lowering rate of interest, for the creation of capital is now-a-days much more rapid even than the increase of labour by growth of population. The best proof of this can be found in the fact that even to-day with the opportunities which capital has of investing in Government securities and of finding in land a continually expanding source of investment (the price of land being forced up by the increase of capital demanding it),—even to-day the rate of interest is sinking and will continue to sink.

"These sources of investment once blocked up for ever in all countries, the rate of interest would fall to *zero*, and capital would be glad merely to obtain security for its preservation, viz., the labour necessary for the same. Capitalists would either place their money in Government banks, and instead of obtaining interest, would pay for the trouble of keeping it; or the capitalists would themselves lend without interest to the worker who offered sufficient security; or would lend at a rate of "interest" corresponding to the risk run, if there were no such security.

But this could no longer properly be called "interest," but "premium of risk."

"It is this premium of risk—very high because of our present state of business—which now swells the wages of superintendence beyond the regular interest and the fair wages of superintendence *With the nationalisation of land interest will disappear, the premium of risk will be reduced to a trifle, and only fair wages of superintendence will remain leaving all the rest to labour.* The premium of risk will be low, because business will become brisker than it has ever been since the existence of the world. It is all nonsense to say that land speculation, and the inability of labour and capital to get land because of its speculative prices, are the cause of commercial depressions. What does industry require of land? Raw materials. Well, when are raw materials cheaper than in times of commercial depression? No, the causes lie in quite a different direction, though land monopoly is at the bottom of them.

"The causes lie in the non-consumption of the incomes of our millionaires. Let us take an example. The Rothschild family of Europe is estimated to be worth £200,000,000, and their income to be £7,000,000. Let us say they consume £2,000,000 of this income. What does this mean? Simply, in the first instance, that they extort a yearly tribute of £7,000,000 from the workers. If they, and their brother capitalists similarly situated, demanded these seven millions in merchandise, there would be no commercial crisis, no want of work. The Rothschilds would not be able to use up £7,000,000 worth of goods; they would have to give them away or let them spoil, and there would always be new work for the workers. But they do not take their £7,000,000 in goods, they want them in cash. To get this cash the workers have to sell the goods they have produced in order to pay the Rothschilds' interest. They have to sell them in the world's market. Who buys them? The Rothschilds are only bidders up to two millions, have no more wants after that. The workers have wants enough, but they have to give up their money to the amount of seven millions to the Rothschilds; they consequently cannot buy goods with them. In this way we find a deficit of five

millions, which becomes 5 1-5th millions the next year—the Rothschilds investing anew the five millions and increasing their power to levy tribute of the workers. Of such Rothschilds—called Vanderbilts, Astors, Goulds, Westminsters, Sutherlands, etc., etc.,—we have so many, that the incomes not spent and newly invested are estimated to amount to upwards of 500 millions a year for the whole civilised world, England alone increasing her national portion at the rate of 200 millions yearly.

“Is it any wonder, then, that the crisis gets worse every year, that we complain of “over-production,” of unsaleable goods in the midst of the greatest want and misery? If it were not for wars, for immense military equipments, for our fearful waste through Governmental abuses, for canal and railway constructions paying only in a distant future, etc., the crisis would have ended in a catastrophe long ago for it grows with fearful velocity with the accumulating interest.

“Land nationalisation will do away with rent *and* interest for individuals. The Rothschilds and their colleagues all over the world will have to eat their capital, will no longer be able to extort tribute which they do not use for consumptive purposes. What the workers produce they will themselves consume, and business will be so brisk that there will be free trade all over the world, disbandment of armies and universal peace. It is calculated that labour only gets in wages one-fifth or one-sixth of the value of goods at retail prices. Our wages in Germany being 2s. (a-day?) on the average, we could at least count on their increase to 8s. The additional 6s spent by ten millions of workers would increase sales by £900,000,000 yearly in Germany alone,—six times as much as her whole exports amount to to-day. Add the increase in other countries and talk of “fair trade!”

And yet Mr. Parnell negotiated with Lord Carnarvon for the regeneration of Ireland on the basis of a protective tariff! How profound the discernment of the wise Swede—“Go forth, my son, and behold with how little wisdom this world is governed!”

Solution of the Home Rule Problem.—The constitutional rock on which Mr. Gladstone’s unlucky Home Rule Bill split was, perhaps, more obvious to Scotsmen than to any others. To me, at least, who am *Scottissimus Scotorum* it was plain from the first that cutting the united legislature to pieces, instead of severing the subject-matter of legislation into Federal (I detest the associations of the word Imperial) and National, was a fatal and unaccountable blunder. No Scotsman worthy of the name would for a moment consent that *his* country should be reduced—as was proposed to be done with Ireland—to the rank of a mere tribute-paying community. “Taxation without representation” is the very definition of

tyranny; and Mr. Gladstone, told us it "passed the wit of man" to give Ireland Home Rule on any other terms.

And I believe he was right, if Ireland *alone* is to have Home Rule. You cannot exclude the British Parliament from intervening in Irish domestic affairs, and yet have Irish members interfering in those of England and Scotland. But create four national legislatures, with full control over all matters not reserved by the British or Federal Parliament as of common interest to all, and the problem at once becomes simplicity itself. The whole of decentralization, if I may be allowed the paradox, is *less* than the part. The four ancient peoples are revived, while the power of the British Commonwealth is not merely preserved, but invigorated.

Such is the true constitutional solution of the Home Rule problem, sanctioned by the brilliant examples of Switzerland and the United States; and how a statesman of Mr. Gladstone's vast experience and almost superhuman knowledge should have missed it is to me the thing that "passes the wit of man."

What staggered so many liberal minded men with regard to Mr. Gladstone's scheme was that it really did amount to the parliamentary "dismemberment of the empire." For make Scotland and Wales, like Ireland, unrepresented communities tributary to England, and your boasted British Parliament is obviously at an end. It was for this that so many of Mr. Gladstone's warmest admirers in Scotland and elsewhere were not prepared in 1886, and it is for this that they never will be prepared. To a free and independent Ireland I see no insuperable objection; to a tributary Ireland I do.

Now, the very important question arises—does Mr. Gladstone at last see his way to give the country Home Rule all round? Has he laid hold of the *federal principle* of government, or is he still groping after some impossible sectional solution of the grand problem to which, in all human probability, the suffrages of the people will again before long call upon him to address himself?

I confess that I should like to have a good deal more confidence on this point. Mr. Gladstone's instincts may be reasonably democratic; but then he is an "Old Parlia-

mentary Hand," and the ways of old parliamentary hands are not those of the New Democracy. The democracy above all things loves plain dealing, and hates—well, to use a mild term—*strategy*, in parliament or out of it.

Mr. Gladstone is understood to have a new scheme, but, like Boulanger's, "that is his secret." Trump political cards are not to be tabled till the chief player has triumphed at the polls, in consequence of the belief, rightly or most likely wrongly, entertained by the electors, that he has something infallible up his sleeve. To the Caucasian tribe, who are all old parliamentary hands in embryo, such tactics, of course, appear highly commendable; but they are in the last degree anti-democratic. They may be tolerable in ordinary legislation, but when it comes to be a question of framing a constitution for a free people, they are intolerable.

Nay, I go further, and say, that in a democratic community, parliament itself is incompetent to put in force or annul any form of constitution without the express sanction of the popular suffrage. It was owing to this usurpation of the people's prerogative by unprincipled politicians, that the parliaments both of Ireland and Scotland were lost. Scotland asked for federation, and her corrupt legislators gave her incorporation.

Every amendment to the Swiss constitution is put to the *referendum* or vote of the entire electorate. In the United States the same object is substantially attained by less direct methods, and here a similar rule should obtain. But not having any provision in our constitution (if we can be said to have such a thing) for a direct reference to the people, the next best thing, it seems to me, Mr. Gladstone can do for us is at once to lay before the country the heads of a thorough-going Home Rule or Decentralization Bill—simple heads or principles on which the people, after mature deliberation, may express their judgment at the polls.

His latest utterance on this subject, at Lady Wilfred Lawson's "At Home" (July 18th, 1888), was singularly crude and perplexing. Indeed, I would infer from it that the Old Parliamentary Hand is still hopelessly drifting on a sea of puerile makeshifts and that there is nothing so certain

with respect to his new Home Rule Bill as that it will be about the worst that it is humanly possible, in the circumstances, to construct. Here are the Liberal Chief's words as reported in the *Star*:—

"England—the Parliament of Westminster—should remain perfectly free to do it, and if they are free to do it, then the provisional retention, if it should be found convenient, is, in my opinion, a matter on which the feeling of the community ought to prevail, and on which I never had the slightest intention or disposition to interpose an objection. As to the mode of doing it, gentlemen, it is obvious that there are many, there may be a score of modes of doing it. (It does *not* 'pass the wit of man' then?) You may retain the present number of Irish members or you may reduce it, you may elect Irish members to Westminster directly or you may elect them indirectly—that is, have them chosen by an intermediate body such as the Irish representatives. You may allow them to sit in Parliament with the right to vote on all subjects or you may give them a limited right with power to vote on certain subjects. There are many modes (in the language of the showman, 'you pays your money and you takes your choice') into which you may cast the question and I am not prepared at this moment to state which of them should be ultimately sealed and stamped by public judgment as the best mode."

And this is what is called *statesmanship*, at the close of the nineteenth century with the constitution of the United States more than a hundred years old! If Ireland could but be towed across the Atlantic and deposited within a few leagues—"a measurable distance"—of the shore of New England she would at once be admitted as a State of the Union and her wounds would be healed as if by magic. It is inexplicable that neither Pitt nor Grattan, O'Connell nor Gladstone, nor any one of Ireland's distinguished physicians, if we except Mr. Parnell, since his late statesman-like letter to Mr. Rhodes of the Cape Colony, seems ever to have heard of the American Constitution.

Truth to tell we are in an evil case. The people are generous and willing, far too willing, to confide in any leader of experience and reputed wisdom. But no statesman, brought up in the wretched, unprincipled, opportunist school of which Mr. Gladstone is so distinguished a graduate, ought, for one moment, to be trusted out of sight.

We may admire, reverence, and love the Grand Old Man ever so much; but democrats can no more afford to fall into *gamarchy* than monarchy or any other *archy*. The truly great leader is not the man who does the people's thinking for them,

but he who enables them to think for themselves. Let Mr. Gladstone, without any *arrière pensée*, give the people the outlines of his policy to think over now, while there is time for reflection, and he will see how handsomely they will acknowledge his confidence when the day of reckoning with the Salisburys and Balfours, Hartingtons and Chamberlains, arrives. I am tempted to give him a few initiatory hints while I am on the subject:—

Heads of Home Rule Bill to amend the provisions for the despatch of business in Great Britain and Ireland. Constitution of legislative bodies, etc.

1. The British or Federal parliament shall remain as at present.
2. The Federal parliament reserves to itself full control in all matters relating to the Crown, the Colonies, the army, the navy, diplomacy, freedom of conscience, commerce, naturalisation, copyrights, patents, trade-marks, coinage, post-office, and telegraphs.

All matters not specified as above are hereby declared to be within the province of the national legislatures of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

3. The national parliaments of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales shall consist, in the first instance, of the members of the House of Commons returned by the existing English, Irish, Scottish, and Welsh constituencies respectively. They shall at first meet only when the Federal Parliament is out of session. Each national legislature is authorized to frame a constitution for its own people.

4. Each national parliament may, for its own purposes, impose direct taxes on its own people; and the Federal Parliament shall in all time to come refrain from imposing property tax, house duty, or land tax.

5. Customs and excise, income tax, stamps, and post-office shall, as hitherto, contribute to the Federal Exchequer.

6. All judges and magistrates shall be appointed by the national Governments.

7. There shall be a Supreme Federal Court competent to settle all differences arising between the Federal Government and the national Governments and the national Governments *inter se*:

8. The police of each nation shall be controlled by the national Government, as shall also the militia and volunteers in time of peace.

What Ireland wants, and what England, Scotland, and Wales want, is a constitution similar to that of the United States, or, better still, modelled on that of Switzerland. The problem is of the easiest solution, for the legislature at Westminster has merely strictly to define its own province, as is done in the American Constitution, leaving all beyond unreservedly to the domestic legislatures of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

The first goal is the United States of Britain—the BRITISH REPUBLIC—Federal, Social, and Democratic. The second is the Federation of the English-speaking Racc. The third is the PARLIAMENT OF MAN, THE FEDERATION OF THE WORLD.

The necessity of Ireland is the grand opportunity of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies alike, and the necessity of Ireland *must* ultimately be recognised if Great Britain would escape fast gathering perils within and without, such as the strongest Power on earth can only at its peril affect to despise. Hannibal is at our gates—Hannibal is *within our gates*.

Shame on the costly mockery of piling stone on stone
To those who won our liberty, the heroes dead and gone;
While we look coldly on, and see law-shielded ruffians slay
The men who fain would win their own—the heroes of to-day!

Are we pledged to craven silence? O fling it to the wind!
The parchment wall that bars us from the least of human kind;
That makes us cringe and temporize, and dumbly stand at rest,
While Pity's burning flood of words is red-hot in the breast.

Though we break our fathers' promise, we have nobler duties first;
The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed.
Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod
Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God.

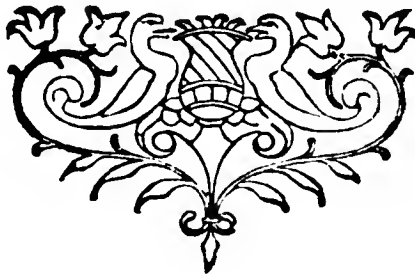
We owe allegiance to the State; but deeper, truer, more
To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirit's core,
Our country claims our fealty—we grant it so; but, then,
Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.

He's true to God who's true to man ; wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us ; and they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves and not for all their race.

God works for all. Ye cannot hem the hope of being free
With parallels of latitude, with mountain-range or sea ;
Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye will,
From soul to soul o'er all the world leaps one electric thrill.

Out from the land of bondage 'tis decreed our slaves shall go ;
And signs to us are offered as erst to Pharaoh ;
If we are blind, their exodus, like Israel's of yore,
Through a Red Sea is doomed to be whose surges are of gore

FINIS.



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APPENDIX A.

List of Original Planters in Munster.

| CORK. | | | LIMERICK. | | |
|------------------------|-----|--------|-----------------------|-----|--------|
| | | ACRES. | | | |
| Arthur Robins | ... | 18,000 | Sir George Bouchier | ... | 12,880 |
| Fane Beecher | ... | 12,000 | William Trenchard | ... | 12,000 |
| Hugh Worth | ... | 12,000 | Sir Henry Billingsley | ... | 11,800 |
| Sir Arthur Hyde | ... | 5,574 | Sir William Courtenay | ... | 10,500 |
| Arthur Hyde | ... | 11,766 | Francis Barkly | ... | 7,250 |
| Sir W. St. Leger | ... | 6,000 | Ed. Mainwaring | ... | 3,747 |
| Hugh Cuffe | ... | 6,000 | Richard } Fitton | ... | 3,026 |
| Sir Thomas Norris | ... | 6,000 | Alexander } | | |
| Thomas Say | ... | 5,775 | Sir Edward Fitton | ... | 11,500 |
| Sir Richard Beacon | ... | 1,600 | William Carter | ... | 3,661 |
| Edmund Spenser | ... | 3,028 | Sir George Thornton | ... | 1,500 |
| Sir George Bouchier | ... | 1,300 | Robert Annesley | ... | 2,599 |
| Sir Edward Fitton | ... | 16,902 | Sir Henry Ughtred | ... | 2,000 |
| Francis Fitton | ... | 3,780 | Robert Strowde | ... | 10,000 |
| Thomas Fleetwood | | | Robert Collum | ... | 2,500 |
| Marmaduke Edmunds | | | Rowland Stanley | | |
| Sir John Stowell | | | | | |
| Sir John Clifton | | | | | |
| CORK AND WATERFORD. | | | KERRY. | | |
| Sir Walter Raleigh | ... | 42,000 | Sir William Herbert | ... | 13,276 |
| | | | Charles Herbert | ... | 3,768 |
| | | | Sir Valentine Brown | ... | 6,560 |
| | | | Sir Edward Denny | ... | 6,000 |
| | | | John Hollis | ... | 4,422 |
| | | | Captain Conway | ... | 5,260 |
| | | | John Champion } ... | ... | 1,434 |
| | | | George Stone } | | |
| | | | John Crosbie | | |
| | | | Captain Thomas Spring | | |
| | | | Stephen Rice | | |
| | | | Luke Morrice | | |
| WATERFORD. | | | | | |
| Sir Christopher Hatton | ... | 10,910 | | | |
| Sir Edward Fitton | ... | 600 | | | |
| Sir R. Beacon | ... | 4,400 | | | |
| TIPPERARY. | | | | | |
| Earl of Ormonde | ... | 3,000 | | | |
| Sir Edward Fitton | ... | | | | |

APPENDIX B.

List of Original Planters in Ulster.

| (ENGLISH.) | | | | ACRES | | | |
|---------------------------|-----|-----|-------|--------|---------------------------|-----|--------|
| ARMAGH. | | | | | | | |
| Earl of Worcester | | | | | Sir Thomas Cornwall | ... | 2,000 |
| Lord Say | ... | ... | 3,000 | | Sir William Barnes ... | ... | 1,500 |
| Powell | ... | ... | 2,000 | | Sir Henry Clare ... | ... | 1,500 |
| Sacheverel | ... | ... | 2,000 | | Captain Coach ... | ... | 1,500 |
| John Heron | ... | ... | 2,000 | | Edward Russell ... | ... | 1,500 |
| Stanhawe | ... | ... | 1,500 | | Captain Mansfield ... | ... | 1,500 |
| John Dillon | ... | ... | 1,500 | | | | |
| Brownlowe | ... | ... | 1,000 | | FERMANAGH. | | |
| Machett | ... | ... | 1,000 | | Earl of Shrewsburie | | |
| Rolleston | ... | ... | 1,000 | | Sir Edward Blennerhassett | ... | 2,000 |
| | | | | | Thomas Blennerhassett | ... | 2,000 |
| | | | | | Sir Hugh Woorrall ... | ... | 1,000 |
| | | | | | | | |
| | | | | 16,500 | | | 5,000 |
| TYRONE. | | | | | | | |
| Earl of Salisbury | | | | | FERMANAGH. | | |
| Sir Thomas Ridgway ... | ... | ... | 2,000 | | Earl of Shrewsburie | | |
| Thomas Roch | ... | ... | 2,000 | | Thomas Flowerden ... | ... | 2,000 |
| Francis Willoughbie ... | ... | ... | 2,000 | | Edward Ward ... | ... | 1,000 |
| Sir John Ashborneham ... | ... | ... | 2,000 | | Henry Hunings ... | ... | 1,000 |
| Captain and Thomas Edney | | | 1,500 | | Thomas Barton ... | ... | 1,000 |
| George Ridgway | ... | ... | 1,000 | | John Ledborough ... | ... | 1,000 |
| William Parsons | ... | ... | 1,000 | | Robert Calvert ... | ... | 1,000 |
| William Turvine | ... | ... | 1,000 | | Robert Boggas ... | ... | 1,000 |
| | | | | | John Archdale ... | ... | 1,000 |
| | | | | 12,500 | | | |
| TYRONE, | | | | | | | |
| Lord Audley | ... | ... | 3,000 | | CAVAN. | | |
| Sir Mervin Audley | ... | ... | 2,000 | | Earl of Northampton | | |
| Fernando Audley | ... | ... | 2,000 | | Richard Waldron ... | ... | 2,000 |
| Sir John Davis | ... | ... | 2,000 | | John Fish ... | ... | 2,000 |
| William Blunt | ... | ... | 2,000 | | Stephen Butler ... | ... | 2,000 |
| | | | | | Sir Nicholas Lusher | ... | 2,000 |
| | | | | 11,000 | Sir Hugh Wirrall ... | ... | 1,500 |
| DONEGAL. | | | | | | | |
| Lord Chamberlaine | | | | | John Taylor ... | ... | 1,500 |
| William Wilson | ... | ... | 2,000 | | W. Lusher ... | ... | 1,500 |
| Sir Norris Barkley | ... | ... | 2,000 | | | | |
| Sir Robert Remington ... | ... | ... | 2,000 | | | | 12,500 |
| | | | | | Total | ... | 81,500 |

APPENDIX.

iii.

(SCOTTISH.)

ARMAGH

ACRES

| | | |
|--------------------|-----|-------|
| Sir James Douglass | ... | 2,000 |
| Claude Hamilton | ... | 1,000 |
| William Lander | ... | 1,000 |
| James Craig | ... | 1,000 |
| Henry Acheson | ... | 1,000 |

6,000

TYRONE.

| | | |
|--------------------------|-----|-------|
| Lord Uchiltrie | ... | 3,000 |
| Sir Robert Hepburne | ... | 1,500 |
| L. Lochnories | ... | 1,000 |
| Barnard Lyndsey | ... | 1,000 |
| Robert Stewart of Hilton | ... | 1,000 |
| Robert Lindsey | ... | 1,000 |
| Robert Stewart of Rotton | ... | 1,000 |

9,500

TYRONE.

| | | |
|---------------------------|-----|-------|
| Earl of Abercorne | ... | 3,000 |
| Sir Claude Hamilton | ... | 2,000 |
| James Clapen | ... | 2,000 |
| Sir George Hamilton | ... | 1,500 |
| Sir Thomas Boyd | ... | 1,500 |
| James Haig | ... | 1,500 |
| Sir John Drumond of Bord- | | |
| land | ... | 1,000 |
| George Hamilton | ... | 1,000 |

13,500

DONEGAL.

| | | |
|-------------------------|-----|-------|
| Duke of Lennox | ... | 3,000 |
| Lord of Minto | ... | 1,000 |
| John Stewart | ... | 1,000 |
| Alex McCulla of Durling | ... | 1,000 |
| L. Glengarnock | ... | 2,000 |
| John Cuningham of Cran- | | |
| field | ... | 1,000 |
| Cuthbert Cunningham | ... | 1,000 |
| L. Dunduff | ... | 1,000 |
| James Cunningham | ... | 1,000 |
| L. Bomby | ... | 2,000 |
| L. Brougham | ... | 1,500 |

| | | |
|---------------------|-----|-------|
| William Stewart | ... | 1,500 |
| Sir Patrick McKee | ... | 1,000 |
| Alexander Cuningham | ... | 1,000 |
| James McCulloch | ... | 1,000 |
| Alexander Dombar | ... | 1,000 |
| Patrick Wans | ... | 1,000 |

22,000

FERMANAGH.

| | | |
|---------------------|-----|-------|
| L. Burley | ... | 3,000 |
| L. Pittiarre | ... | 1,500 |
| L. Mountwhany, jun. | ... | 1,500 |
| L. Kinkell | ... | 1,000 |
| James Traill | ... | 1,000 |
| George Smelhome | ... | 1,000 |

9,000

FERMANAGH.

| | | |
|-----------------|-----|-------|
| Sir John Horne | ... | 2,000 |
| Robert Hamilton | ... | 1,500 |
| William Fowler | ... | 1,500 |
| James Sibb | ... | 1,000 |
| Jehue Lyndsey | ... | 1,000 |
| Alexander Home | ... | 1,000 |
| John Dombar | ... | 1,000 |

9,000

CAVAN.

| | | |
|------------------------|-----|-------|
| Sir Alexander Hamilton | ... | 2,000 |
| John Auchmootie | ... | 1,000 |
| Alexander Auchmootie | ... | 1,000 |
| Sir Claude Hamilton | ... | 1,000 |
| John Broune | ... | 1,000 |

6,000

CAVAN.

| | | |
|-----------------|-----|-------|
| L. Obignye | ... | 3,000 |
| William Dowmbar | ... | 1,000 |
| William Baylie | ... | 1,000 |
| John Ralston | ... | 1,000 |

6,000

Total ... 81,000 acres

(SERVITORS.)

ARMAGH.

| | ACRES |
|-----------------------------|-------|
| Sir Gerald Moore | 1,000 |
| Sir Oliver St. John | 1,500 |
| Lord Audley | 500 |
| Sir Thomas Williams | 1,000 |
| Captain Bouchier | 1,000 |
| Captain Cooke | 1,000 |
| Lieutenant Pomes | 200 |
| Marmaduke Whitchurch | 120 |
| Captain Atherton | 300 |

6,620

TYRONE.

| | |
|------------------------------|-------|
| Sir A. Chichester | 1,320 |
| Sir Thomas Ridgway | 2,000 |
| Sir Richard Wingfield | 2,000 |
| Sir Toby Caulfield | 1,000 |
| Sir Francis Roe | 1,000 |

7,320

FERMANAGH.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-------|
| Sir John Davis | 1,500 |
| Captain Samuel Harrison | 500 |
| Piers Mostyn | 246 |

2,246

DONEGAL.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-------|
| Captain Stewart | 1,000 |
| Captain Craffoord | 1,000 |
| Captain John Vaughan | 1,000 |
| Captain Kinsmell | 1,000 |
| Captain Brookes | 1,000 |
| Sir Richard Hansard | 1,000 |
| Lieutenant Parkins and | |
| Ensign Hilton | 300 |
| Sir Thomas Chichester | 500 |
| Captain Hart | 1,000 |
| Sir Raffe Bingle | 1,128 |
| Lieutenant Ellyes | 400 |
| Captain Henry Vaughan | 1,000 |
| Captain Richard Bingley | 500 |
| Lieutenant Gale | 100 |
| Charles Grimsditch | 240 |
| Lieutenant Browne | 400 |

11,568

FERMANAGH.

| | ACRES |
|---------------------------|-------|
| Sir Henry Folliott | 1,500 |
| Captain Atkinson | 1,000 |
| Captain Coale | 1,000 |
| Captain Goare | 1,000 |

4,500

CAVAN.

| | |
|---------------------------|-------|
| Sir George Greame and Sir | |
| Richard Greame | 2,000 |
| Captain Coolme and Walter | |
| Talbott | 1,500 |
| Captain Pinner | 1,000 |
| Lieutenant Rutlidg | 300 |
| Serjeant Johnes | 150 |

4,950

CAVAN.

| | |
|---------------------------|-------|
| Sir Oliver Lambart | 2,000 |
| Captain Lyons and Joseph | |
| Jones | 1,500 |
| Lieutenant Atkinson and | |
| Lientenant Russell | 1,000 |

4,500

CAVAN.

| | |
|------------------------------|-------|
| Sir John Elliott | 400 |
| Captain John Ridgeway | 1,000 |
| Sir William Taaff | 1,000 |
| Lieutenant Garth | 500 |
| Sir Edmond Fetiplace | 1,000 |

3,960

CAVAN.

| | |
|--------------------------|-------|
| Sir Thomas Ashe and John | |
| Ashe | 750 |
| Archibald More and Brent | |
| More | 1,500 |
| Captain Tirrell | 2,000 |

4,253

Total 49,914 acres

APPENDIX C.

Coercion Acts of the Century.

- | | | | |
|--------|--------------------------------|--------------|----------------------------------|
| 1800 { | Habeas Corpus Suspension. | 1846 | Constabulary Enlargement. |
| to { | Seven Coercion Acts. | 1847 | Crime and Outrage Act. |
| 1805 { | 1st February, Coercion Act. | 1848 | Treason Amendment Act. |
| 1807 { | Habeas Corpus Suspension. | 1848 | Removal of Arms Act. |
| { | 2nd August, Insurrection Act. | 1848 | Suspension of Habeas Corpus. |
| 1808-9 | Habeas Corpus Suspension. | 1848 | Another Oaths Act. |
| 1814 { | Habeas Corpus Suspension. | 1849 | Suspension of Habeas Corpus. |
| to { | Insurrection Act. | 1850 | Crime and Outrage Act. |
| 1816 { | Habeas Corpus Suspension. | 1851 | Unlawful Oaths Act. |
| 1817 { | One Coercion Act. | 1853 | Crime and Outrage Act. |
| 1822 { | Habeas Corpus Suspension. | 1854 | Crime and Outrage Act. |
| to { | Two Coercion Acts in 1822, | 1855 | Crime and Outrage Act: |
| 1830 { | and one in 1823. | 1856 | Peace Preservation Act. |
| 1830 | Importation of Arms Act. | 1858 | Peace Preservation Act. |
| 1831 | Whiteboy Act. | 1860 | Peace Preservation Act. |
| 1831 | Stanley's Arms Act. | 1862 | Peace Preservation Act. |
| 1832 | Arms and Gunpowder Act. | 1862 | Unlawful Oaths Act. |
| 1833 | Suppression of Disturbance. | 1865 | Peace Preservation Act. |
| 1833 | Change of Venue Act. | 1866 | Suspension of Habeas Corpus |
| 1834 | Disturbances Amendment and | | Act (August). |
| | Continuance. | 1866 | Suspension of Habeas Corpus. |
| 1834 | Arms and Gunpowder Act. | 1867 | Suspension of Habeas Corpus. |
| 1835 | Public Peace Act. | 1868 | Suspension of Habeas Corpus. |
| 1836 | Another Arms Act. | 1870 | Peace Preservation Act. |
| 1838 | Another Arms Act. | 1871 | Protection of Life and Property. |
| 1839 | Unlawful Oaths Act. | 1871 | Peace Preservation Con. |
| 1840 | Another Arms Act. | 1873 | Peace Preservation Act. |
| 1841 | Outrages Act. | 1875 | Peace Preservation Act. |
| 1841 | Another Arms Act. | 1875 | Unlawful Oaths Act. |
| 1843 | Another Arms Act. | 1881 { | Peace Preservation Act (sus |
| 1848 | Act Consolidating all Previous | to { | pending Habeas Corpus). |
| | Coercion Acts. | 1881 { | |
| 1844 | Unlawful Oaths Act. | to { | Arms Act |
| 1845 | Additional Constables near | 1886 { | |
| | Public Works Act. | 1882 to 1885 | Crimes Act. |
| 1845 | Unlawful Oaths Act. | 1886 to 1887 | Arms Act. |
| | | 1887 | "Jubilee" Coercion Act. |

APPENDIX D.

The Cost of Coercion.

To control less than 5,000,000 of people in Ireland it is found necessary to maintain :—

| | |
|--|------------|
| 1.—An army of 30,000 Soldiers—the chief element of the Handcuff Union (not one of whom would be wanted under Home Rule), costing annually about... | £2,250,000 |
| 2.—An army of 14,000 Military Police—the other great element of the Handcuff Union (only the third of whom would be wanted under Home Rule), costing annually about | £1,500,000 |
| 3.—“The Castle,” with its hosts of officials, who direct the movements of the police and the military, costing annually more than... .. | £ 70,000 |
| 4.—A host of judges and judges’ staffs (one half of whom would be enough under Home Rule), costing annually more than | £ 250,000 |
| 5.—Several irresponsible Public Boards (half of which would be enough under Home Rule), costing annually about | £ 250,000 |
| 6.—A corps of Stipendiary Magistrates (one-quarter of whom would not be required under Home Rule), costing annually over | £ 40,000 |
| 7.—An army of soldiers, police, and prison and other officials, engaged in carrying out evictions and Coercion Acts (none of whom would be wanted under Home Rule), costing annually about | £ 150,000 |
| 8.—A host of Crown Prosecutors and Crown Solicitors (one-quarter of whom would not be required under Home Rule), costing annually about | £ 80,000 |
| 9.—An army of Spies and Informers (for some of whom an “Informers’ Home” is actually kept up in Dublin ; but the occupation of all of whom would be gone under Home Rule), costing annually about | £ 50,000 |
| 10.—Public Buildings for use of Castle and other officials, costing annually about | £ 200,000 |

| | |
|--------------|------------|
| Total | £4,840,000 |
|--------------|------------|

But this is not all, for no account is taken in the foregoing table of the sums paid for education, which amount to over a million pounds sterling a-year ; or of the sums paid for other useful local purposes—all of which must now be defrayed out of the Imperial Treasury, because the Irish people are not allowed to have any voice in the management of their own local affairs.

A still clearer idea of the cost of maintaining Dublin Castle despotism in Ireland may be gained by comparing the cost of governing Ireland with the cost of governing Great Britain. Here is Mr. Gladstone's estimate:—

CIVIL CHARGES OF GOVERNMENT PER HEAD OF THE POPULATION.

In Great Britain.

8s. 2d.

In Ireland.

16s.

That is to say it costs under the "Union" twice as much to carry on the civil government of Ireland as it does to carry on that of Great Britain; and the cost in Ireland is increasing every year. It has increased 63 per cent in the last 15 years.

Now regarding this expenditure the following facts are clear:

1. It mainly comes out of the pockets of British taxpayers;
2. Most of it is wasteful and demoralising;
3. It is all incurred to maintain the ascendancy of a small and expiring faction in Ireland, and to force on the Irish people a system of Government which they detest.
4. The Irish people will relieve Great Britain of every penny of this expenditure, if only they are allowed to manage their own affairs in their way.

[See Irish Press Agency Leaflet—No. 13.]

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